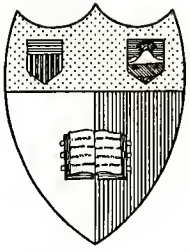
John Lavery

AND HIS WORK BY WALTER SHAW-SPARROW



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JOHN LAVERY
AND HIS WORK

GIRLS IN SUNLIGHT

JOHN LAVERY
AND HIS WORK

BY WALTER SHAW-SPARROW

AUTHOR OF "FRANK BRANGWYN & HIS WORK," "OUR HOMES & HOW TO MAKE THE BEST OF THEM," ETC.

WITH A PREFACE BY R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM

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TO

SIR JAMES GUTHRIE

PRESIDENT OF
THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED
BY HIS SINCERE ADMIRERS
JOHN LAVERY AND W. SHAW-SPARROW

HIS LIFE AND MIRACLES

PREFACE

IT is almost as difficult to write the Preface to a friend's *Life* as to write one's autobiography. In the latter instance, a man (I think) must be devoid of any sense of humour or of self-respect.

How can a self-respecting man sit down and calmly chronicle in set terms: I was born on such and such a day. My parents were in poor but honest circumstances. They brought me up a Baptist, in which faith I continued till I became wealthy, when I joined the Church. All the education that I ever had was at the parish school. When there I early showed my aptitude for business by lending money to the other boys, when they ran short of pence, for marbles and for sweets. Then I was sent into my uncle's office, and soon rose to be a clerk, then junior partner, and entered the town council as a Liberal; but seeing clearly that Providence was on the side of the Conservatives, bowed to his will, and soon became the Mayor.

Generally in writing prefaces to books like this the difficulty that attacks the humble preface-writer is the great dearth of facts.

In this case nothing of that kind is in my way. In fact the amount of stuff from which I have to take my facts is overwhelming.

John Lavery

In the night of ages, five hundred years before the birth of Christ, there lived a mighty king, who reigned over the north of Ireland. His name was Labhradh Loingseach (the Sassenach can pronounce at will), which, being put into the Saxon tongue, means Lavery the Mariner.

From him John Lavery descends.

I may explain that the descent is quite unbroken in the male line. As the ancient vellum written in the Ogham character speaks of many queens, as Kathleen, Bridget, Eileen, Nora, Dionaid, Giorsail, and Marsail, all wedlocked to the king, and of several other ladies, as Dorcha, Malveen, and Finola, who appear to have stood to him in some relation undefined, the painter is not quite certain of his ancestress.

Then in the pedigree there comes a blank of about six hundred years. Coming down the stream of time till A.D. 120, we find another of the painter's ancestors, King Catheir Mor, the twenty-seventh in descent from Lavery of the Wave, also a reigning sovereign in Laighin, that Laighin which the English have transformed to Leinster in their ineuphonious speech.

This monarch's will is preserved in the *Book of Rights*, but curiously enough in none of its provisions is the least mention made of Lavery, R.A.

The younger branch of the family of Catheir Mor were known as the Hy-Bairrche. These gentlemen were exiled from Leinster, and settled in Fermanagh and Monaghan, and in the vicinity of Belvoir Park, not far outside Belfast.

I find in A.D. 1172 that MacGiolla Epscop, chief of the Clann Aeilabhra (sometimes the name is spelled Ui

Labhra—hence Lavery) was treacherously slain by Donslevy O'Haughty, King of Ulidia.

Somewhere about A.D. 900 the Irish families began to take regular surnames after the modern style.

We find that one O'Labhraidh, who flourished in the eleventh century (some say the twelfth, but that is immaterial), first began to use the name, which of course in Ireland would be pronounced O'Lavery. History does not relate he ever wrote it down, though certain documents are reported to exist in which he signs by affixing the print mark of his thumb. However, twelve miles south of Kilkenny at Ballyboodan, in the barony of Knocktopher, is an Ogham stone.

Upon one arris there is an inscription which some decipher thus: "Corbi xio Maqui Labriatt."[1]

This seems to point quite clearly to the fact that by that date the name of Lavery was well known in the land.

In 1350 the Laverys were seated at Magh-Rath (Moyra), and at that period their chief was Murtogh MacTurlogh, the O'Lavery. This man, of whom I wish to speak as leniently as I well can, was not a patriot. He ceased to be a chief, and became, to his shame, merely a landlord, liable to be shot at sight for his base, rent-receiving ways. Turlogh obtained from James I (and VI, for all he did in Ireland cannot him take from his true title in his native land) the thirteen sessiaghs of land, which I find mentioned in the following list: Risk, Carnalbanagh, Crary, Drumbane, Gortnamoney, Ballyconallty, Leg, Bally M'Cahy, Kilmoinoge, Fleighny, Gortross, Drumbreeze, and

[1] *Ogham Stones, Co. Kilkenny*, by Rev. E. Barry, P.P., M.R.I.A., Royal Soc. Antiq. Irel., 1894–5.

Teaghlomney, all of which he held by knight service. This fixed the family to the losing cause.

In the war of 1641 the O'Laverys naturally joined the Irish side, and in the list of persons outlined appears another ancestor, who with several others of the Clann, as Hugh, Phelim, and Turlogh, all of the blood, were then put to the ban.

It appears on this occasion that the wife of Hugh, entering with him the house of one Fergus Magennis (Gent.), went up into the deponent (Magennis) "wiffe's chamber, and seasing on the deponent wiffe's apparell, attired and dressed herself in the best of that apparell, and that done, came down into the parlor, called for strong beare, and drunck confusion to the English doggs."

A spirited proceeding and one that lets us catch a glimpse of the first real ancestress the painter had, mentioned in history. So the O'Laverys went on, now fighting against Dutch William, again capitulating with Sarsfield, but always on the losing side.

Somewhere about 1739 the prefix "O" drops out, some of the clan going so far as to be styled Trenlavery; but afterwards reverting to the name which their first ancestor had borne two thousand years ago.

Thus having traced the painter's pedigree from prehistoric times, my genealogic task is done.

All that remains to say is that no mention ever once occurs in this long history of any painter in the line. Thus we can fairly take it that he owed nothing in this matter to heredity. The O'Laverys were men who all behaved themselves after the fashion of their times, fighting and feasting, drinking "strong beare," and standing out to

the last gasp against all progress, in a way that was an honour to them.

So we must look for the artistic talents of their descendant in his environment.

Most luckily, here too I have a mine of facts.

John Lavery was born, so I believe, some years ago, in Larne, or thereabouts. He was a member of the Lavery clan, called the Black Laverys, and is so still, I think, although his hair is just beginning to turn grey.

Of course he was a Catholic, holding the fort for Rome (with the rest of his clan) in the heart of a district peopled by Protestants.

Close to where Lavery was born there is a little town upon the coast. Rainswept and Protestant it stands, steadfastly keeping a noble, Knoxian attitude towards all faiths except its own, the only one which, in the estimation of its citizens, can save a soul and land it with the blest, seated amongst the choirs of paradise. The little town looks towards Scotland as its Mecca, and is sure that all the world is damned. A lady having expostulated with a native, after having heard the inspiring strains of "Kick the Pope" discoursed in brass upon the Orange band, and having said that after all the Pope was a good, holy, and venerable man, received this answer, which neither Calvin, Luther, or John Knox could have improved upon: "It may be," said the man who testified, "all that ye say is perfectly correct; but what I tell ye, mam, is that in Portadown the Pope has got a damned bad name, the murtherin' ould Turk, bad cess to him."

By the above it readily appears what trials painters have to face in John Bull's Other Island; but on the other

hand, no doubt, all that he underwent in youth strengthened his power of will, and gave him that accuracy of line and the fine sense of grey in semitones that has distinguished him.

I draw the veil over his early efforts to excel, because I am imperfectly informed about the details, though I have heard that he arrived in Glasgow entirely destitute, but for a bank-note for a thousand pounds, which he had placed among his cigarette-papers on leaving his old home. This, when he chanced upon it late one night, standing on a bridge, with that contempt of earthly wealth which marks the artist as a man apart from all the world, he cast into the Clyde.

From that same moment he felt himself a man, and going out next morning to a shop, he bought a box of chalks. With these he drew upon the pavement, just opposite the Stock Exchange, his great historic picture of Queen Mary leaving the Battle of Langside.

The stockbrokers at luncheon-time flocked round about him to admire and criticise. With the acumen of the prosperous business man, they proffered their remarks. "Man Lavery," one portly millionaire observed, "ye're doin' brawly; I'm no that sure Queen Mary's nose is richt, and her horse looks unco like a coo, but ye're daein' weel," and so passed on upon his way without contributing.

When they had all gone by and entered into Langs, the painter, slowly rising to his feet, hitched up his trousers band, and, looking after them, said, "Just a set of black-legs, every one of them," and spat upon the ground.

Thus, perhaps, all unknown to himself, the Glasgow School was founded, and now I purpose to relate how I

was privileged, under a direct interposition of a Greater Power, to save the life which is so well described in the pages of the book to which this Preface is prefixed.

The first time that I met John Lavery was in the sandhills close behind Tangier. In those days (I speak of more than . . . years ago) outside Tangier there used to be a wide expanse of sand. All broken like the sea into great billowy waves, it formed a sort of Sáhara in miniature. Tourists who landed from the steamboats were led into it upon their mules, and afterwards, when they returned to Balham or to Peckham Rise, used to relate how they had seen the desert and ridden on its sands.

It was, indeed, quite an experience for them. No doubt they wondered why they had seen no lions, but perhaps after a year or two of practice in the telling of their tale, lions used to appear. In fact, this sandy tract was really much more like what a desert should have been than are most real deserts, so much does early reading influence men's minds.

No one was to be blamed. The guides, no doubt, were honourably wedlocked and had families who looked to them for bread. The mules but rarely kicked the tourists off. The sandscape was exactly similar to that of Sunday-school books, in which the youthful David fed his flocks, and the whole thing was just outside Tangier. To-day the whole face of the sandhills is crossed with barbed-wire fences. Along the road or trail there runs a line of landmarks, and at one end a little tramway carries stones, or tiles, or something of the kind. Progress has set its hand on the whole thing, and not a Tangier guide that has the face to murmur, "This desert, we call

him Sáhara; he go right down to Timbuctoo. Sand, yes, too much sand," as in the days of yore. In those dark days of old, when Tangier really was Tangier, and if you changed a sovereign a donkey followed you, bending beneath the weight of copper flus, whilst half the population stood in admiration of your enormous wealth—the other half regretting that in the public street it was impossible to rob you—I happened to be strolling on the beach. A haze just hid the Spanish coast, but lifted to the west, where it left bare the great expanse of sand between Tarifa and the point, right opposite Spartél. White surf encircled Peregil, and at Alcázar-el-Segheir dark trees just hid the ruins of the fort, which the Moors called, in ancient times, the Castle of the Crossing, from whence they sailed to Spain. Tangier itself lay white and motionless; no smoke defiled the landscape, and on the mosque tower the green tiles reflected back the sun, and sparkled brilliantly, as do the scales upon a lizard when it basks on a stone.

Along the beach a line of figures, all clad in white, with pointed hoods upon their heads, trudged barefoot in the sand. It seemed as if a monastery of Capuchins were walking on the beach. Men seated sideways on their donkeys came and went, carrying refuse of all kinds, as orange-peel, decaying heads and tails of fish, old boots and ashes, eggshells, and other unconsidered trifles, which they dumped down upon the sand, and then returned to town. As they went on their hygienic mission, their legs drummed ceaselessly upon their donkeys' sides, and now and then, between the objurgations which are necessary to riders either of asses or of mules, a high falsetto song

quavered and quivered like the singing of a bird, finally melting by degrees into the soft, caressing noise that the light ripple of the waves sounded upon the stones.

Choosing a dry place on the sand, I sat me down and drew a cigarette out of my pocket, taking it from a packet, bound in red, glazy paper, on which was set forth, in three languages, that "all the products of our manufactory are manufactured with the best leaf drawn from the Vuelta de Abajo, and prepared with the most exquisite care for the convenience of those who honour us."

This was untrue, both in the first, the second, and the third degree, as the first whiff of the dry, salitrose, and powdery cigarettes entirely manifested.

Still, it was certainly a cigarette, and I reflected that once, long years ago, in the prudent time of youth, when we are told we should make friends to help us on in life, I had thought to put the axiom to the test.

In those days, the chief figure in my world was our old gamekeeper. Wull Stewart was his name, an undersized, old man, snuffy, and bent a little with the rheumatism. He always wore a two-peaked cap, called in those days a "deerstalker," and introduced, as I have heard, by the Prince Consort, and quite worthy of his fame.

Wully wore what he called the knickebockie breeks, and an old jacket, which had been grey, but, as I recollect it, had turned saffron-coloured with powder-stains and wet. His boots were tacketed, and round his neck, *été comme hiver*, as the French novels say, he wore a comforter. No one had ever seen him without a gun or fishing-rod, except on Sawboth, when he would step the kirkward mile, carrying the "Word" wrapped in a pocket-napkin

in one hand, and leaning on a hazel walking-stick, ingeniously crooked. The stick he used to say he cut "up aboot Cool-na-gartan, on Loch Ardside; man Master Robert, a gran' place for pike; next time ye hae yer bit vacation, we'll gae and fish it, when it's too wet to shoot." This worthy, who represented in himself all the wild secrets of the wood, the lochs, the heather, and the hills, was certainly to be propitiated. Not that he was maleficent in any way, as, for example, were some of my relations, but because, after all, it seemed a reasonable thing to unlock his stores of woodcraft, more necessary by far than Greek and Latin to a self-respecting boy, by a small gift in time. After considerable self-searching, in which a corkscrew and a pipe came up and were rejected, as I reflected that he was always used to knock the heads off bottles with the back edge of a knife, and that the only pipe he smoked was a short clay, with a tin cap attached to it by a thin chain, into which, after charging it with black tobacco, he would stap a little burning peat, and now and then a sulphur match or two, I hit upon a plan. On a half-holiday, when all the other boys were quite unprofitably engaged at cricket, I hied me to a shop. There, after some deliberation and fear my money would fall short, for I was well aware by the false economics of our ruling powers that the commodity was dearer than it should be, I bought a pound of shag. The woman in the shop looked at me curiously, but on the whole with sympathy, after the manner of the female sex, which at once gives its admiration and respect to breaches of the law.

"Rather a 'eavy smoke is shag, at least my 'usband say so," she observed, to which I answered rather haughtily,

"I like it," knowing already that the difference of sex gave me a right divine to treat all that a woman says with masculine disdain. Having bought duly (for my own use) a lead-bound packet of Epps's cocoa, which I devoured, dry as it was, upon the way towards the cricket-field, I wandered back to school. The shag, I think, I hid either inside a dictionary, or in a summer-house that used to stand behind some apple trees.

When I returned to Scotland with my prize, after having duly taken sugar to the pony, a most unconscionable beast, bought from a drove on its way to Falkirk Tryst, which always ran away the instant that it got its head turned to the stables, I called upon old Wull. Proffering my present somewhat timidly, I received his thanks, and then departed diplomatically, leaving old Wully all alone to smoke and meditate.

Next day I asked him if the tobacco I had brought was good, and received, quite in the Delphic manner, this reply:

"Ye see, sir, if tobacco burns she's guid tobacco, and if she will na burn she isna guid."

With this perforce I had to stay content.

So as I sat upon the sandhills I smoked reflectively.

The tobacco burned all right enough. Indeed, at times it spluttered up as if the paper had been dipped into saltpetre, which made me swear a little, unconscious as I was that a Great Power was silently preparing in his mysterious way a crisis in my life.

The sun shone brightly, as I am almost sure I said before. A light Levanter blew, and in the middle of the Straits, the Cala showed a line of broken water, as the strong current from the Atlantic met the Middle Sea, just

at the point where it runs out. All of a sudden, just below me on the sand, there came a man upon a horse, who seemed in difficulties. The horse he rode, accustomed to a Moorish bit, was bridled with a snaffle—after the English fashion, which thinks its own ways best, all the world over, and drinks its whisky in the Tropics, just as if it were at home—and came along with its mouth open, and its head high in the air, just as one sees a runaway in any hunting-field.

Rising up on my feet, I threw my cigarette away, and as the rider passed me, stretching out my stick, I hooked the reins with it, and brought the pony up all standing, causing the horseman nearly to fall upon his head, as his beast slithered in the sand.

Panting, the rider slowly dismounted, stretched his cramped fingers out, and after the formula, said with a smile, "He must have stopped in the next yard or two quite of his own accord. Thanks, my preserver; my name is Lavery."

We sauntered back to town; we talked on this thing and on that, of politics, of women, horses, and of art, concerning which I naturally had more to say than he had, not having practised it.

This was the way I first met Lavery, and thus began a friendship which has survived all I have written of him, and which I hope will even stand the strain of this my Preface, Foreword, or what you choose to call the thing, in which I have set down little enough about him, holding that preface-writing is an art within an art, in which the writer writes for the sake of writing, as the wind blows across the sea, just as it pleases it.

During the week or so I passed in Tangier I saw but little of the subject of my sketch, although at times I used to come upon him seated like a fly in amber in the little winding path which leads out to the Soco de Afuera, surrounded by a crowd. Moors stood and gazed, Jews chattered, and Spanish boys made those profane remarks which make them celebrated amongst the swearers of the world. Mules, laden with great trusses of pressed straw, brushed by his easel, and now and then a camel sailing past, appeared about to take a piece out of his umbrella, as he sat buried in his work. All left him unconcerned, and it may be that in that passage in Tangier he learned the trick of working quite unconcerned by anything that passes in the world, which truly stands him in such stead, in his own studio.

His life, readers will find recorded in the book, my task is to make manifest and plain some of his miracles. This is the chiefest of them, and it appears to me almost as wonderful as the recurring and continual miracle of the flower and the leaf, the tides, day, night, and the mysterious rising of the stars, all which we know are really simple things and follow natural laws, but at the same time pass our comprehension to declare, still less to demonstrate.

Cram me the studio full of ladies, all exhaling scent, dump me a knot of foolish *gêneurs* in a corner, all babbling about Art, a journalist or two, art critics three or four, a picture-dealer, one or two frame-makers, some Glasgow painters up for a week in town, a couple flirting in the dark, two or three children playing on the floor, and at his Whistler table-palette, his back turned to a mirror, and with his patient seated on the throne, Lavery still

paints away. The person who is being painted chats with her friends; doors close and open; someone has just forgotten that she has left her husband sitting in a shop, and screeches down the telephone, telling him not to be a fool; scents, noise, confusion, the strains of a man grinding out a piece on a pianola affect him just as little as the condition of the poor does Parliament, as he sits painting on. He answers everybody with a smile, not in the least regarding what they say, but in proportion to their folly, and still the picture grows. Now he steps back, just missing treading on a lady's toes. She begs his pardon, and he, courteously smiling, accepts the excuse, just as he pardons and accepts all other follies that afflict the world, and come between the painter and his work. Often when he has painted, I have sat watching, and now and then obstructing to the best of my ability, with talk, with criticisms, or when I could not find the cigarettes. All has been useless, and before my eyes the picture (sometimes my own) has steadily advanced.

All things to all men was good enough for the apostle to the North Britons; but to be all things to all women, one must be Irish, and a portrait painter.

I remember once that in that Paris of the north, that calls itself the "Centre of Ceevilisation"—my readers will have seen that I mean Glasgow at a glance—in the town council there was high debate. The subject was the picture of the Mayor. We call him Provost, but let that pass, for elementary education is sadly lacking in the Trans-Tweedian districts, that in Glasgow we refer to as "up aboot England" in a commiserative way. Bailie McKerracher arose, and having cleared his throat, looked

round and began: "My Lord Provost, I propose that in this matter of the portrait we encourage local talent. I therefore move we give the job to Lavery. I have no doubt that he will do it weel, use good material, and that he will na' charge exorbitantly."

To him arose Councillor Pettigrew, who simply said, "I rise to move a direct negative," and then sat down again. Pressed for his reasons, he remarked, "Yon Lavery is just a woman's painter," and silence fell upon them all.

Woman in Scotland fills the position (in the eyes of man) St. Paul assigned to her. She must not teach, and those who seek to exalt her unto spheres of which the Word does not take cognisance must be Sabellians, Semi-Pelagians, or Antinomians, seeking to breed confusion in the State with their Erastian views.

Who got the job I cannot quite remember, but now and then, especially when I remember a certain exhibition by the painter purporting to be a "Dream of Fair Women," but which I held to be a Dream of Women exquisitely painted, I fancy something might be said for the view so manfully sustained by Mr. Pettigrew.

That is, of course, by county councillors and by art critics, for I have seen pictures of Lavery's depicting whisky-blossomed provosts, with their gold chains around their necks, their ermine robes upon their shoulders, their wiry hair and epidermis like the hide of a carpincho or a tapir, that are quite masterpieces.

In fact, I have regretted now and then that the necessities of his profession have restricted him, to some extent, to the less interesting branch of the human race, at least in portraiture.

Black, brown, or fair, simpering or grave, dimpled or smooth as satin, no portrait painter has much field for his imagination when he paints women's faces under forty years of age.

Some men pursue their way without a friend, and others seem destined all their lives to be surrounded by friends and hangers-on. Of such is Lavery, and I remember that once there was a certain Mr. Page who had been, if I am not mistaken, clerk in a grocery. One day, the divine afflatus striking him, he added up his books. Then giving up his pen, or what in groceries is the equivalent of passing in your check, he shook the sawdust off his feet and came to Lavery. Having begged his hospitality, on the misleading pretext that they were both from Ireland and loved art, he carried in his traps. They, I remember, consisted of a box of colours, two or three canvases, and a frayed shirt or two, a pair of slippers down at heel, of the kind that we call "bauchles" in the north, and a new railway rug.

Page, as I recollect him, was a tall, thin, hungry-looking man. His hair retreating from the forehead and hanging in long curls, with his sparse beard, divided in two points, and an air that he had as of a shepherd out of work, gave him a look as of a caricature of the Redeemer, as set forth on the gem.

His looks belied him, that is to some extent, for he remained a year or two in Lavery's studio. He slept upon a sofa covered with the rug which he had brought with him, and for the time he stayed, he made himself a sort of critic on the hearth, talking disparagingly of his host's works to everyone who came. The situation was not rendered easier

by the fact that Lavery had to supply him with some pocket-money, for, as his guest averred, he could not go about without a penny in his purse, in case he met a friend.

Anyone but the painter would have despatched his self-invited guest towards Jehannum, in a week or two, but two long years or more elapsed before he took his way into the "Ewigkeit."

Once, I suppose in his perennial search for "raw material," the hegemonist of the Glasgow School set out for Fez to paint the Orient.

I, as it happened, being unemployed, went with him, and with us went the correspondent of *The Times*, to write down all we saw. He went, if I remember rightly, on account of politics. Lavery, as I have stated, on the look out for "stuff." I went, I think, to study social problems amongst the Moors and to prepare a statement as to work and wages, and also hours of labour, which latter, I remember, averaged, taking one year with another, something like two a day.

My work was not exhausting, so after having first protested against the enormous stock of canvases, mill-boards, tubes of flake white, about a pound in weight, a Whistler palette, at least three feet across, and other trifles of a portrait painter's state, which I assured the painter would never pack upon a mule, I made myself a sort of *mozo de espada*, such as a bull-fighter takes about with him to carry swords and cloaks, and picked up brushes, if they chanced to fall into the mud.

Famine-struck wretches besieged our camp at Alcázar, struggling like wolves for bread, which we doled out to them.

We stood and passed it round, and still they came into our camp.

Young, old, men, women, and mere children, thin, miserable, and with protruding bellies, looking as if they had been got by Death on Famine, came and stood gazing at us. Sons brought their mothers, and now and then an aged woman led a child which tottered at her side.

Three days we stayed in hell, feeding the starving, and ourselves unable to touch food, until at last, early one morning we struck camp, leaving a mule-load of provisions on the ground for the live skeletons.

Riding along the road and meditating on the dreadful days that we had passed, we reached a river-side. The trail that led down to the ford was steep and slippery. It wound between high banks, and the deep-rutted path was inches deep in mud, made by the caravans.

Just as we came to it, and stood upon the bank, out of the river, which there ran swiftly, making the passing trains of camels and of mules describe a semicircle as they crossed, leaning against the current, which banked up against their packs, there came a camel train. Waving their necks about, as they crossed gingerly, and looking like great serpents in the stream, they picked their way with care. Some had great bales upon their backs corded with bass rope and covered with striped rugs. Others bore howdahs, inside of which were women, unseen to us, but whose shrill laughter as they passed, was tantalising to a portrait painter who had come out for "stuff." Ten or twelve slowly mounted up the bank, their drivers following and holding by their tails. They slipped and grunted, now sliding back a little and again advancing,

just as the Christian in a religious little book I read on Sundays as a boy, used to comport himself. Lastly, there came a camel larger than the rest, which bubbled hideously. Men walked beside it, and behind came a Moor on horseback, with a long gun, in a red flannel case, across his saddle-bow. All went well till the camel gained the middle of the path, just where the mud was deepest, and there it stopped to breathe.

Calling on Allah, its attendants incited it to move. It started, slipped, and fell upon its knees, then slipped again, and with a struggle fell upon its side.

The howdah opened, and with a scream two women fell into the mud. There they lay helplessly, strewing the road with gauzy coloured scarves, rich carpets, and blankets of all hues, making a picture which, had it been but possible to paint, would have been wonderful.

As to have helped would have been taken as an insult, we passed them silently, our eyes averted, and our horses sliding down the path, into the rapid stream.

We crossed, and as we stood upon the top of the steep track upon the other side, looked back again.

The camel had been got upon its feet, someone was hoisting up the women to their place, and the whole scene was over; but the rich carpets lying on the mud stick in my memory, forming a recollection of an older life, passing too rapidly.

Arrived in Fez and rested, his easel fairly set up in the House of Rimmon, he painted furiously. Mosque towers and crumbling walls, Jews, Turks, and infidels, horses and mules and camels, palm trees with nodding plumes and dung-heaps on which rank tufts of fennel grew, with

drinking-fountains and the grave storks upon the turrets, all were alike to him.

Pictures piled up upon the floor, not garish and bright-coloured, after the style in which your northerner let loose for the first time into a land of sunlight strives to outshine the sun, but with the soft and silver greys of the true Orient. Much did our followers marvel upon what they saw, remarking now and then, "At the last day this man will be called on by Allah to give life to all that he has made."

This did not trouble him, knowing that it was done already by his brush, and so he painted on.

So passed our days, and when the sun slanted towards the west we used to go up on the terrace of the house, and, looking out upon the sea of roofs, admire and testify.

When the swift sunset crept upon the town, no twilight intervening, it turned the crumbling walls to glorious battlements, and castles that we had never dreamed of in the daytime guarded a city strange and unreal, fantastic, melancholy, blotting out all the sordidness and dirt, and gilding everything with the pure gold of the imagination, that suffers no decay. The hills that circle Fez appeared to tower up to the sky, black, menacing and stern, the minarets, cased in their sheathings of green tiles, slender and isolated, erected their tall heads, looking like light-houses, set on the shores of some evaporated sea, in the fast-deepening gloom.

Gold changed to amethyst, and by degrees to purple, which shaded off to black. Then from the stillness of the night, and echoing back from the unending rampart of the hills, floating around the walls, soaring above the houses,

and ascending up to where in paradise, sits Sidna Mohammed, he who once drove his camels in the Hedjáz, wafted the call to prayers.

Thrice did the crier call upon the name of God, calling Him Great, and then he testified, saying, "I bear my testimony that there is none but He. . . . No god but God." Three times he testified, and then, naming Mohammed as the messenger of God, was silent, and from the other mosques the cry was taken up, till the whole town resounded with the cry.

We did not pray, but, looking out upon the scene, testified silently that it was beautiful.

Such was the painter as I knew him on the road to Fez. In the book to which I have affixed this, what do you call it, much will be found about the other side of him, that is the artist proper; no doubt there is much about values, tonality, the violet in shadows, and all those things, of which the public knows everything, but at the same time condescends to be informed.

I do not meddle with such mysteries, for, like the dogmas of our faith, I hold them all in their entirety, neither inquiring into what they mean nor reasoning on their nature, for fear of heresy, which, as we know, is as the sin of witchcraft, and not to be endured.

My task has been to speak about the man, just as I knew him, not looking on him as a painter, but as a friend who is a painter, in the same way I hope he thinks of me, friend first, and then just in whatever way it comes into his head.

Irish by race and Scotch by education, both countries claim him, and if good fairies at his birth gave him a happy

disposition, his Scottish training has imparted to him that dogged energy without which genius is unavailing and imagination powerless to guide.

His Irish parents gave him wit, and his Scotch education, "wut," its substitute in Caledonia, and by the blending of the two he has received the gift of humour, more valuable than either to a man, in this our pilgrimage.

A sensibility to female charms—I mean, of course, when they have been transferred to canvas—has kept him human . . . but as it is not good bluntly and broadly to blurt out all that is in the heart, I leave the subject, merely premising, as we Caledonians say, that I give thanks to some great Power or other for having placed me, on that evening on the sands, to carry out His will.

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM

AUTHOR'S NOTE

THIS monograph is a little river into which a good many tributaries have flowed.

Mrs. Clenaghan, the painter's cousin, collected information in Ireland; Mr. James Paterson, R.S.A., sent me notes on the Glasgow "School"; Mr. Percy Bate compiled for me a list of pictures exhibited by Lavery at the Glasgow Institute, and the Royal Scottish Academy was equally helpful.

Some facts have come in letters from Mr. Alexander Harrison, Mr. Alexander Roche, R.S.A., and Mr. Joseph Crawhall; while others belong to conversations with Mr. D. Croal Thomson, Mr. A. S. Boyd, Mr. Harrington Mann, and Mr. William Patrick Whyte, whose friendship with my subject dates from the student days in France. I am indebted also to the Publishers, and Mr. Frederic Whyte, and Mr. William Kennedy.

These tributaries have all entered the main stream, uniting with the information supplied by the painter and by Mrs. Lavery.

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PÈRE ET FILLE : JOHN LAVERY AND HIS DAUGHTER
(*Luxembourg Gallery, Paris.*)

JOHN LAVERY

AND HIS WORK

CHAPTER I

IRELAND AND ART

JOHN LAVERY is an Irishman, and he and his work prosper in an Irish manner—as emigrants. They travel far together, and they are leaders in the strife of art.

To be such a leader now, in these times of international opinions, a man must earn and keep a world-wide reputation. It is no longer of much account as a presage of enduring fame that he should be able to hold year by year what he has gained from a changing taste in a single country. This, to be sure, is not done with ease. Even local honours are never thrust upon an artist; they are as devious as golf-balls, and as feminine also after they have been humoured. Besides, and after all, what is their final value? Why should local successes be less perishable than local fashions, or than the brief seasons forming an active career? The criticism which they encounter is not various enough; it dwells too long in one place; it cannot review with impartial judgment its own likes and dislikes;

and it is apt to be intolerant of the new and original. Vogue and whim and prejudice, things topical and fugitive, have far too much control in the making of local celebrities; and, so, it is prudent never to give much credit to any fame in art which is unable to weather the Atlantic and the Straits of Dover.

Verdicts given by London ought to be confirmed, or else refuted, by expert opinions freely discussed in other cities, in other countries; and this matter, happily, is much better understood now than it used to be. Many painters of to-day send their works everywhere, to be either lauded or rebuffed by the candour of different nations with different traditions and schools; and by so doing, an artist is able to gather from his current reception whether he has touched the eternal heart of life, or whether he belongs to a few years in the history of wayward fashions. This knowledge gives him quite a fair idea of what connoisseurs and critics may think and say in the years to come. Briefly, then, every nation is likely to be a fallible court of justice where native talents are concerned, and the courts of appeal are to be found in other lands.

John Lavery got a firm hold of this truth quite early in his dealings with art, which go back about thirty years. He has never been a stay-at-home. From the first his pictures have been appraised by those radial centres where the new and the old have jostled together in the progress of painting; and to-day, as a cosmopolitan of fame, he is honestly admired and appreciated both by those who like a classic grace, a tender and serene distinction, and by those who rejoice when the modern spirit, with its questioning ardour and its delight in experiment, has freed thought

and effort from the routine of custom and from too much awe of authority. Fine work by John Lavery has been bought for the best among those public galleries on the Continent and in the United States where recent and current aims and methods meet with critical and worthy encouragement.[1] Meantime, here in Great Britain, he has made his way through some neglect to honour and a firm position. The Scottish Academy welcomed him first,[2] the Hibernian Academy[3] came next, and in the present year, 1911, he was elected A.R.A.

Never before—I am speaking of modern times—had an Irishman become so widely known and so much liked as a painter. To find anything at all akin to this far-reaching success, we must hark back in thought to the first Irish illuminators, who, at the end of the sixth century, became famous far outside their own island, their art being fit to travel everywhere with the Irish saints and missionaries. Their ornamented craft, exquisite and intricate, was established in Northumbria and the Lowlands by disciples of St. Columcille; and it survives to this day in rich and noble decorations like those which give grace and charm to the Lindisfarne Gospels. But if we believe that these early artists are too old to be used here as a just parallel, then John Lavery is the first Irishman for hundreds of years whose expressive work with a brush has found a place in that common stock of effort and achievement which in a time of progress circulates from one country to another and belongs to all the world as a renewing influence.

[1] See Appendix III.
[2] Associate, 1892; Academician, 1896; Non-resident Academician, 1902.
[3] Associate, July 18th, 1906; Academician, October 18th, 1906.

Lavery and George Bernard Shaw were born during the same year, 1856, the former in Belfast,[1] the latter in Dublin. Since then, you will remember, many other distinguished Irishmen have appeared, and set up their homes on "that curious fourth-dimensional planet which we call the literary and artistic world." Each in his own way has been a stimulus to England, and each has drawn wide attention to a genuine revival of the Hibernian genius, by which a new spirit of brave endeavour has been awakened among craftsmen and students. But these pioneers, while helping to renew the youth of their national traditions, have not as a rule been workers in their own country; it has been their lot to succeed away from home. Ireland needs markets, so the most gifted of her children are wanderers, and while they in a voluntary exile claim and win a just pride of freedom with comfort, her destiny is to be as a nest to alert young singing birds that find their wings and then migrate.

It is a sad destiny, both new and old in Irish tradition. Yet it is better than the tame and lethargic effort that made most Irishmen faddlers in art during the eighteenth century, at the very moment when England and Scotland, for the first time, bred a great variety of renowned painters. I do not forget that the English public, then, as now, being loyal to a bad custom, wanted art to be either a flatterer or a toy. Men of genius were expected not to be earnest and thorough, but to do pretty little tricks with their least admirable qualities. The Reynolds factory in 1758 turned out a hundred and fifty portraits; the yearly

[1] Lavery was baptised in St. Patrick's Church, Donegal Street, Belfast, by the Rev. George Conway, on the 26th of March, 1856.

MRS. LAVERY AND HER DAUGHTER

output averaged about a hundred and twenty; and these facts prove that popular artists and their patrons cared little for sincerity. Great things were done from time to time as a hobby, as a relief from the hurried routine of a deplorable factory system; but there is a charm so fascinating in the best pictures, a grace so bewitchingly tender and chivalric, that not an English master of the period has been harmed very much by the frequent lack of honour shown in bad pot-boilers.

The masters were either English or Scotch.[1] There was not an Irishman among the biggest painters. It is true that Francis Cotes, a foundation member of the Royal Academy, and Irish by origin, occupied a good position among his fellows, but he was well placed in the second rank, not in the first. His pastels were very attractive, often better than his oil-paintings, which wanted suppleness of touch and a well-built style. But I remember that Cotes was not forty-five when he died—after drinking soap-lees as a cure for stone. Dealers have begun to rediscover Cotes, and they are right; but a good many of them forget or have not heard that his draperies and backgrounds were usually painted by a man to whom Reynolds and Benjamin West also owed a good deal, unhappy Peter Toms, R.A., who had very little known success during his life, and who committed suicide January 1st, 1777.

Another Irishman, Sir Martin Archer Shee, a courtly gentleman, became President of the Royal Academy in

[1] Perhaps the Scotch were the more thorough as a general rule. The great Raeburn, in his lesser work, kept a high level of merit. His brush-drawing was never flimsy, like that of Gainsborough in many pictures.

1830. As a portrait painter Shee was greatly liked, yet the world went away from him—too soon, I think, for he had a feeling for character and manhood. In his best work there are better qualities than we find in most Irish painting which is not recent; better qualities than those of Nathaniel Hone, R.A., for example, who died in 1784, and saner qualities than James Barry ever wanted to possess, during those days and years when a tetchy temper slowly prepared follies enough to justify his expulsion from the Royal Academy in 1799, seven years before his death.[1] As to William Mulready, who lived from 1786 to 1863, his style became so minute, so elaborated, that a whole year was often spent on one little subject. With this care, excessively neat and patient, Mulready did what he could to be gay and spontaneous, but the variety and the fun of Wilkie were not to be rivalled in that plodding manner. Mulready ought to have done much better, for there was a rare promise in his first pictures of boy life; it was a great pity when he changed his low tones for brilliant tints without substance and without fresh air.

What other Irishman had a name in art that everybody in England used to know? There was Daniel Maclise, R.A., a poor colourist, a painter of cramped easel pictures; and yet he did well in large frescoes for Westminster Palace, equalling the mural painting by William Dyce. His improvement here was quite astonishing.[2] The younger Barret (who died in 1842) is another

[1] Hone was as quarrelsome as Barry, and picked many a bone with Reynolds and Angelica Kauffmann, R.A. Reynolds had little luck with his Irish members, who were very un-Irish in disposition.

[2] Daniel Maclise, upon the death of Sir Charles Eastlake in 1865, was offered the presidency of the R.A., but he declined this high honour.

Irishman to be mentioned, for he remains a classic having a circle of devotees. It would not be just to say that Barret was ever truly great, like John Sell Cotman. His landscapes are too uniform, and his perennial sunset is not more than a recipe very well employed. For all that, Barret has a place by himself in the evolution of British water-colour.

A few other Irish names occur to me, but if you study James Arthur O'Connor, or Francis Bindon (who painted Dean Swift several times), or Bernard Mulrenin and G. F. Mulvany, or Henry Macmanus and Hugh Douglas Hamilton, with several others, you will not be quit of the fact that Irishmen for many years had a poor record in art, though their native qualities ought to have fitted them for any career needing sentiment and imagination. The French have never been more vivacious than the Irish, or quicker in sympathy, in emotional aptness; and we notice also, under the gaiety and charm of Irish sparkle and good nature, certain gifts of the spirit not at all common in France; an uncanny mysticism, for example, and a poetic melancholy.

Yet these qualities, inborn and national, were for a long while unfruitful. Why? One tentative answer to this question is political. We are told that Ireland could not do credit to herself because of her disquiet and gnawing poverty; but Scotland also in the eighteenth century was poor, and her tribulations were many, yet the Scotch went on from Ramsay to Raeburn and founded a school of autonomic painters. Why the good Irish genius should have been eclipsed for generations is a fact not to be explained entirely, but several things help us to under-

stand, not why genius failed to come, but what circumstances were at odds with action and ambition.

As a general rule, Hibernian minds have one characteristic which may be called an inveterate national habit; they think retrospectively, they brood and yearn over the past, they make distant things near and old sorrows new and present. The long ago, that appeals very little to most Englishmen, troubles the Irish; it touches them with a pathos that seems actual and contemporary. Dead years live again in imagination; historic wrongs emerge from the limbo of forgotten things, grow young again and active and mischievous. Note, too, that even English writers on Ireland become possessed by the same characteristic, as if their topic compelled everyone to do what Browning shadowed forth in the prologue to *The Ring and the Book*:—

> Let this old woe step on the stage again!
> Act itself o'er anew for men to judge.

There is subjective poetry in this mental habit; but immediate needs and practical aims are certainly better than ineffectual repining; and we know that old grievances, old injuries, constantly renewed in oft-told tales, are apt not only to inflame the minds of patriots, but to annoy all Englishmen who live far outside the magic atmosphere of Irish life and backward-looking regrets.

And there is also another side to this matter. It is fair to recognise a mark of old age in the mental habit that for ever fusses over memories, over bygones. Youth cannot waste time in that fashion. The young look forward with hope, and they wish to mend what is wrong, not because old centuries were bad, but because hindrances

BETTY—A PORTRAIT STUDY

to present effort and achievement are hateful. And this temper is rational, whereas the Irish mood is poetical in non-productive ways. Yes; and we may be sure that one reason why Irishmen very often succeed away from home is found in the urgent need they feel of adapting themselves to customary ways of life more practical and more pertinacious than any which belong to Erin.

So it is a pleasure to note that Ireland herself is becoming keener than she used to be about method, personal comfort, trade requirements, and other necessary agents in the betterment of the common human lot. What with Agricultural Societies and Industrial Development Societies, as well as the energetic enterprise of the Gaelic League, a more virile spirit of self-reliance will be fostered at home; and the new conditions of county government and of land ownership will give practical affairs and long-delayed improvements a great advantage over spilt milk and its trivial dramas.

All this certainly favours a revival of the arts; for although moralists have long told the world that wealth and comfort and luxury are apt to be bad for mankind, yet, as a matter of fact, these things have ever been essential to the higher aspirations of the mind, as shown in literature, learning, sculpture, music, painting, the drama, social progress, science, and mechanical invention. Under every type of advancing society, here and elsewhere, national wealth and the arts have risen together to their culminating points. It was so in Ireland herself when her culture made pilgrimage through mediæval Europe; and during those seven long centuries of invasion and conquests that crippled her liberties, the gradual

ruin of ancient trades and crafts was among the worst evils that laid the Irish low. Arts declined when privations came, but the people clung with insistent love to a knowledge of their history, because *that* nourished their grief and fevered their unrest.

Ireland needs many good things, and foremost among them is the home rule that flourishing industries bring with them. Political freedom, without prosperity, has little value, being a serfdom to the hazards of want. Yet patriots talk most of political freedom, and money now required for mercantile advancement disappears in political campaigns, as if the mere opening of a Parliament in Dublin would be to the nation at large a sort of magical gold mine, and therefore able to produce prosperity. The architecture of this bold policy tries to build the roof of liberty first, forgetting good foundations and solid walls.

How lucky, then, that Ireland herself is becoming less unpractical than her politicians. She does not yet benefit enough by the ability of all her children, by the revival of art among Irishmen, because her markets are not sufficiently good to keep genius at home. In one way she benefits always, for the spirit of the country is quickened when Irishmen in other lands do great things and receive high honours. Art and fame enter here into politics; and the expectation that Ireland will renew her youth seems warrantable, though we can never be sure as to when a decadent period will depart from a people having artistic gifts and traditions. Genius at times comes out of the dark like the dawn, and passes through a day of changing sunshine into twilight and night, while at other times, fortunately, genius prospers in a much longer reign; its

brilliance does not then wane as the days do, it shines through an epoch, and sets us thinking of the sun in those northern places where during the summer there is no darkness. Let us hope that Ireland will now enjoy a complete renaissance of that rare kind. Meantime, I count myself lucky that in the subject of this book I have to trace as well as I can the story of an Irish painter who has shown throughout his career those qualities of self-confidence, unflurried, patient, cheerful, resourceful, of which his own fatherland has long stood in need. Through a youth burdened with hardships and delayed hopes John Lavery met with very few favouring circumstances; he had to grow wood for his own ladder.

CHAPTER II

PARENTAGE AND EARLY YEARS

JOHN LAVERY descends from a race of yeomen in the County Armagh, and a farm that belonged to his ancestors about three centuries ago is owned now by near relatives, who live at Druinnacairn, near Lurgan. It was there that his great-grandfather brought up three sons—Henry, Edward, and John. The great-grandmother may have been partly English, as her maiden name was Elinor Baxter, but she loved Ballymagin as her native place. Her eldest son, Henry, by his marriage with Jane Dargan, an Irish girl from Darganstown, had five children —John, Richard, Edward, Henry, Ellen; and this younger Henry was the father of John Lavery. He married Mary Donnelly, who had passed her childhood at Armagh, but who lived at Lambeg when she first met her husband. After their marriage they set up their abode in Belfast, in North Queen Street, where Henry Lavery traded as a wine and spirit merchant,[1] at first without much anxiety; but hard times came, and at the beginning of 1859, when business was bad, and three little children were like birds in a frosty nest, Henry Lavery decided that he would go alone to the United States, make a position there, and then send to Ireland for his wife and family. His decision appeared to be practical, but it ended in a tragedy.

He sailed from Liverpool on Wednesday, the 27th of

[1] It will be remembered that Ruskin's father was a wine merchant.

April, 1859, in the *Pomona*, described as a splendid clipper ship of 1500 tons burden. She was an American vessel, belonging to the port of New York, and she set sail with a crew of thirty-seven hands and 372 passengers. "So fair was the breeze and so bright the prospect as she commenced her voyage, that the captain thought seventeen or eighteen days might bring them to their destination. Unhappily, in about as many hours his ship was a wreck, and out of all she carried twenty-three persons only were snatched from the waves. The details of the story are terrible. Up to midnight on Wednesday all went well, for, though the breeze freshened until at length it blew strongly, the wind was still favourable, and the passengers, after dancing and singing up to a late hour, retired to rest without a thought of the fate impending over them. It seems to have been about one or two o'clock on Thursday morning when the vessel struck suddenly on a well-known sandbank, and the sea swept instantly over her decks. At first their whereabouts seemed uncertain, but it was afterwards found that they were on the Blackwater Bank, about nine miles east of the coast of Wexford. The wind was still high and the atmosphere thick, so that the shore was occasionally hidden from view; but the captain hoped that if the weather moderated with the dawn he might reach the land in safety with his boats. The protracted suspense thus maintained between life and death constitutes the most dreadful part of the tale. For fully twelve hours the ship held together, and the water by incessant pumping was partially kept down; but the gale, instead of subsiding, raged with increased fury; the boats were either lost or stove in, and at last, after all this agony,

the ill-fated *Pomona* was swallowed by the waves with 386 of her passengers and crew.

"Inquests have been held on two of the bodies cast ashore, and in one of these instances the jury . . . attached to their verdict certain remarks which deserve some further commentary. 'We must,' they observe, 'express our surprise that with a most favourable wind and tolerable weather this ship should have gone so much out of her course. We have no proof of drunkenness, but most heartily we condemn that portion of the crew which deserted their passengers, occupying the boats to the exclusion of women and children. We respectfully call for a further inquiry by the Lords of the Admiralty, and recommend in future that seamen surviving the loss of their ship ought to be detained until due inquiry be made into the particulars of the case.' The concluding portion of these observations is to be explained by the fact that four-fifths of the survivors belonged to the crew, and the small remainder only to the passengers, while the report states that almost all those who reached the shore 'departed instantaneously.'"[1]

Henry Lavery was among the drowned. His body came ashore with the tide, and was identified by Edward Byrne, brother of Mrs. Edward Lavery.

The widow never recovered from the shock of this disaster, but pined away, dying heart-broken about three months after the death of her husband, when her daughter Jane, the wee last child, was not two years old, when John —the subject of this book—was three, and his brother Henry about five.

[1] Leading article in *The Times*, Friday, May 6th, 1859.

But soon the winds of adversity were tempered to these lonely little orphans, Jane being adopted by her uncle, Richard Lavery, who lived at Belfast, and John and Henry by their Uncle Edward, a farmer, who took them to his home—"Behind the Wood"—near Moira and Soldierstown.

. . . . . .

The country around Soldierstown and Moira is very good for a boy's health and character; not too mild and not too bleak, nor yet too far off from the humming stir of quite modern industries; for Lurgan is hard by, about five miles to the south-west, and being a very important seat of the linen trade in lawns and cambrics, that little town helps to put vigour into the youth of Irish enterprise.

In summer, on a fine afternoon, a lad can visit the outskirts of three counties, Antrim, Down, Armagh, doing unhurried mischief as he goes along. And I think of such holidays now, allowing the Peter Pan in my city mind to be active, because I must follow a boy through his school years, from the days of petticoats to his teens and velveteens. It is thus an advantage to be a youngster with my subject.

As early as his tenth year John Lavery won for himself, without conscious effort, an exciting turn of fortune. By that time he had been taught to read and to hate arithmetic, first at Soldierstown, and next at Magheralin National School, across the border in Downshire, and a good walk of two miles or so from the farm. Apart from mathematics, which very often bewilder the minds of

artists,[1] there was no cause for unrest, until there appeared upon the scene a new friend, one of his aunt's cousins, a bachelor, who took so keen a liking to the boy that he offered either to adopt John or to pay for his education, not in Ireland, but at Saltcoats, a seaside place in Ayrshire. His Uncle Edward agreed to this proposal, because it seemed to open to his nephew better opportunities of study than those which Magheralin gave. So the old ordering of things was changed, transformed, and the boy, taken at the age of ten from the rustic life of genial Antrim and Down, went with his new guardian over the sea to a sterner country, where he would have to find ease for himself in new conditions, like a plant transferred from a warm garden to a cold field.

To adapt himself to the requirements of these foreign circumstances was not at first either pleasant or simple, and certainly the experience was not without risk, because a boy may drop one by one the qualities of his own race and country, without absorbing that which is best in whatever ideals of manliness may be encouraged among lads by the customs and traditions of another land. Parents are apt to forget this; but it happened that John Lavery, an Irish Celt, shy, sensitive, impulsive, wayward, and generous, thrown among Scotch Celts, fared very well, acquiring some useful underprops for his temperament. Scotch and Irish differ remarkably, like climate and landscape under their native skies; and one can never admire too much what may be described as the underclothing of Scotch sentiment and friendliness,

[1] François Millet said of himself, for instance, that he never went beyond addition. "I understand nothing about subtraction and the later rules."

SPRING
(*Luxembourg Gallery, Paris.*)

a dour reserve, and a perseverance that waits and plods with apt foresight and tact. In Scotch ambition there is something more than good generalship; there is genuine architecture also, built thoroughly with sound local materials, on sites and for a purpose which are carefully studied and understood. All this, moreover, is in the nature of a national habit; and when English and Irish boys are brought in contact with it they ought to benefit. John Lavery got two invaluable aids to success from that influence; learning to use with care whatever opportunities turned up, and to keep impatience and discontent from becoming aimless, like steam uncontrolled by science. Little by little he lost the inclination to say, "By Jove! If only I had decent luck and a fair opening, I'd soon get on! What can a chap do to-day without a blessed penny to call his own?"

This training in self-control went on for five years at Saltcoats; it fitted a very sensitive nature for later hardships, which, chosen voluntarily, lasted for several years in Glasgow. At Saltcoats, too, a liking for the sea became one of those early joys and habits which not only endure through life, but enter upon a second youth after the age of fifty. Lavery has painted many excellent seaside subjects, ranging from effects of wet greys in stormy weather to the peace of lilac moonshine on calm summer nights; and his choice of a winter home at Tangier is in part an expression of the pleasure he feels when seaside and town and country are all near neighbours.

But I do not wish to imply that there was anything precocious on the artistic side of his first experiences. He drew a little at Saltcoats, copying from woodcuts, but I am

not told that he wanted to be a painter then. Relatives talked about a very different profession, hoping that he would study for the Church and become a priest; but this ambition, common in Irish families, gave way before an independent spirit that longed to go out into the world and to work there for a living. An adopted child, whose position is ever a delicate one, cannot have a better ambition than that; and John Lavery, at the age of fifteen, when Saltcoats had lost all novelty, came under the influence of an older boy who had just obtained a clerkship in the audit office of the Glasgow and South Western Railway Company. This school friend, whom I will call Donald Henderson, left Saltcoats for Glasgow, but returned home every week-end, travelling proudly with a free pass, and bringing with him tales about music-halls and city life. Henderson gave imitations of comic singers, and he walked with a confident swagger that looked inimitable; he had new ideas about dress and a new courage in his attitude to a last sixpence. He bragged about his shabby little rooms in Portugal Street, Glasgow, and with good-humoured scorn he looked down on fellows at school, because he could not lift them up to his own level. This youth fascinated Lavery. How marvellous that Glasgow in a few months should have made Henderson into a splendid man! It was a city to be known at once, and Lavery would go there, without saying a word to anyone. It would be safer to take French leave.

To run away is a simple adventure; the difficulty is to get something to do after the running has slowed to a halt. Much art is required in applying for a job, and runaways are too eager, too anxious, too breathless. They provoke

suspicion. It was well for Lavery that his chum in Portugal Street gave him a lodging with food and hope. This was help indeed, and Lavery thinks of it still with warm gratitude. Weeks went by in a chilling futile hunt after employment; and at last, when a berth was found, success came through the influence of Donald Henderson, who got for his friend a post in the same railway company. The wages were very small, about £20 a year; but even this was a beginning, and all the more welcome—at a first glance—because it would aid the truant to make peace with his aggrieved relatives. Who could be angry when high spirits wanted to thrive on £20 a year?

Such was the position of affairs until the official work began. To be a clerk in the mineral department of a railway company was attractive—at a distance; but near acquaintance proved a bitter disenchantment, as rapid book-keeping was essential, and John Lavery had no gift for accounts. Only one thing in his duties could be done with credit and with pleasure; it was the routine of business out of doors, that set him to make notes about all the mineral traffic, and to keep a ledger of the day's record in trucks of coal and in waggons of pig-iron, etc. Misery began when neat figures had to be totted up. For the inspector under whom the boy worked, though easy-going and kind, had no inkling of the fact that his clerk suffered horribly while making false totals. The man positively thought that great columns of figures ought to be simple for any mind to grasp; and he left a good deal of his own work to be done by the clerk, with deplorable results. At last a crisis came. It happened during the holiday season when the inspector was absent. John Lavery was all alone,

and, somehow, had less than usual to do outside; he would have enjoyed quite a good time, had it not been for a command that came from someone whom he could not disobey—a command showing great confidence in his ability, since it told him to prepare the monthly report for the head office.

Never was a compliment less liked or less deserved. It was meant for an accountant. Yet Lavery did what he could do, working desperately hard, until he began to feel that figures would make him mad. At last, and all at once, a happy thought brought some relief; he would let his totals stand in order to prove that he had worked and earned his wages. The inspector, no doubt, returning fresh from a holiday, might show unusual haste in discovering blunders; but his clerk would be missing.

To fly from arithmetic seemed like an act of common sense, but Lavery could not go to Donald Henderson, because the inspector would call at the old address in Portugal Street. It was prudent to choose another friend, a student, and brother of a schoolmistress from whom Lavery had learnt a good deal at Saltcoats. He was a lively youth, this student, fond of sport, friendly with prize-fighters, athletic, strong, and rather wayward. "He could draw a little, and I believed him to be a genius. He became my hero. No man could have been kinder to me, though I must have been for months a burden to his family. Then, one day, he got into a scrape and enlisted as a soldier. It happened that I disliked soldiers, partly because their work took away liberty, and partly because the destruction of human life in war seemed criminal to me. But admiration for my friend was even stronger than

those feelings. Next morning I went down to the Trongate and took the Queen's Shilling, in order to become a private in my friend's regiment, the 60th Rifles. But I had one regret; the regiment ought to have been cavalry, not infantry."

One regret! But others came too soon. For the new recruit, humiliated publicly from the moment he entered the service, was marched through the streets with a file of down-at-heels, slouching tatterdemalions, ragged, shoeless, dirty, spirit-broken, mere human misery in shreds and patches. Was the British Empire a thing so trifling that it could afford to beg for its defence from city outcasts? The boy trudged along, shamefaced and rebellious. A terrific distance seemed to lie between him and the barracks; but at this refuge, as in the streets, officialism put all recruits on the same level. Of course, Lavery was spared the indignity of bathing with his new companions; but he had to strip in their presence.

And he waited for some time, naked in the cold, before a doctor came and examined him.

"Oh!" said the doctor curtly. "How old are you? You made an incorrect statement. You're too young. The recruiting sergeant has been taken in."

And this being a fact, the deception was admitted, with a feeling of relief, and the boy returned to civil life.

It was clear to him now that he had come to the end of his tether; he was not yet ripe for a free struggle in a great city. There was no help for it; he must eat humble-pie. And so, crestfallen and penitent, he wrote to his uncle in Ireland, and then went home to little Soldierstown.

CHAPTER III

A NEW BEGINNING

FOR about two years after his return to Ireland John Lavery worked on his uncle's farm, playing at the dreary game of round pegs and square holes. He was not cut out by nature to be a François Millet, and the atmosphere of the Irish farm was very different from that meditative and encouraging companionship which lasted through Millet's boyhood on the Norman farm in the hamlet of Gruchy. François Millet got something more than a fine library of old books from his father and mother and grandmother; he obtained besides a high and serious poetry, a sort of Roman Catholic puritanism, fervent and steadfast. "Up, my little François! If you only knew what a long time our birds have been singing the glory of God!" This inspiration of austere faith, ingenuous, beautiful, and inspiriting, was to the artist in Millet what rain and sun are to thirsty fields. There was nothing at all like it in the farming experiences from which Lavery longed to escape. As a hobby he drew a little, copying illustrations, and this gave him ideas about art that stimulated discontent.

Meantime, and the fact is rather comic, he thought constantly of Glasgow. To this dingy Mecca his thoughts made pilgrimages, day after day; and then, at last, a story shaped itself in his mind. Lavery imagined that Donald

Henderson, on a holiday trip through Ireland, had come to see him, hotfoot, bringing the welcome news that farm-work could end at once. "Come to Glasgow, my boy; there's a very good position ready for you!" A likely tale! Yet it was related to Mr. Edward Lavery and his wife, and neither uncle nor aunt showed by word or look that this was an old tale in a new version. It meant that the nephew's heart was set on Glasgow; and since he was not fit to be a farmer, why attempt to keep him? In short, then, the lad had his way; and when he left for Belfast, with a very small wardrobe neatly packed in a box, his capital was about £5, the value of a prize canary or a piping bullfinch.

At Belfast the boy saw his sister, with her adoptive father, Uncle Richard Lavery; he went to the theatre, paying for two cousins; and next morning he had photographs taken, and then bought a first-class ticket to Glasgow, as if £5 could never be spent by such overflowing elation. It was a piece of good luck that his aunt had a brother at Glasgow, Edward Byrne, a medical student, who attended classes at the Old College in High Street, and who took in Lavery as a guest. It was he who found on the shore of Wexford the dead body of our painter's father (p. 14).

A hunt after work began immediately, relieved by some wild scenes of student fun. These are vague memories now, while the search after employment is a vivid recollection. One day, in *The Glasgow Herald*, a new sort of advertisement appeared, running thus: "Smart lad wanted with a knowledge of drawing. Must show samples of his work. Apply to J. B. Macnair, artist and photographer, 11 West Nile Street." It seemed odd that an artist should

need help in photography, but here, at long last, was a vacant post, free from arithmetic and ledgers and common clerks. Then Lavery remembered that he had set no store by the copies he had made from woodcuts and line-engravings. Most of them were either lost or destroyed; only three or four could be found; and with these, in breathless excitement, he ran to West Nile Street.

Macnair, tall, thin, nervous, refined, looked too shy to meet with cool authority the eager callers whom he had invited; but yet he was rather sympathetic, and the drawings did not offend him overmuch, because he engaged Lavery for a term of three years, partly to retouch negatives and partly to colour photographs. The work would be a persistent flattery to all customers who hated character and wanted to look sweet and pretty. Small dots put with a brush behind negatives would take from a face every wrinkle and every freckle, while a seraphic complexion would be given to photographs—after some diligent practice—with faint tints of water-colour. There was much to be learnt, of course, but the apprentice should have a salary nevertheless; not more than £20 for the first year, nor less than £25 for the second, and £30 during the third year. Indentures would be drawn up, and the apprentice, being a minor, would get them signed by his guardian. So the interview ended, a genuine triumph—for Macnair.

The indentures were approved by Mr. Edward Lavery, and the uncle added £15 or £20 a year to his nephew's tiny income. Just a few other shillings might be earned every week perhaps by tinting photographs for friends after office hours; only, of course, some leisure time would have to be given to the making of friendships, since the boy in

FATIMA: A MAID OF TANGIER

those days had only two chums at Glasgow. And then another point turned up for consideration. Lavery knew very little about the work which he would have to do; his drawing, an untrained gift, was feeble; and although the Haldane Academy of Art had classes for young fellows who were engaged in business, tuition could not be had there without payment. What fees could he afford to take from his trivial income? The school of art opened its doors at 7 a.m., giving two hours before city firms began the day's work. There were evening classes also; and as they seemed more convenient, Lavery decided that he would go to them three or four times a week, and live on short commons in order that he might pay for the first rudiments of his art training.

It has been said that the apprenticeship with Macnair had no value from a standpoint of art; but this opinion looks quite wrong to me, for two reasons. In the first place, Girtin and Turner gained lightness of hand by tinting engraved prints; and, next, colouring a photograph requires just the same rapid touch and confident skill in the use of liquid pigment. There is no means of correcting a mistake; even a single wash by a bungler will disturb and ruin the surface of a print. First intention and last must go hand in hand together, so that a habit of going wrong at first in a hurried lay-in cannot be acquired. I believe, then, that Macnair had a place in the genesis of his pupil's first tentative style, though a kinder fortune would have chosen a different and a better training.

Not that Lavery complained. His trade was entertaining; at the school of design he rubbed elbows with young fellows who talked with enthusiasm; and though

he hated to live in dreary by-streets where Saturday night among the poor was enlivened with far too much drink, he never thought of himself as a martyr, but held aloof from unpleasant neighbours. And he was heartily glad to be free.

At that time, in Glasgow, a good many fellows, eager to take up art as a profession, were much at odds with their parents, who believed that painting and sculpture were pastimes for the well-to-do, not callings for any youngsters who had their bread to earn. Art was a candidate for the workhouse. No prudent father could listen without irritation to a son's dreams about brushing his way through poverty to fame as a painter. Such fevered hopes, it must be owned, were based, too often, on very slender attainments. But art was on the town, as Whistler said, and parents and children had to make shift with their differences of opinion. John Lavery, alone in his freedom, heard no advice from a thwarting affection, so every bit of his energy was given unopposed to the aims that he desired to make real. And from notes kindly sent to me by Mr. James Paterson, R.S.A., I learn that some young men were less fortunate in that respect.

Then, as to the methods of training at the school of art, they were British, British of the year 1874, and consequently bad; as far away from the direct and manly excellence of Raeburn as the minute stipple of Academy students in London was far away from the full-blooded skill and distinction admired by Reynolds. Many board schools to-day give drawing lessons of a much better kind than those which backward students got at the Haldane Academy, Glasgow, in 1874.

Blob-work with a brush, and modelling with a sort of putty, now awaken interest and encourage imagination; they make youngsters keen and quick; and there is another joy in being taught how to draw intelligently from leaves and flowers and plants. A knowledge of rudiments ought always to show that art is not a dead thing, but a thing alive, with a babyhood, a childhood, a womanhood and manhood, and a decline into old age and a babble of reminiscence. All this was forgotten when Lavery was set to copy straight and curved lines having no relation to anything in nature or in handicraft; and another feeble exercise was to duplicate the outline of half a leaf, the other half being printed on the paper. Pothooks and hangers. These were followed by separated parts of a human face, all done from copy-books, and in outlines which were much too small. To draw details on a large scale from plaster casts—eyes a foot long, and mouths and noses big enough for Brobdingnag—is excellent practice, because no part of the anatomy can be evaded; while small copies from the flat are poor sport and of little utility to a student. Lavery says:—

"Complete heads came next, and then hands and feet. These were drawn in outline. After some weeks I was allowed to work on toned paper, using conté crayon and white chalk. It was pleasant to put in the lights and shades. Most of the other students made either designs for fabrics or mechanical drawings, but I was privileged, having explained that I wished to become a portrait painter.

"In my second year I was able to afford the early-morning class as well as the evening one, and it was

then, I think, that I bought my first paint-box, which my master told me ought to contain flake white, raw umber, a tube of megilp, and some turpentine. My first drawing from the round was a white plaster vase about a foot high; on this subject I spent several hours, sketching with pencil on my Bristol board; and next morning I dipped my brush in oil-paint for the first time. The study finished, I was allowed to buy colours: crimson lake, yellow ochre, raw sienna, lampblack, gamboge, burnt sienna, Prussian blue, cobalt blue, ultramarine, vermilion, with some others; and then I began to paint two apples on a white cloth, lying near a metal plate."

The student was on the right line now, at close quarters with many problems; but by ill luck, while attempting to give with paint the relations of tone and the diversity of texture observed in the models, he got very little help from a worthy school tradition in the all-important matter of brushwork. The Glasgow methods at that time were too thin and too idle; they wanted impulse, energy, breadth, and alert freshness. That beauty of paint which Velazquez greyed and sweetened with daylight, and which Rembrandt veiled with an artificial half-gloom full of radiance and mystery; that delight in pigment by which a born painter can make all times and tastes contemporary with one another, was not then at Glasgow an inspiration of school in the training given to students. Hence much had to be unlearnt in the after-years, usually on the Continent.

Yet it was a great boon to Lavery when he passed from futile dead copies to still-life from nature. Though he did not learn to paint well, his eyes gradually acquired a habit

LORD McLAREN

of original choice in the arrangement of colour-harmonies. There is one thing very remarkable in still-life paintings: they are never done well by anyone who prefers exact and definite outlines to the qualities that paint alone can give; and it was observed that Lavery's bent was not the bent of a draughtsman, but the instinctive research of a colourist and painter. He was attracted by all that gave verisimilitude to a study alive with colour. Forms, contours, appealed to him much less, so that his first lessons in the evening from the antique were duties rather than pleasures.[1]

A better system of training would have given instant charm to the use of classic sculpture in a modern education. What Lavery had to do was to spend diligent months in wasting time and patience. One example will suffice. The master chose an antique figure, the Disc Thrower; then four drawings had to be made from it. Three were useful, though the technical methods were too delicate and pretty. One was an outline drawing, another was a skeleton, and the third a tinted écorché, a figure without skin, for the study of the muscles. Then a shaded drawing, very elaborate and debilitated, had to be stippled into existence, dot by dot, until wasted weeks had become murdered months. The spirit groaned, the heart failed, but the hand went on automatically, dot by dot, till patience seemed a very terrible drudge. Abroad, in the same span of time, at least one large drawing would

[1] Later on, at Paris, Lavery's attitude to the antique underwent a great change; he learnt to understand it thoroughly, and Greek sculpture became a constant and beloved influence. "No painting," he relates, "has ever made on me such a deep impression as I get from Greek sculpture, and as years go on I care less and less for pictures, though the joy and excitement of producing them remain with me as strongly as ever."

have been made every week, handled in a broad and square manner. Lavery's work was sent to London, as he wanted to qualify for the schools of the Royal Academy, but his patience had not been thorough enough; the stipple was below the prim sweetness of perfection that ruled in those days, and the student failed to pass. Rejected! Declined without thanks!

Until about that time he had not seen any modern pictures, except those which were shown in shop-windows; and great was Lavery's excitement when he went one day to the Corporation Galleries and saw a loan collection which, I suppose, included all that was typical in the Scottish art of that day. For some reason or other, I know not what, only one of the pictures—not more—is now clearly remembered, a work by Duncan Mackellar, entitled *Health to the King*, and portraying a Cavalier astride a chair and taking his King as an excuse for "yet another." John Lavery was delighted, and for a while his ambition was to paint such a bit of rollicking life.

Useful biography, showing a young taste very much at odds with the training of the schools. And it is well to note here, in this connexion, though the event happened much later, that the last experience of Lavery with the Haldane Academy of Design was an effort on the part of South Kensington to make him ashamed of a departure from its invertebrate methods. The incident happened after a period of work in Paris. John Lavery went to see his former masters. Examinations were going on, and South Kensington paid a small grant to the teaching staff when any pupil passed the elementary standards in given subjects, which included perspective and various

types of drawing, from freehand to geometrical. Lavery was asked to compete. He had never done so, and his work would be helpful. He agreed, and made a drawing for each part of the test examination. With what result? Ah! The examiners disapproved of his methods, and he was ploughed in every section. He had then exhibited at the Paris Salon.

From the entertainment of this digression I return to the thread of my story. The three years with Macnair having passed, Lavery was engaged by another photographer to do the same work, retouching negatives and turning photographs into painted miniatures. The engagement was to last twelve months, at a salary of £150. It was during this year that he began to paint from nature, on half-holidays and on long summer evenings; and in 1878, when his agreement lapsed, he came to what is known as the turning-point of a career. The photographer tried to keep his assistant, offering much better wages. What was Lavery to do? Fixed work and a sure and blessed pay-day once a month were not easy to find; prudence told him to be content and to go forward in the photographic trade; serious painting could be a hobby. But prudence among men of imagination has a bad time as a rule; she meets with rebuffs akin to those which have been thrust upon her by British colonists, eager to conquer lands where common sense ought to be ashamed to linger. None can follow prudence without being a truant to many brave aspirations; so that prudence in youth is likely to be a maker of regrets for old age to bemoan. Adventures, even when they miscarry, are things that a plucky mind delights to remember; and

John Lavery, mindful of the risks ahead, but preferring hazards in art to safety in trade, chose freedom, and amazed his employer.

"Ah! You'll be glad enough to get back to me," the photographer said, as if art were as bad as Monte Carlo.

Free once more, proud and confident, Lavery took a little room, and clapped on the door a new brass plate, engraved with his name and the word "Studio." He was then a little more than twenty-one. Photographers kept him busy for a while; and then a patron—a real *art*-patron—came, grey-haired, florid, genial, warm-hearted, a sort of fairy god-father who had enjoyed fifty years rather too much. This new friend made himself known as a Count, and a true Irishman also. Yet he desired to be like Napoleon III, pride and the years having cultivated a white moustache and a dusty imperial. His little vanities were a good pass-port through all good-humoured society. The Count was ingenuously proud of a large signet-ring worn on a hand which rheumatic gout had crippled. It was expected to have great effect in a portrait three-quarters life-size; but when the ring was too conspicuous in art it was too insignificant for its owner to approve. Nevertheless, the Count was exceedingly kind; he took Lavery with him to London in 1879, for instance, and did what he could to make that visit helpful to his protégé.

As soon as Lavery had taken some little cheap rooms at Dalston, he entered himself at Hetherley's School in Newman Street, where he worked for about six months; painting from costume models, and adding composed back-grounds such as would turn life studies into marketable pictures. One week a pretty girl sat in a Quaker costume

MRS. LAVERY SKETCHING
(*Modern Gallery, Dublin.*)

of William Penn's epoch; next week the model was a handsome man arrayed as a cavalier; and Lavery, uniting these two subjects, made a picture entitled *The Courtship of Julian Peveril.* About two years later this tentative work was hung on the line at the Royal Scottish Academy, where it found a buyer in 1881!

But this was not the earliest success; one had been gained in 1880, in a public exhibition at the Royal Glasgow Institute, where some visitor bought for ten guineas a little careful piece of ingenuous sentiment, painted in 1879, probably about a year after Lavery had turned from photographs to paintings. In this picture a girl half knelt on a chair and gazed piously at one of Raphael's Madonnas. There was quite a vogue of tender feeling in the earlier efforts that this young painter made with care. He took a great liking to a picture by Everett Millais, *Yes or No,* and he tried to rival the sentiment, choosing a long title for his work: "'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." (So poets say, frequent change in love being a part of their education.) It was in water-colours that Lavery painted; but this was not meant as a symbol of tears, because a girl jilted in a letter does not weep under the first shock; she crushes the letter, she glows hot and rosy with indignation, she proves that jilting as a first effect makes her more beautiful than the sometime lover once believed her to be.

Lavery thinks that he must have valued this work very much, because he sent it to the Royal Academy, priced £100! It returned. Then he tried the Royal Scottish Academy, lowering the price to £50; but the picture came back again. Next year it went to the Glasgow Institute,

with a very tempting price, not higher than £12. Rejected! Then the artist carried his frequent trouble to a friend, a painter named Mackinnon, whose father had some kind of furniture shop at Campbeltown, the birthplace of William M'Taggart (1835–1910), that truly great Scotch painter. Now, Mackinnon knew M'Taggart, and his father was going to exhibit some of M'Taggart's pictures. So why not put the little water-colour into *that* show? This was arranged; and Lavery remembers with what excitement he bought all the weekly papers issued at Campbeltown and in that neighbourhood. And then, of course, when alone, he searched with great eagerness for praise, but his name never got from the catalogue into criticism good or bad. And the picture—his little ewe lamb—came home to him after a while, and Lavery cared for it until his second studio—at 101 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow—was burned down. The fire began in the studio of his friend Alexander Roche, and it took everything from Lavery except a grate, four crippled walls, and a trifling iron frame hung up on a nail. He was insured, luckily, unlike Roche, and the £300 of his insurance was very welcome as a patron of vanished art. Yet the painter got much sympathy.

Everett Millais would have been glad to hear this complete story of an inspiration taken from his *Yes or No*. But Millais in those days was not as a rule a favourite with Lavery; a good deal of his work seemed too robust. It was Leighton that appealed to him then with the greatest attraction. Leighton seemed marvellous, and quite inimitable. His parade of an excessive accomplishment, from which no one could escape in any picture, never became tiresome to his devotee. And I notice also,

as a contrast between past and present in the ruling tastes of Lavery, that Bouguereau was another fascination. This preference the student took with him to Paris in 1881 ; and when he saw at the Luxembourg *The Mother of Sorrows*—a very dainty Bouguereau, bred and reared for popular markets—Lavery welcomed it as the greatest thing in modern paint. Yes, truly ; and his desire was to catch from the master some sweetness without light and some limp piety also.

From that dream of the effete he would be awakened by other Paris ideals, and his art would gain nerve and blood and health from real life and the fresh air, with help from good teaching, and from two or three of the old masters.

CHAPTER IV

FRANCE AND THE CONFLICT OF STYLES

WE have arrived at the first transition period in the work done by Lavery as a student. It marks two changes: a gradual departure from the weak British methods of that period,[1] and a gradual compromise in the making of a new style with ideals gleaned from continental masters.

I wish to underline the word "compromise"; first, because at that time, now thirty years ago, the art of compromise was hated and shunned by the rival partisans who made their conflict of styles too unwitty; second, because John Lavery, during his passage from one phase of technical expression to another, was helped by a critical tact very cooling to heated doctrines and to overstated theories. It enabled him to keep his judgment when the fool-fury of controversial fanatics caused a great many persons to be unmindful of the simple fact that whatever new discoveries gave magic to the best modern work, the great men of old were still munificently right within the limits of their own evolution. It was quite

[1] My old professor at the Brussels Academy, the late Jean Portaels, used to tell me in 1882 that British art-students thought far too much about sweet sentiment, their home-grown methods being astonishingly feeble, invertebrate. Were they really not ashamed to turn their backs on the splendid manhood of their race? "The most masculine nation in the world has art-students with the most effeminate technical methods." And this truth is not yet quite obsolete.

THE FIRST COMMUNION

evident from his first weeks in Paris that the conflict of styles would do good at the expense of many things having great value as bygone history at first hand. It was easy to see then, as now, that auctions were the markets of fashion, where big names a generation old were often knocked down by whims, and where present fame should learn from the vagaries of æsthetic opinion how to talk with modesty about current beliefs and aspirations, which to-morrow might not approve. If each generation of modern painters continued to sneer at immediate forerunners, why should the buying public have faith in any modern art at all?[1] John Lavery, for his own part, tempered enthusiasm with judgment, and he got no harm worth mentioning from cyclones of artistic controversy.

And this fact is the more important because he went to Paris with a technical equipment that did not fit him to repel a continuous attack on his own private feelings about art. His own work was in embryo; it needed blood and bone and nerve and life. It was just such work as young Britons took with them to the sanatoria of foreign technique, at Antwerp, Brussels, Munich, Düsseldorf, and Paris. These health resorts for art-students were to Great Britain what Madeira was then to British consumptives, and the main question—renewed strength or a continued decline—was answered by one thing only, experience of the cure. As Madeira buried some patients and sent others

[1] Artists and critics should consider this argument carefully. Collectors are not tempted to encourage the newer artistic aims of to-day when the newer artistic aims of yesterday are scorned as old-fashioned. Growth inspires confidence, while rapid changes provoke distrust. Many young men now speak of Whistler as "academical," forgetting that their criticism, which tries to discredit a recent pioneer, prepares the public mind for unstable judgments in the high courts of modern æsthetics.

home no better in health, so the Continent with its open-air treatments and its hospital art-schools failed to be of any real benefit to a good many British sufferers from spiritual anæmia, and rickets in draughtsmanship, and neurosis in paint. But a fairly large percentage recovered from their ailments, and returned to England or to Scotland as pioneers, well prepared for a long fight against ridicule and neglect.

Each recovery was attended by hard toil and by many humiliations. It was very far from pleasant to work in a class where even a foreign duffer knew more about the essentials of vital and constructive technique than was known to an Englishman who in his own country had gone with credit through an academic training. Lavery remembers to this day how his efforts at Julian's were received. He relates: "Though I worked as hard as any of the others my drawing was poor, and neither Bouguereau nor Fleury ever gave me much praise. *Pas mal* or *pas trop mal* was about the most I got for encouragement. I discovered that what I thought my strong points counted for little, and that I had yet to understand what drawing really meant." He was in pretty much the same position as a young singer whose voice had been wrongly "placed" by incompetent tuition and practice. He had to begin anew after a bad false start, hindered by many things which had settled into habits of hand and habits of thought.

Where John Lavery failed in his attitude to design was in his lack of sympathy for big qualities; life, character, breadth of vision, emotional aptness, and expressive synthesis. He had been taught to potter, to trifle with niggled shading, and to plod with gentle care until

outlines looked neat and prim and mildly correct. He had now to learn that a few lines full of attack and nerve could suggest that which was most vital in a human face, from the bones under the skin to the personality shown in a drama of animated features. At Julian's, not without good reason, Holbein was the master whom Lavery was told to examine. In Holbein, fine colour and good paint are subordinated to men and women as understood by a consummate draughtsman who likes art to be decorative, yet alive with intense feeling and observation. Holbein is not always accurate; from time to time he can bungle a detail while thinking about the totality of a well-built design; and all this a student can see at his leisure, without having his attention disturbed by those other qualities in portraiture that belong to triumphant painters, like Velazquez and Rembrandt. Lavery needed discipline, for his instinct for colour made him lenient to weak drawing.

But after a while he began to draw with a firmer hand, and his work got nearer to the humanity that charcoal must lay hold of in rapid studies. But, loving fine colour very much, he was keen to paint, and I do not think he ever enjoyed the constructive discipline of those first six months, when he drew in charcoal all day long, from eight o'clock till midday, and from one o'clock till five. It was always the nude, so that he could not get away from the naked vitality of human nature. In the evenings, though, three or four times a week, he attended a class elsewhere to draw from costumed models; and now he heard a great deal about putting a live body into the clothes he sketched. Pleats soon became as interesting as nude limbs; and it

was evident that art must often disobey fashions in dress, which have turned so many women into lay-figures for the display of millinery. Perhaps the most difficult thing in portraiture is to keep a lady of the first fashion from looking ridiculous a few years hence, when her frock will have outlived the momentary vogue of a style. Victorian portraits look comical to-day—very often.

It is time now to say a few words on the social aspect of the education that Lavery got in Paris. No sooner had he arrived at the little Hôtel de Saxe, rue Jacob, in the Quartier Latin, than he met a Scotchman, who introduced him to William Kennedy and a number of English and American students. Good luck! He felt at home from the first hours, whereas in London he had been lonely for more than six long months. London, grey, vast, unheeding, multitudinous, was almost horrible to a young man who had no club and no real chums, while the Quartier Latin made Paris genial; it seemed to breed friendships as a hobby. And a room cost little in a comfortable hotel, just forty francs a month. Forty francs! What sort of room could have been hired in London for that sum? Food, too, was inexpensive, despite tariffs and fettered trade. There was no need to be at all anxious about ways and means. Even a small purse managed quite well in the Quartier Latin. And this gave greater zest to merry hours after work, when gay and talkative young artists met together at a small café, near the Luxembourg, and helped to make or to destroy the reputation of older painters. Alexander Roche, who was often present at these gatherings, with Stott of Oldham, T. Millie Dow, John Lavery, and others, remembers that

LA DAME AUX PERLES
(*Modern Gallery, Dublin.*)

ardour and tobacco were burned freely before the shrines of Puvis de Chavannes and Jules Bastien-Lepage. Between these extremes the talk went to and fro on some evenings, but, as a rule, the favourite topics were Bastien-Lepage and *plein air*. At Brussels also, I remember, the same technical chatter was in vogue, doing very little good; for, as Léonce Bénédite has said, no one knew exactly what was meant by the words *plein air*, "auxquels on donnait, comme toujours, une acception aussi vaste que confuse." And this, to be sure, was inevitable. The real work of painters is to paint, not to chatter, and when they try to convey in words what they see and feel and believe, they have to make shift with an art of self-expression which they have not studied and which professional writers on art find very difficult to use at all adequately. Both the *plein air* folk and the Impressionists trifled with the perils of speech and wasted on disputes and explanations far too much time and vital energy, as if they wanted to forget the business of doing. They seemed eager to degenerate into critics! Even Whistler, a man of penetrating intellect, did not see the futility of too much talk, for he put into brilliant but enervating controversy half the strength that should have gone to the creation of masterpieces.

As to John Lavery, he was a listener as a general rule; it seemed to him quite enough that his gradual change of opinions in art should be shown during hours of work. And there was little to surprise the mind in any flow of dogmatisms about light, air, colour, and the fresh winds. The same ideas displayed themselves every day and all day long.

It was a supper-party that gave change. Once, when Lavery happened to sell a picture at the private view of an English exhibition, a grand evening welcomed a cheque that had not yet arrived. Oysters and white wine were followed by a difficulty in paying the bill. At this distance of time the difficulty is not quite clear; "but the boys got away in a dignified fashion," which is not an invariable kindness granted by French white wine. I am told, too, that Lavery was fond of billiards, and that patriotism made it a point of honour that he should beat an American who had never been put down at a billiard-match. One evening the two crack players met, and the American lost. He deserved to lose, coming from the United States, so British students were "cocky," and the victor won his laurel crown, or the modern equivalent of that trophy; he became well known; the studios talked much about him.

So, what with hard work and the excitement of leisure hours, half a year was soon gone. Then Lavery went back to Glasgow. A disappointment awaited him there. Not only was the atmosphere one of trade, but his own friends, for the most part, were not at all taken with the Paris methods. "You've got a foreign manner, my boy," they said; "and it doesn't suit you, it makes your work too heavy." Yet the problem of earning bread and butter had to be solved somehow, anyhow. To sell pictures was difficult, but Lavery must have had some good luck, because he returned to Paris for the winter.

This time he thought it better not to draw all day in the studios, as the routine of life-class technique after much repetition might become a trick, mechanical and

assertive. The morning class would be enough, and afternoons could be given to outdoor sketching. Lavery went sometimes to St. Cloud and sometimes to Nogent-sur-Marne, where he painted a river scene with two little figures patiently fishing. This outdoor sketch, *Les Deux Pêcheurs*, sent soon afterwards (1883) to the Old Salon, won a place on the line, and it was bought by M. de Saint-Marceaux, father of the eminent sculptor. A true success! Painters of note liked *Les Deux Pêcheurs*, but Lavery himself was surprised as well as elated, for the sketch had given him no trouble at all, unlike the first subject pictures done with so much care in London and Glasgow. He had added several inches to his stature without taking pains. Nature had got into his work unperceived, and sent a ripple of her wind over the painted water and through the painted sky. And the paint was not French, but Franco-British; there was something suave and gracious in the general effect. Oh, then, it was worth while to sketch out of doors if improvement could be won in the old Constable fashion, by being friendly with each day's weather!

At this time (1883) Lavery heard much talk about the artist colony at Grès-sur-Loing and Montigny, a little south of Fontainebleau Forest, where Robert Louis Stevenson, not long before, had met his wife, and where good old Father Corot had often stayed, in himself, as in his art, a charity of fresh air. Painters flocked to Grès—English, Scotch, Irish, Americans, Swedes, Danes, Germans, Frenchmen—as if the little old dear quaint village held as a magnet or as a talisman the debonair spirit of Corot. I must not try to give the atmosphere of Grès as it was

between 1873 and 1886, because the whole enchantment has been caught once for all by a distinguished American painter, William H. Low, whose *Chronicle of Friendships*, published in 1908, does justice to many persons and to many places, all associated with art. In this autobiography we see R. L. Stevenson during his inland journeys, glad to rest for a while in artist communities where his own vagrant charm and witty good nature found kindred companions; and the other Stevenson also, R. A. M., brilliant, sociable, magnetic, but too fond of talk to be much in love with productive toil, brightens the pages here and there, yet helps to make them sad, because he, like many another who knew and loved Grès and Montigny and Barbizon, died in mid-career. Stott of Oldham is dead, and already he is half forgotten; those who remember him best are mainly old-time students at Grès, who discussed among themselves the all-important question, "Does Stott influence Alexander Harrison, or is Alexander Harrison influenced by Stott?" And Frank O'Meara, who had a following at Grès, he, too, is gone, dying young, and few now know his name. For a few brief years there was intrepid courage with high ambition, with cheerfulness, with friendship; and then, all of a sudden, death came, and one more youthful reputation began to fade into the dead and crumbled past.

O'Meara was usually poetical, a dreamer, but it is remembered how he was greatly angered one day by some slight or other, and threatened to take his revenge at dinner, where he would use a bottle of pale ale as a club. With this weapon O'Meara would slay his enemy. But R. A. M. Stevenson interfered, and during a long

AFTER BREAKFAST: TANGIER

walk he pacified the enraged Irishman, who consented to drink his ale at dinner as a proper anti-climax to a very rare wild mood in a gentle nature.

For some time the hamlet of Grès was colonised by a few Britons and Americans, and their peculiar dress in summer, like their boating pranks on the river, startled the neighbourhood, until it became known that the landlady of the inn, good Madame Chevillon, though still a little astonished, liked her madmen, and kept on good terms with them. Local ideas of proper and convenient dress were outraged when the first Englishman passed through the village wearing no clothes except a straw hat and his bathing trunks and sandals; but Grès, after a while, accepted this new custom as a queer thing that did no harm to the *bureau de tabac* or to any other shop. "Behind the inn," says Mr. Low, "in the long garden stretching to the river, the table was spread, and here a score or more would be seated for the midday meal, in this lightest of costumes, fresh from a dip in the river."

One English song was bawled very often, and village children, after listening to the roar of the chorus, not only caught the tune, but tried to imitate the words in many droll accents, and it was no uncommon thing to hear them in the streets singing—

> "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the ground
> As we go marching along."

Grès became known, you may be sure, and if its colony of madcaps proved that painters, like rooks, were gregarious and mischievous, it proved also that Grès, like Pont

Aven, like Concarneau, belonged to the *plein air* movement, and was necessary to the future of landscape art. Lavery worked there, off and on, for several years, and to this day he counts the first nine months, in 1884, as the happiest period of his life. "My *pension* cost me five francs a day, and I could run up to Paris every now and again, untroubled by thoughts of to-morrow, which had been serious enough until that time. I painted, among other things, a river picture with a man in a skiff kissing his hand to a pair of happy girls in a distant boat. I called it *A Passing Salute*, until I discovered that some other painter had used this title for a kindred subject; then my work became *The Bridge at Grès*. It was exhibited several times, and a friend of mine in 1886, wishing to help me, bought it for £30. Just ten years later *The Bridge at Grès* went to the Carnegie Art Institute at Pittsburg, where it was purchased—1500 dollars—for the permanent collection, and where it now hangs."

This picture seems to have been sketched in 1883 and finished next year. It hung at the Royal Scottish Academy in 1884, and at the Glasgow Institute in 1885. Painters liked the composition and the fresh handling, and noticed that the water and its reflections were liquid and deeply translucent. The International Exhibition at Paris, in 1889, gave it a bronze medal. The old bridge at Grès has been painted by Lavery three or four times, and in each version the water is so good that it could not well be bettered. It stirs in me the boyish desire to strip on the bank-side and then take a header. To see in a picture some of the real magic of water is not a common experience; we have to accept many rivers in art because

we know that they can't be skies, or ice, or snow.[1] Perhaps Lavery may have been helped by the five years on the Ayrshire coast; perhaps as a boy during that period his mind absorbed impressions of the sea; it is beyond doubt that his feeling for water is among the early characteristics of his work.

And a fondness for animals dates back to 1884, and the first enchanting time at Grès. In that year, at the Old Salon, he exhibited *La Rentrée des Chèvres*. Later on some animal subjects will be considered; it is enough here to connect a strong natural sympathy for animals with the transition period in France. And other phases of outdoor research appeared in 1884 and 1885, blending landscape and gracious figures, like a scene *On the Loing —an Afternoon Chat*, which prepared the way for a still better picture, *A Tennis Party*, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1886. This fine work, two years later, won a third-class medal at the Paris Salon; it was gold-medalled at Munich in 1901.

A Tennis Party, bought by the Bavarian Government for the National Pinakothek, shows at full maturity what the painter had gained in France without any loss of personal distinction. Other qualities would soon come after intercourse with other artists, notably with Velazquez; but in *A Tennis Party* and its many scattered figures, all well placed and well observed, we find fresh

[1] With one of his early pictures, a snow scene with a fountain, Lavery had a curious experience. The little statue on the fountain was reflected in the water, and the reflection was painted with great care; it looked as distinct as the statue itself. This troubled the Hanging Committee of a Scotch exhibition, for the picture was hung upside down; then the clean snow became the sky, while the darker sky had to pass muster as Scotch snow, and this it managed to do somehow. Indeed, the picture was sold from the exhibition walls!

air, the gladness of a summer day, accompanied by sunlight through trees, by fortunate contrasts between movement and repose, and by a colour-scheme that passes through warm-toned white and many varied greens to dark accents in a costume here and there. Nothing is laboured; the touch everywhere is alert and alive, confident and joyous, swift in attack, and knowing when and where to put in a note of emphasis without undue weight. Leighton saw this painting at the Salon, and having forgotten that Burlington House, two years before, had given it a half-hearted welcome, said to a friend, "Now that's the kind of picture we should have for the Academy."

To have achieved so much after a few years of study, transforming weakness into strength, was remarkable, and I must try now to give in brief an analysis of the benefits that Lavery got from his French studies.

It is a difficult task, partly because many years lie between me and the subject to be analysed, and partly because two or three misconceptions have already become fixed in criticism. French writers, for example, almost without exception, take it for granted that Lavery in those days owed much to Manet,[1] but I cannot believe that what may be called the plebeian naturalness of Manet was ever fascinating to a young man who loved a thoroughbred grace. The Impressionists had no other effect on Lavery than that of making him keen to study out of doors. The

[1] For example, Camille Mauclair says: "John Lavery nous rappellera invinciblement Manet et Whistler. Il s'y apparente mais ne s'y inféode pas. De Manet il a la construction ample, la façon simplifiée de traiter les étoffes, le recours incessant aux grandes surfaces, le sacrifice du détail ou sa soudaine mise en valeur, la divination de ce qu'il sied d'éliminer, des omissions ou des insistances significatives." All the qualities mentioned in this quotation were taught in the schools by many a teacher who hated Manet.

A GARDEN IN FRANCE
(*Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia.*)

science of all their technique, the means by which they tried to represent the chromatics of sunlight, had no effect on his experiments; and I have never been able to see that Lavery owed more to Manet than to Monet. At a time when a rejuvenescence works changes in current views on the relations of nature and art and human life, certain general principles pass from common daily talk into a mental outlook common to all who wish to be free from the trammels of outworn doctrines, or traditions, or customs. Thus Manet, himself, owed much to Zola, for Zola's genius as a critic of art—too little noticed, by the way—defended Manet, and Zola's books, despite their many errors of taste, were thorough in fearless truth-seeking. The gross side of Zola was a brutal mistake in art, but he was among the first to recognise that observation, free inquiry at first hand, pursued with untiring zeal and care, must henceforth be an accepted principle in some sense or other with every school of art or of thought that would have any chance at all of commanding the future.

To one of Zola's intimate friends, Jules Bastien-Lepage, John Lavery was much indebted, not because he copied an admired style, but because he loved the candour and the penetrating justice that gave to Bastien-Lepage an authoritative rank and charm, quite aloof from any pretension. Bastien died very young—he was only thirty-six; and it was also his ill-luck to have convictions that oscillated between the dogmas of his early education and his later belief in free research and experiment; he was pulled toward mysticism and the past, as well as toward the final aims of his contemporary realism; there was a certain kinship between him and Renan, but he lacked the years

and the poise of mind that enabled Renan to be devou and sceptical, a priest and yet a scientist in the realm o questioning history. Poor Bastien, dreaming over subject beyond his reach, a *Job*, a *Christ au Tombeau*, and severa others, complained that "l'obsession des premiers enseigne ments le poursuivaient malgré lui"; and his own ar suffered. His perspective was often poor, he gave to much attention to details, and his daylight was unaccom panied by enough fresh air. Another ten years of work always face to face with nature, would have been riche indeed to this ardent young master of original research "*La France, en Bastien-Lepage, a perdu son Holbein*, said Jules Breton, not without some truth.

Such was the influence that Lavery encountered firs in Paris, and afterwards worked under at Grès. "When saw Bastien's work," he says, "it took away my breath." Yes, but he was discreet, taking what he could assimilat from the spirit of a new outlook; he did not mimic th handicraft—except in one large landscape painted in 1885 It was carefully handled, but rather cold and airless, show ing a little dry glade near a lake, a peasant woman b the waterside, and a man coming ashore in a punt. On sees at a glance that the disciple trudged without initiatio behind his master; and Bastien would certainly not hav liked such step-by-step plodding in his wake. Follower remain always in the rear; and John Lavery, eager to g forward on his own account, acted like his friend Jame Guthrie, who painted one Bastien-Lepage, *Playmates*,[1] an

[1] Village children returning from school, true and sympathetic, like Bastien's villag lad of Bamvillers, *Pas mèche*, painted in 1881, three or four years earlier than Sir Jame Guthrie's picture. *Playmates* now belongs to the city of Bruges.

then allowed his own gifts to compose freely with the principles of the *plein air* movement.

As to the general discipline that Lavery got from his French experiences, it steadied his mind and gave vigour to his hand, it kept him always in touch with things which he had neglected hitherto—vital drawing, definite human character, the subtle relation between a figure and the landscape surrounding it, sunlight, fresh air in movement, and the real meaning of the word "sentiment" as a shorthand expression in studio talk and in thorough art-criticism. When he arrived in Paris it seemed to him that "sentiment" was another term for a gentle or a sorrowful emotion, so he did not rebel when a lady spoke of his work as being "very sweet" and "very *nice*." In Paris he learnt that every subject has its own sentiment, humorous, pathetic, tragic, gracious, warlike, peaceful, rustic, courtly, and so on; that a painter makes real in art those subjects and their sentiments which appeal to him most strongly; and that the final accepted verdicts of time are always impartial in their choice of masterpieces, treasuring with equal care ugly subjects and noble subjects, provided that each has in a superlative degree its own sentiment and its own frank greatness. An ugly Philip the Fourth by Velazquez is assured of immortality, like *The Entombment* by Titian.

Ruskin was once taken to task for his British habit of writing with too much pomp about the more obvious sentiments of art, as expressed, for example, by William Hunt in *The Blessing*, and by Holman Hunt in *The Light of the World*. Over pictures of this type Ruskin would flow into a spate of words. A friend said to him, "Yes, Pro-

fessor, but is there a single master work by Velazquez concerning which you could write with this poetical enthusiasm? and has Velazquez no sentiment which has outlived centuries?" Ruskin thought for a moment. Then he said, "Oh, every trade has its tricks."

True. The trade of English art-criticism has gushed over one species of sentiment, just because that one species has lent itself to literary expression; and the British people also have been as narrow, gushing over gentleness and pathos, and fearing any current of rude air which has come to them in poetry or in art from the outside welter of human realities. There has been something convalescent, something valetudinarian in this national attitude to sentiment; and if France had done no more for us during the 'eighties than encourage among art-students a genuine sympathy for all phases of human life and character, the call upon our gratitude would be great to-day.

It is true that some students carried their research too far, losing the characteristics of refinement which belong to the English tradition. Lavery made no such mistake—except in two or three early pictures, which, so I remember vaguely, failed to give that subtle distinction between a woman who wants to be a gentlewoman and a woman who is by nature highborn and endearing. Continental painters very often miss that fine and beautiful distinction. British painters perceive it clearly, but they are often tempted to make it tame and insipid. John Lavery, during his evolution, since he first learnt to distinguish between manly grace and effeminate technique, has proved that a style full of character can do justice to the most delicate traits of perfect womanhood. I note also

LOCKETT CROAL THOMSON

with interest that he is glad to own his indebtedness to every artist from whom he has borrowed hints. Bees, if they could speak, would admit why they visit flowers, while human bees, painters and men of letters, sometimes expect us to believe that they have done all without help from any predecessor or from any contemporary. If a river could talk, would it deny the necessary presence of waters from many tributaries?

I believed a longish time ago that John Lavery had taken hints of colour and of composition, but not of character and sentiment, from a painter whose influence among French artists had been very much neglected by critics; a Belgian painter, Alfred Stevens, whose vogue at Paris had dated from the International Exhibition of 1867, when Stevens won a first-class medal for genre painting. To verify this old belief I consulted Lavery, and he said, "Yes, I was charmed with Alfred Stevens, and about ten years ago (1901) I did study him and then tried to get a thicker quality in my paint." That Stevens was liked even during the student's days in Paris appears to me very probable, for the *Ariadne*[1] of 1886 had flesh tones that set me thinking about Stevens, his touch, his exquisite greys, and his carnations.

Léonce Bénédite has said with truth that Stevens, "malgré quelques velléités sans conséquence de sentiment ou d'intention, a donné avec un métier digne des plus beaux practiciens, la peinture la plus intelligente du caractère et des aspects de la femme du second

[1] *Ariadne*, half clad in diaphanous draperies, stands against a deep blue sea, and, with the left arm outstretched, gazes towards the horizon. It is an upright picture 40 inches by 50 inches; it belongs to the Strathearn Collection, Edinburgh.

Empire." The women, it is true, are not all distinguished, though Stevens when he liked could paint a gentlewoman nobly; but no sooner do we pass from the sentimental rakishness[1] into which he at times descends, a Laurence Sterne among Franco-Belgian painters, than we find ourselves in the presence of many fine qualities—a rich and nervous style, with mysterious harmonies, and a deft precision accompanied by vague and elusive passages of technique; the paint has a beautiful consistence, and the colour, times and again, is exquisite and subtle like old Corot's. So there is magic in the skill of a first-rate Stevens.

[1] This judgment is formed after twenty-five years of intimacy with the work of Stevens, but it will seem excessive to many readers. In this matter Léonce Bénédite has feelings very similar to my own. He says: "Il tient cet art au service de la femme, la femme du second Empire, qu'il a fixée dans un type de belle grande fille de Bruxelles, aux jolis traits un peu canailles, au nez court, où ne se marque bien que la cavité profonde des yeux larges et fixes et le dessin boudeur, enfantin, sensuel, et un rien pervers de la bouche. C'est d'un charme particulier, un peu malsain, un peu sentimental; de cette pointe de dépravation sortira plus tard tout l'art de Félicien Rops." (*L'Art du XIX^e^ Siècle*, p. 442.)

CHAPTER V

GLASGOW AND HER "SCHOOL" OF PAINTERS

TWENTY-SIX years ago, or thereabouts, Glasgow became aware that about twelve of her citizens—ripe boys, impudent in wild oats and in foreign languages—were doing what they could as picture-painters to destroy what she valued very much, her reputation as a loyal friend to orthodox opinions and beliefs. Indignant, as well as surprised, Glasgow began to talk, and with help from newspapers, and afternoon tea-parties, and public dinners, she talked a great deal, always in the hope that those unruly young men would repent the error of their ways, and then fall into line under the humdrum discipline of older artists.

Why should any painter wish to be mad? Why should he play the fool with vulgar naturalism, with French licence, with Parisian follies, with the terrible sin called Impressionism? As a matter of plain fact, Impressionism had nothing whatever to do with the matter, but Glasgow employed the term "as an equivalent, in nature and tendency, to unsoundness on doctrinal questions."[1] Her aim was to whip disobedience till it became contrite obedience. Besides, had she not several admired painters who held with a gentle fervour to weakened traditions proceeding from the excellent work of Horatio M'Culloch

[1] From notes by James Paterson, R.S.A.

and the Rev. John Thomson, for example? And what more could common sense either need or demand?

While Glasgow talked herself into a scold, the young revolutionists went on working, and at last, after exhibiting with success in London and on the Continent, they came to be known as the Glasgow "School." This was not meant as irony; it did not mean that Glasgow would have to accept what the world would not permit her to disown. The word "school" was chosen by London journalists, quite at haphazard; and from that time onward the Glasgow Brotherhood of Painters has been the Glasgow School. Yet "school," viewed as a term in art, and applied to a group of craftsmen living under the same social conditions in a given locality, implies three or four things which have not appealed to the painters of Glasgow; things technical, for the most part, such as a well-defined method of tuition, and a distinctive grammar in the various arts of composition. These include:—

(*a*) General arrangement, and the character of its orchestration, so that definite qualities may be made real within limits set by matured traditions.

(*b*) Treatment of subordinate parts, like trees and the sky as backgrounds in portraiture, or, again, like folds and pleats in draperies.

(*c*) Light and shade, their management in design, whether treated as formal artistic conventions or as obedient to truth-seeking observation from nature.

(*d*) Colour, its purpose in design, its cool splendour or its grey sobriety, and the methods by which desired qualities are best obtained in the manipulation of paint. Thus, for example, true Venetians began their pictures

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM
(Corporation Gallery, Glasgow.)

elaborately in cold, dead colour; on this under-painting, as soon as it was dry and hard, rich glazes were laid, with brush or finger, until a glow like sunrise or sunset transfigured everything. According to Boschini, Titian used four pigments in the solid first painting—white, black, red, and yellow. With these he worked on the canvas four times, and then waited several months while they dried.

This technical custom was very slow; it hampered anyone whose temperament was fiery, impetuous, and who loved not to colour, but to paint; not to wait in obedience to a routine, but to achieve what he had to do without delay, in a rapid and direct manner, aiming from the first at beauty of colour and completeness. So we find that Veronese, instead of falling into line with the Venetian method, painted everything first in middle tint, and on this he touched both lights and darks, leaving the middle tint visible everywhere between them, visible and untouched.

It is always a help in criticism to remember that school methods and craft traditions, however good and thorough, are certain to be modified, or else abandoned, by any man who feels their control as a bondage. Dogmas cannot endure unless they are enforced by penalties that evoke a common fear, and even the curbing influence of a common fear grows weak after two or three independent thinkers have broken free from the pinfold of orthodox convention.

Like human nature, art is improved by strife against dangers, and it must make shift to better itself under whatever type of society the common lot is cast. The perils of change ought to be courted as a habit, because repetition in work requiring skill becomes a stereotype, like a rabbit's

burrow or a bird's nest. The right to think freely and to act independently, to use our minds without cringing to authority, and to awaken our lives from the somnolence of custom, is a benefit that we cannot forgo without immediate harm to courage, originality, truth, art, and progress.

This, no doubt, is a truism. Yet there are writers and painters who not only turn their backs on freedom, but regard experiment as personal vanity; and it was this intolerance, this hatred for enterprising research, more vehement twenty-six years ago than it is now, that Glasgow brought to bear upon the young painters who made their city a new centre from which independent views on art would radiate. The young men had no quarrel with their predecessors, for they knew and loved many masters, from Monticelli to the old Venetians, from Millet to Rembrandt, from Corot and Rousseau to Claude and Hobbema, from Diaz and the brothers Maris to Hals and Velazquez.[1] What they wished to assert was not a personal rivalry between young and old; it was a recognition of the fact that art, like civilisation, must put aside fear, and discover in change a new and a worthy outlook, and the impetus arising from quickened hopes and aims. Refinements in all things human are apt to become effete, sterile; and

[1] James Paterson, R.S.A., has sent me some valuable notes on French art in its relation to the west of Scotland. Long before modernised French work was appreciated by English collectors, there were Scotsmen who liked and bought Rousseau, Diaz, Troyon, Daubigny, Millet, Corot, as well as many Dutch painters, like Israels and the brothers Maris. This trade was initiated by Daniel Cottier, an Aberdonian picture-dealer, who travelled much on the Continent, and who sent his purchases to Glasgow, where he was represented by Mr. Craibe Angus. Scottish painters of the older school were indignant. They had no wish that influences from abroad should rejuvenate their own outlook and practice. In 1878, for example, the Royal Scottish Academy wanted to reject a fine Corot, but Chalmers, on the evening of his fatal accident, February 28th, managed to persuade the opposition that Corot should be *hors concours*.

when art suffers from inbreeding, that is to say, from a constant use of the same traditions and methods, there is sure to be a refinement without buoyant strength, such as we find in the sculpture that custom kept in vogue till Barye and Rodin and Meunier turned from the imitation of Greek ideals to the boundless inspiration given by nature, and with courage produced work more vital and more individual than any which had been done since Michael Angelo put his own majesty into stone.

Now, as the Glasgow painters in their revolt against outworn precedents were sincere and level-headed, they had no wish to introduce a hard-and-fast system of tenets, which in a few years would lose inspiration and dwindle into commonplaceness. What they wished to do, and actually achieved, was to hold together as a brotherhood while discouraging among themselves any uniformity of method, so that each in his own way might seek to do that which gave him the greatest joy. Nature herself shows that if charm and beauty have any law it is the law of infinite variousness. For instance, a Browning cannot choose for his guidance the ideals that a Tennyson delights in; and this argument applies to painters no less than to poets, especially at a time when intellectual freedom is more valued than it ever was in past ages.

The Glasgow brotherhood, again, units in their ways of work, were held together by a thoughtful enjoyment of liberty, which is the strongest of all social bonds of union. And they found other ties in common sympathies, in common antipathies, liking those qualities of art which were alive with observation and emotion, and hating other qualities which were smug, indolent, and hackneyed.

One attribute of style they not only valued, they looked upon it as essential to good design in all painting, portraiture not excepted ; it was the higher distinction known as decorative arrangement ; decorative because the definite purpose of pictorial art is to be in accord with the architectural setting of a room.

Yet a great many painters do not try to give us work having authority as decoration. Their one aim is to turn out at haphazard little imitations of scenes and persons, all done without any respect for household conditions ; even regardless of the fact that curtained light in a room is usually quite different from the undimmed light of a studio. If a picture resembles a snippet of landscape seen through a window-pane, they believe they have done quite enough to justify their appeal to householders for encouragement; but, thank goodness, purchasers are being taught to expect something more and better. Fripperies of art done for no immediate purpose belong to a parasitic trade which has begun to decline, thanks to the example set by Whistler, by the Glasgow Brotherhood, by Frank Brangwyn, and by other painters who have tried to make criticism a believer in decorative charm and variety.

It is now worth while to say that the Glasgow independents talked less than a good many kindred brotherhoods on the Continent. Not one of them, I believe, had a mania for posterity. Their aim was to earn food and shelter without pandering to the vulgar taste, and without making overmuch concession to the personal views held by their supporters. They could not work in complete freedom, because creation rested not with themselves alone ; it needed the collaboration of patrons. Yes, col-

laboration; for all the masterpieces now known, if they were put on a desert island, would not exist as art, and their rediscovery as art would depend on the degree of appreciation shown for their merits by the Crusoe that found them. A common sailor would understand very little; art would be to him what an unknown language is to me, curious, perplexing, almost meaningless. But let the discoverer be a man of genius, and instantly the masterpieces would be known again as such, within limits imposed by the finder's temperament and training. Æsthetic judgment is very often a sort of Procrustean bed, producing, by means more or less violent, conformity to its own scope and worth. So, when a fresh movement appears in any handicraft, two hostile forms of æsthetic judgment have to be considered; one seeking to produce something new, the other trying to defend something old; and the only hope for the young adventurer is that it may find here and there among laymen a sympathetic collaboration, necessitating some compromise on both sides. Neither buyer nor producer should yield too much, nor push his own views too far.

The very fact that the Glasgow brotherhood outlived ridicule and contempt is a proof that collaboration was found and not misused. A great success was won in 1890, when Sir Coutts Lindsay, inspired by Mr. George Clausen, hung at the Grosvenor a special collection of pictures by Scottish painters, and the Glasgow "school" created a sensation. London critics noticed, very often with approval, that the works exhibited were very different from the cloistral ambitions which the late W. S. Gilbert had laughed at in a catch-line about the Grosvenor. A

studio, where studies were made by Walton, Roche, George Henry, Nairn (now dead), Guthrie, Crawhall, John Lavery, and others. The late Arthur Melville was a frequent visitor.

From the first three members of the brotherhood have been closely identified both as friends and as artists—James Guthrie, John Lavery, and E. A. Walton; and Lavery says to-day: "I feel greatly indebted to James Guthrie, who has ever been my ideal of a man and of an artist; and his influence, I believe, has told most upon me in my study of painting, while in drawing I have always considered Joseph Crawhall as the big man of the brotherhood."

For the rest, the Glasgow brethren have ceased to live at Glasgow; they are now a disbanded orchestra of styles. One member, and only one, I believe, William Kennedy, pays rates in the city which for a long time had little except derision to spend on æsthetic adventures. James Guthrie, now Sir James, and President of the Royal Scottish Academy, has his home in Edinburgh, like E. A. Walton and James Paterson; John Lavery has a studio in London; and this applies also to George Henry, A.R.A. To mention these names is to remember the rich diversity of their appeal, which time has made familiar; and as to other members, the late Arthur Melville, E. A. Hornel, Crawhall, Alexander Roche and J. E. Christie, W. Y. Macgregor, D. Y. Cameron, J. Whitelaw Hamilton, Macaulay Stevenson, Grosvenor Thomas, T. Millie Dow, Stuart Park and David Gauld, their records have come to us from the stirring 'eighties, brave in enterprise but without excess.

That freedom from excess should be noted carefully, as

MOONLIGHT—TANGIER

so many craft guilds. There are descendants of the Glasgow Pioneers, no doubt, as we are reminded by the work of Mr. Harrington Mann; and some other artists of known name, like A. S. Boyd and Francis Newbery, may be described perhaps as free-lances on the outskirts of the movement. Yet the "School," so called, is, as I have said, a disbanded orchestra of styles.

CHAPTER VI

THE RETURN TO GLASGOW

SHOULD a young artist ignore finance and think of glory alone? Is it true to say, as a renowned novelist has said, that the professional artist, the man who depends entirely on his work for the continuance of breath, and whose income is at the mercy of an illness or a headache, gives glory the best chance he can, and labours in the first place for something more edible—and warmer at nights? It would be better to say that most real artists think too little about finance and not very much about glory, their chief guide through life being their own self-criticism, a tyrant. John Lavery, for instance, had he been a journeyman painter, would have taken a hint from the infantine prettiness that women and men adored in tinted photographs. Pictures of the same type would have given him a home, with comfort; and many a novelist might have advised him "not to scorn the healthy enjoyment of a brisk and strong circulation." But a painter is able to take a wider view of expediency, because a few patrons are all that he needs for a modest livelihood. He is mercifully free from any uncertainties at all like those that put Monte Carlo into the sale of books. Writers must please a great many readers if they would earn even £300 a year, while young painters can gain that sum by delighting two or three portrait-sitters. So, as a general rule, good painters at odds with a market fashion are likely to

fare much better than a writer of books who attracts a tiny purchasing public.

It would have been impossible for John Lavery to court so many risks, at the very threshold of his career, if writing had been his vocation. Even as it was, being wholly dependent on the patronage of chance, on a buyer here and there, his courage seemed imprudent. At Grès, where a happy inconsequence could thrive on thirty-five francs a week, business was a delayed hope; but as soon as Lavery went home to Glasgow after his sketching holidays, business became a present trouble. Many things had then to be thought over with lively apprehension. There was the Royal Institute of Fine Arts, for example, the one place in which pictures could be shown to local collectors. But the power then in office was antiquated; laymen as well as the older painters managed the impolicy; and the young school, virile with fresh ideas, provoked opposition. The Institute fought for its own creed. Thus the *Tennis Party*, in 1887, was hung in a passage, and several members of the brotherhood were rejected.

And this question was accompanied by others. At least two members of the brotherhood, James Guthrie and E. A. Walton, between 1884 and 1886, had advanced beyond the open-air methods to be seen at Grès, for they painted with ampler breadth and in richer keys of colour. This was evident to John Lavery; and it was plain to him also that unpopular styles would not be made more attractive by having their technique carried further away from popular sympathies. On the other hand, Walton and Guthrie were right, and Lavery decided to be influenced by them.

Yes, but to what extent, and in which type of subject? He would gladly have chosen modern themes, but these were ridiculed as "fashion plates" unless they dealt with some motive either tragic or sentimental. There was history, of course, and there was classic fable, and both might be vivified by fresh air and daylight colour. To break away from the old routine of historical painting would be difficult, as well as perilous, but a name was not to be made without risk or by doing trivial things.

It is easy now to understand why *Ariadne* was painted in 1886. Glasgow did not see the picture till 1890, and cynicism now believes that the success, though remarkable, would have been greater if Ariadne had not been quite so modest. She turned her back on a public that admired her, and sent her heart after Theseus, who had vanished from Naxos. This antique tale suggested another, the beautiful and touching fable of Eurydice, but I have quite forgotten how Lavery treated it, though I must have seen his picture at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1889.

Meantime, from 1884, he had been devoted to a heroine of Anglo-Scotch history, Mary the Mysterious, whose beauty is denied by all portraits contemporary with herself, and whose character and life will not be understood while men remain chivalrous. Amid all the horrors of a vile tragedy, Mary of Scotland keeps the spell of her womanhood, and a man would sooner be her advocate than her biographer. If Europe had a Court of Appeal for the Revision of Historical Verdicts, do you think that a strong attack would ever be made on this Scotch queen-woman? It is lucky for a painter that he can read at ease about Mary Queen of Scots, just to find subjects and

to fall in love with a desolate and tragic heroine. No need for him to be troubled by those scruples concerning truth which from time to time come to all fact-hunters who get enthralled by "the Mystery of Mary." The drama has but one drawback in its relation to art; too many scenes at the same moment appeal to the imagination. In this tale from history, somehow, the plot seems to have been arranged by a master playwright; destiny here is a Shakespeare in the vein of King Lear, in the mood of barbarous tragedy. Each scene has authority until it is gone, and then its successor holds office for a brief minute or two. A painter, then, must either illustrate the whole play, or choose at random one short scene, or one rapid little set in the throng of moving pictures. John Lavery took the latter course, and fixed his attention on that portion of the story running from Lochleven to the harbour of Workington, where Mary, in her letter of wild submission to Elizabeth, wrote a womanly plea for pity: "Je suis en piteux estat non pour royne, mais pour gentill-fame; car je n'ay chose du monde que ma persone comme je me suis sauvée."

Perhaps the best scenes in this journey are those which occur during the attempt to reach Dumbarton Castle, made vain and pitiable by the defeat of Mary at Langside. Lavery was attracted by those scenes, by all except one, for he hated war, and, like Mary's followers, turned away from the battle. But he lived in spirit with the faithful knights who accompanied the Queen after her defeat, during the long ride to the Abbey of Dundrennan, in Galloway, a distance of sixty Scottish miles, all covered in a single day. Here was one fine subject, to be called

"The Night after the Battle of Langside, May 13, 1568."

He would represent the flight, Mary leading on a grey palfrey, over a stretch of grim moorland, and a lofty horizon should meet a sky full of rain-clouds, but faintly lighted above the hills by the sun's afterglow. Men-at-arms would follow the Queen in a trailing perspective, indistinct, just a visual impression of horses in movement and of glinting armour, all blurred by distance and twilight, but alive, a rearguard worth having. Lord Herries, the commanding officer, some twenty paces behind his Queen, should be more prominent than the others; and why should he not turn in his saddle to rate a dismounted soldier whose horse was leg-tired? As to the maid who escaped with Mary from Lochleven, maid Kennedy, she, too, should ride a grey mare, but a dip in the ground should partly hide the animal and keep the second woman from being a nuisance to the picture. Mary might have an echo, but not a rival, in the composition.

Lavery began his work in 1885, at Paisley, on a canvas 6 feet long by 4 feet 2 inches wide; and he went along through difficulties till at last he could do no more, not because the general effect was right, but because he had come up to his limit. Annoyed, tenacious, he could not give way before a failure, and during ten years—from 1885 to 1895—this one picture was on the easel at intervals, undergoing many changes in the illusion of light, but keeping throughout the disposition of the figures. And this long struggle was not in vain. *The Night after the Battle of Langside*, when finished, was remarkable for several reasons: first, as an incident from history treated

from the view-point of modern landscape and fresh air; second, as a study full of twilight gloom in a stormy country; next, as a technical exercise, alert, vigorous, supple, nervous, large, refined; and to this I must add that the horses, touched in with knowledge and affection, had some kinship with those which Aimé Morot delighted to paint.

This picture was hung at the Salon Champ-de-Mars in 1894, and the French noticed and praised the breach which it had made in the routine of military painting. Belgians were even more enthusiastic; indeed, their Government bought *Langside* for the Brussels Museum. It was in Scotland that the picture failed, not only at Edinburgh (in 1893), but at Glasgow also (in 1892), where a funny thing happened. Word was brought to Lavery that the Institute had put *Langside* far off from the line. To be enskied was all very well for Mary, but the artist was hurt, and he interviewed, one by one, the members of the hanging committee. Each member was kind to him, owning that he had been treated unfairly, and saying, "Oh, yes, you may withdraw your picture." But a man in private life is not an official, that is to say, a person with an oblique conscience; and when the members met together next morning, they all repudiated what they had done as private persons, and wanted to keep *Langside* as a proof of their authority. Too late! The painting was gone; and soon the committee heard that the artist also was gone, leaving his studio locked.

At the Grosvenor Gallery, 1890, Lavery exhibited another picture of Mary Queen of Scots, *The Morning after the Battle of Langside;* sombre-rich in tone, with

the dawn passing from tree to tree, ardent and grey. The Queen, robed in blue, with a red cloak thrown around her lap, is seated, and lost in thought, her face illumined by the daybreak, while Kennedy the maid dreams by her side, comfortably asleep. The handling is broad and free, the colour is good; and the aim and effect are to us what Bonington's subject pictures were to Delacroix, helpful and brave as fresh ideas in the treatment of historical painting.

Not that such presentations of distant and known events have ever—apart from the life of Christ—the charm that belongs to written history, or the power that current incidents have when they are chosen *con amore* by good artists. What a painter cannot see, cannot observe, is felt at second-hand, and this drawback is a greater hindrance to him than it is to a writer, because a picture deals with a single moment of time, while literature moves on from one episode to another, and employs her skill on a familiar story that belongs to the transforming art of narration. But yet, Lavery knew all that; his work from history and from legend was undertaken for professional reasons; and certainly it put some fine new notes into the gamut of his expressive technique.

Many things were happening, meantime, and the thumb of his destiny kept "up" all the while. He was able to ask better prices, for example. Old catalogues tell me so, and I delight to come upon a middle-aged figure, like £100, the sum asked in 1888 for *The Fall of the Leaf*, a spirited picture, musical with wind and subtle colour. The *Tennis Party* was catalogued at £125, and *Ariadne* at £150. Again, it was in 1888 that a member of the young Glasgow "school" was elected to serve on the hanging committee at

THE NIGHT AFTER THE BATTLE OF LANGSIDE
(*Brussels Museum.*)

the Institute. Being a strong man, tactful and determined, he got his own way, despite much opposition. "A room in the Sauchiehall Street Gallery was hung for the most part with pictures by the new-fangled painters, and by men whose outlook was quite modern. And some of us have not yet forgotten the Council's horror when a large canvas, specially invited, and bearing the reputation of a London Academician, had to be returned, as the only place where it could have been put was occupied by a very strenuous landscape."[1] Good heavens! The official whip had got into younger hands, and the bite of its lash was felt among the elect at Burlington House.

I noticed also that the friendship between Whistler and Lavery—a friendship not to be broken, nor even troubled, by the impish wit that wrote letters and made enemies—began in 1887–8, when Whistler was a power at the Society of British Artists, autocrat and President for half an hour, so to speak. Attracted to Suffolk Street by Whistler, Lavery ceased to exhibit there when Wyke Bayliss took up the reins of management in the autumn of 1888. Four of his pictures were hung by Whistler: *Summer Time*, *Convalescence*, *A Girl in Grey*, and a boy's portrait, *Master Hubert Stewart Smiley*.

One point more. It was in 1888 that Glasgow, eager to encourage the epidemic of international exhibitions, got together, from a good many countries, all that was needed to form a miscellaneous object-lesson, helpful alike to art and trade. There was much excitement, of course. Who can say why the first international exhibitions troubled Europe with nerves, with hysteria? Paris, in 1867, had

[1] From notes by James Paterson, R.S.A.

proved that her nervous system was modernised, and at an earlier date, in the 'fifties, London had declared that universal shows were peace conferences in which the spirit of man would find universal concord and brotherhood, thanks to machine-made goods and aniline dyes, helped by some intimacy with painting, sculpture, and embroidery. Glasgow, I think, was rather less imaginative, though she rated her enterprise at an ideal value. For all that, the exhibition interests me now for three reasons: it was opened by Queen Victoria, its modern pictures encouraged the movement of æsthetic reform, and it was painted by John Lavery, who, in the space of four months, made some fifty little oils in the grounds of the exhibition. On one occasion he painted three girls seated on a bench opposite the little kiosk where he was working, and when this picture, some months afterwards, was seen publicly, the artist was told that he had known one of the girls very well, and had made an excellent likeness unconscious of her identity.

To be a portrait painter was ever the aim that Lavery kept before his mind. It came to him first in the photographic studio at Macnair's, and it settled into a fixed ambition at Paris, when commissions for portraits were unattainable. Between 1881 and 1888, every now and again, he was chosen by a portrait sitter, but this good luck was so unfrequent that it did not count for much. Then at last, in 1888, Lavery got what he considered to be his "chance." The State Visit of Queen Victoria was to be represented in a commemoration picture, and the Executive Council of the International Exhibition offered the work to him. It was a high honour to be chosen,

but Lavery did not know that a commemoration picture had been as a death-trap to the reputation of many an able painter. Experience would have declined the honour with profuse gratitude. John Lavery welcomed it with enthusiasm, made a brilliant sketch of the opening ceremony, with Queen Victoria enthroned on a low daïs, and Sir Archibald Campbell, Bart. (Lord Blythswood), reading the address to Her Majesty. Then he entered upon a long and laborious job which either Hals or Velazquez would have feared, and which must have been as tiring to John Lavery as journeys across a desert are to pilgrims.

A huge official painting crowded with about two hundred and fifty portraits, on a canvas 8 ft. 5 in. by 13 ft. 4 in., needs something more from its painter than exceptional pluck and stamina and thoroughness; it requires also a social tact that smiles always with a volatile and easy patience. Two hundred and fifty sitters, every one with whims, and most of them living at a distance from your studio! What are you to do? If you paint from photographs your work is sure to be what the French call *une machine*, dull, lifeless, a complete failure; and if you apply for sittings you must brace yourself to meet a great many difficulties, from letters unanswered to polite snubs, and from delayed help to questions of precedence affecting the composition of your work. Many a person, not at all remarkable to you, will wish to be placed conspicuously, or will tell you to remember that a portrait in profile is not what he or she would like at all. Human nature is not comforting when studied at such close quarters.

Among the first troubles that Lavery met with, and contrived to overcome, I must mention a thing inherited

from forerunners in the art of official painting. Photographs had been turned into commemoration pictures, then the paintings had been engraved, and all their victims had been worried to buy subscription plates. This trade, a mendicant full of tricks, was unpopular, and Lavery soon found out that many persons would not sit to him unless he could show authoritative credentials. If Queen Victoria would grant her approval by sitting for half an hour, all would be well; but neither the Lord Provost nor Sir Henry Ponsonby was fortunate in his appeal to the Queen. They did arrange that Lavery should visit Windsor, there to get sittings from Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and from the equerries and ladies who had come with the Queen to Glasgow. With help from the Duchess of Buccleuch, Miss Phipps, and Lady Southampton, other petitions were taken to Her Majesty, but in vain. Lavery was offered a portrait of the Queen painted some years before from photographs, and without value. At last, when Prince Henry sat, the painter made a last effort, and the Prince said, "I do not know whether the Queen will sit, but I will do what I can to help you as soon as my own portrait is finished." After a while Prince Henry left the room, and soon returned with the news that the Queen would sit at half-past two. It was then about midday, so there was time to get everything ready. "The Queen came to the minute and gave me a good sitting. I did a little profile of the head in the widow's bonnet. Of course I had no trouble afterwards with any sitter, and when I visited Darmstadt to paint the Princess Alice and her father, I was shown much consideration, the Grand Duke expressing a wish that I should return when my large picture was

finished in order to do a portrait of the future Empress of Russia. But many things interfered, and that opportunity slipped away from me."

The State Visit of Queen Victoria to the Glasgow Exhibition was presented to the Art Gallery at Glasgow. In June, 1891, seven or eight months after its completion, the picture was shown at M'Lean's Gallery in the Haymarket, London, where it went through a good many troubles, perhaps not less annoying than those which had attended its long preparation and its difficult birth. Orthodox old critics, who had acquired nearly all their dogmatic views from skylit meditation in museums, and who had kept away from actual practice with a brush, took a great dislike to his modern representation of a state ceremony, and pelted the work with censure. A good example of this critical exercise, a kind of athletics in the use of epithets that hurt, will be found in the *Athenæum*, June 13th, 1891.

I take notice of this not because a lion of the Press continues to roar with authority after he is dead, but because I am studying a painter's career as it ought to be studied in a book, from within the changing atmosphere of its early years, which are always the most important years in the making of an artist. What orthodox old critics thought and said twenty years ago, in 1891, is less important to us by far than a flint weapon of the Mammoth Time; but it was very important to John Lavery after all his intrepid labours and thoroughness. No trial had weakened his purpose; and his duty, no doubt, was not to work in accordance with the formalities of the old chiaroscuro, but to be loyal to recent discoveries in the

treatment of light and shade; and to have his best maligned because it was misunderstood, this was not good either for him or for any other young man who, immediately afterwards, had to plan and bring to completion a large official picture.

If a writer on history, in order to save himself trouble, hated modern research and made into a new literary form just those facts which were known five or six generations ago, what would all intelligent persons think and say? The writer would be known at once as a dishonest fellow. And the same kind of dishonesty occurs in art when a painter turns from modernised light to the conventional light belonging to earlier periods in the science of colour-illusion. Modernised light is not an illumination that rests on the front surface of things or that makes plots and plans in an ordered and arbitrary distribution of dark and pale colours. Modernised light is the principal subject of a contemporary picture, for it circulates through the picture around all objects, and the presence of it everywhere affects the relations of detail to detail in subtle and exquisite ways. Even Velazquez, who knew and loved the soothing grey brilliance of daylight in a room, is behind the best luminists of to-day, just as Francis Bacon is behind the philosophy which later thought and genius have winnowed into a more perfect harvest.

The difficulty now is that every luminist, obedient to feelings which are instinctive, has to discover for himself a means of reconciling his diffuse knowledge with the limits of his materials. Between conception and execution there is a gap where art creates a compromise, and the compromise accepted by one generation has to make

way for another convention as soon as fresh knowledge appears. Luminists have been handicapped because their first leaders, their Monets, tried to do overmuch, attempting to give the full radiance of the sun with spots of pigment to represent the seven inimitable tints of the spectrum. Those seven tints, put on canvas in touches of pure pigment, all juxtaposed, were left to the undivided rays of each, which blended together if we stood at a certain distance from them, and acted, so we were told, like sunlight itself upon the eye of the beholder. This theory was called the dissociation of tones, and its vogue was young at the time when John Lavery had to find a less chemical treatment for the modernised light in his commemoration picture.

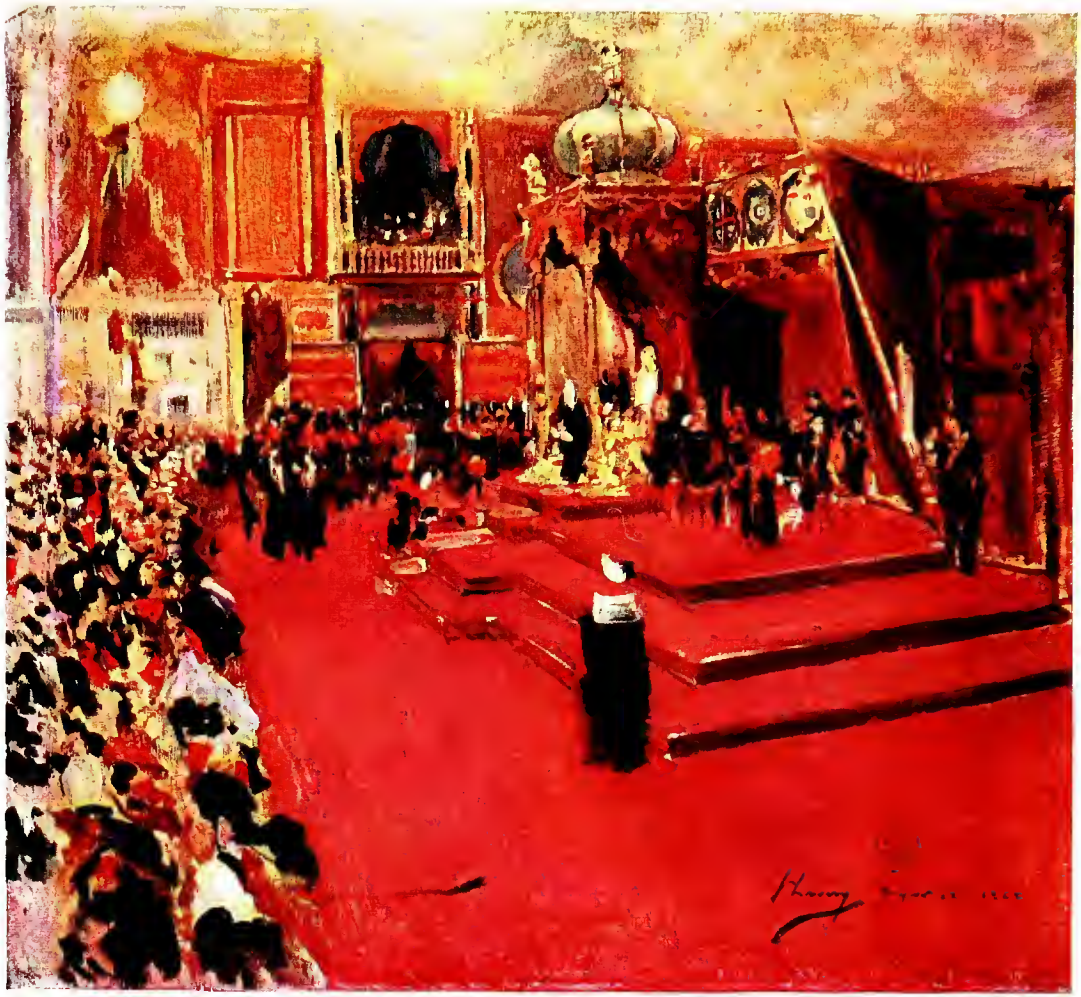
He loved low tone in association with daylight; spectrum tints were not in the gamut which his experience had chosen; and his aim throughout his commemoration picture was to keep his colour quiet, and yet achieve a design wherein circulating light would not be second to the theme around which it played. To forget that he could not have seen the ceremony as a whole unless he had stood away from it at a sufficient distance; to forget, besides, that distance with its grey air modified the positive notes of colour in the costumes—all this was outside his honour as a modern painter. Though young, and therefore immature, he had to represent as well as he could a contemporary event in a contemporary manner. It would have been easier by far to bring forward each plot of colour from its right plane and place in the composition, as if he worked, not by eyesight, but with constant help from a pair of opera-glasses. The old masters very often

conveyed the impression that light and air, separating them from things seen, had no effect on the general tone of a large canvas filled with figures. And we see this also to-day in the more old-fashioned portrait painters, whose models leap outside the gold frames.

Altogether, then, John Lavery wished his picture of Queen Victoria to be well inside the frame, and to look like a public event viewed through the twofold medium of air and diffused daylight on a fine day in midsummer. No portrait, I believe, is too accented, too prominent; the composition has scale and state and dignity; and if the total effect considered as decoration makes patterns which are not always rhythmic and quite coherent, I have no fault to find, because the work has problems beyond the reach of youth and courage and thoroughness. It is a pleasure to be surprised that so much was done under conditions that bristled with vexations, delays, and difficulties. One point more: the colouring shows no sign of injurious chemical change, such as is far too common in pictures painted during the last century and a half.

It has taken me some time to analyse this work from its own standpoint and outlook. To orthodox old critics of 1891 the outlook seemed completely wrong, and it was condemned as follows:—

"To our surprise and regret, Mr. Lavery has produced a low-toned, spotty, and dull picture, more sad than need be, and, though exceptionally flat, neither rich nor pure nor clear in tone or colour. Of chiaroscuro—one of the desiderata a fine artist should secure in such a case—there is next to none. The local colours of modern costumes—which, in such a case, must needs be red, black, and



STATE VISIT OF QUEEN VICTORIA TO THE GLASGOW INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, AUGUST 22ND, 1888

Original Sketch

white, and admitted, nay demanded, a massive and simple disposition in harmony with a not difficult light and shade —have been badly used, and even the hideous decorations of the building which forms the background are given without mercy or refinement."

In this review art seems short and life very long. Youth is expected to be, not a student of its own time, but a complete old master. But, after all, the painter had fought his battle, and neither praise nor blame could improve his finished work. "No sympathy, however valuable, can teach us anything," said Goethe to Schiller, using the pronoun "us" to signify creative artists; and Goethe added, "neither is any species of censure of any use. For as long as a work does not exist, no one can form any idea of the possibility of its existence; and as soon as it does exist, praise and blame are in all cases subjective, and many, who cannot be denied to possess taste, will wish something added to or taken from it, whereby, possibly, the whole work would be destroyed, so that not even the actual negative value of the critic, which is perhaps always the most important, can be of any benefit to us."

Goethe wrote that in 1798, and you will find it in the 407th letter of his correspondence with Schiller. It has been my guide in criticism for twenty-five years, and I hope never to go far away from its admirable common sense. Someone has described criticism as "the incredible parasitic trade of talking about what people have done," but I prefer to regard a true critic as a faithful plagiarist who relates what he has seen and read in admired work, and who hopes that his honest statements will help to give a wider popularity to the better forms of creative endeavour.

In this book my aim is just that, nothing more. John Lavery is his own final judge during the production of his pictures. What he wished to do, what he actually achieved, and what he put away as apart from his purpose; all this, with the genesis and the evolution of his art, through good health and through bad, may be read in his varied pictures, and my duty is to keep within the Lavery atmosphere and to know the artist's purpose and his spirit.

In the autumn of 1890, after finishing the commemoration picture, he was so spent by his two years of anxious labour, that a long vacation became necessary to his health. Several friends were at Morocco, and Lavery decided to join them. At the beginning of the next chapter, then, we shall see how he was affected by his first experience with a searching heat and light. Before his departure, though, he had a nasty experience in Scotland, and it is worth relating because it reminds us of the fact that British artists are generally rebuffed by officialism when they want to do something for the State at their own cost. Lavery suggested to the Corporation of Glasgow the acceptance of the best portrait-sketches that he had made, together with his study at first-hand for the large oil-painting; but the baillies "could not rise to this height; it required a full-sized man, artistically, to appreciate the value of Mr. Lavery's offer and the unwisdom of its rejection."[1]

[1] *The Studio Magazine*, November, 1902.

CHAPTER VII

TANGER-LA-BLANCA

MANY centuries of romance dwell at Tangier, and when Lavery sketched there for the first time, twenty-one years ago, decrepit old customs looked older than they appear now. Europe seemed to be very far off, though the hills above Tarifa on the Spanish coast made a stark, trenchant line across the clear sky beyond the Straits. Few tourists came then, and the old European residents had grown into keeping with the life around them, and they spoke a dialect of Spanish mixed with Arabic. The streets were thronged, and gaberdined Jews, as they cringed their way through jostling Arabs and mules, bore with patience from true believers such cuffs and kicks as modern financiers often invite but do not get. A cloud of light grey dust eddied downwards and settled on everybody, on everything, giving age to the long, black curls of the younger Jews, staining into dinginess the newest white worn by Arabs, and looking like "frosted spider-webs" on the coats of mules, and asses, and mangy dogs. Dead cats and chickens lay underfoot, says Mr. R. B. Cunninghame Graham, and a few natives here and there, for a hard day's work, loaded a donkey with the street offal and refuse, drove the animal to the beach, unloaded it some time or other, and then

loitered back to the flat-roofed, white-walled town. A perspiring laziness was their companion all day long.

Lavery was moved and fascinated. He watched the letter-writers in their shelters at the corners of streets, and he listened to the Arab story-teller who ruled over the Great Soko, relating old and elastic tales of love and chivalry, until at last his hero and heroine were told to be happy for ever after. One Moorish Sunday, in the afternoon, Lavery made his way to the dense circle that always surrounded the novelist. "To my surprise," he relates, "a Spanish hidalgo of the proverbial type occupied the place of the usual story-teller; he was addressing the audience in Arabic, and speaking with great vivacity and many gesticulations. I questioned a Spaniard near me, and learnt that the speaker was Don Roberto Cunninghame Graham, a member of the British Parliament, who, according to the rather incoherent description of my informant, had got himself mixed up in a battle at Trafalgar, presumably with another English hero called Nelson. This highly interesting bit of historical information Don Roberto was describing graphically to the Moors, and they did not care for it. As my Spanish friend claimed to understand Arabic, and I did not, I was forced to accept his version of the incident; but his last statement was obviously correct, for the Moors were not only displeased with the story, they were actually handling their weapons in a threatening way that suggested misdeeds to me. The real fact was that Graham had been much impressed by the story-teller's audiences every afternoon, and he thought they would be excellent raw material to interest in the Eight Hours Question, which then disturbed the peace

of the working classes in England, and which he and John Burns had recently explained—with more or less success—to the lieges in Trafalgar Square. Surely, the Moors would be not less sensitive concerning their rights! As the speaker went on the audience became more menacing, till at last knives appeared. Whereupon the Spaniard and I struggled to Graham's side and told him that the people he was addressing had never in their lives worked *one* hour a day, and they were now declaring that they would wade through blood before they would work eight."

Lavery sketched hard at Tangier, painting many good things: street views, moonlight studies, snake-charmers, the orange market, the Jewish quarter, the two sokos, the kasbah, and the mosque. Yet the native population was not indifferent then as it is now to the "evil eye" that painters carry about with them at Tangier. If Lavery gave much attention to anything, no matter what, by-standers became uneasy or irritable, and now and then they covered the thing up from his baneful curiosity. And this popular supervision quickened his rapid methods. Perhaps a slow painter, a Pre-Raphaelite, patiently in love with every detail, would have had enough evil eye to provoke a minor revolution, and to make his own life—and the British Consul's—more active than a Moorish dance.

Still, primitive folk are likely to outgrow the horror that new arts beget on a first acquaintance. Not long ago in an English village, a pretty girl earned a very bad reputation by allowing her right foot to appear quite nude in a picture of *Rebekah at the Well;* but when it became known that she had been paid fivepence an hour for her immodesty, matrons talked with pointed common sense

to their men, and in less than three weeks, half the village wanted to sit as fragments of Rebekah. Something of this kind has happened at Tangier, for Lavery has painted many charming little portraits of native girls, with parti-coloured draperies around their heads, and with a strange wisdom, aloof and mysterious, in their dark eyes. Would not life be horrible to most dusky women but for the smiles of children?

Ever since the autumn of 1890, Tangier has put a spell on John Lavery. The light and warmth there made a deep impression on him, so he returned there for the winter, again and again; and at last, six or seven years ago, he took a house at Tangier, and built a fine studio, and one day in the near future, he hopes, most of his time will be spent there, summer at Tangier being even more agreeable than the season that he knows so well.

Such is the "call" of Africa and the East. Even Frenchmen, stay-at-homes by natural habit, have had for more than a century a school of Orientalists, painters who have delighted in Algeria and the East, like Bérain, Gillot, Christophe Huet, Peyrotte, Van Moor, André Dutertre, Marilhat, Géricault, Delacroix, Guillaumet, Decamps, Dehodencq, Fromentin, Hédouin, Regnault, Dinet, and many others. Lavery represents a similar mood. The winter gloom of London is almost intolerable to him after the warmth of his garden at Tanger-la-Blanca. There are journeys that deprive the eyesight of its nationality; and a long trip to Morocco is one enjoyable means by which a painter's London eyes can drop their London citizenship.

Lavery's colour as a painter underwent a gradual

change after his first visit to Africa. It was seldom a change of key; perhaps I may call it a fattening of tone and a greater breadth and resilience in the effective harmony of his paint. This development not only continued for a considerable time, gathering help from several quarters, the earliest being Hals and Velazquez; it continues now, for this year's productions at Tangier, both landscapes and figures, have a virile freshness, despite some faults, as critics have noticed at the Academy.

Londoners have seen many of the Morocco subjects at three Lavery exhibitions. The first one, arranged by Mr. D. Croal Thomson, was held at the Goupil Gallery, Bond Street, in June, 1891; the second was at the Leicester Square, in November, 1904; the third, in August, 1908, drew many people to the Goupil Gallery. A hundred and fifty pictures were shown at these three exhibitions, and I give their catalogues in Appendices I and II, so that students henceforth may be spared much research. Not one of these shows gave the evolution of the painter's art, like the Lavery exhibition last year at Venice; but the variety of their appeal was remarkable, and the travel sketches from Morocco certainly helped us to understand why connoisseurs outside England have set so much store by Lavery seascapes and country scenes.[1]

[1] At the first exhibition a distinguished Scotch collector bought a number of pictures. Then he took Lavery by the hand and said: "It gives me the greatest pleasure to help a compatriot on his way." Lavery smiled and thanked the great man, but he wrote as follows some weeks later: "I am happy to acknowledge receipt of your cheque, and I have to confess to having allowed you to remain under the impression that I am a Scotsman. As a matter of fact, I am an Irishman whose impetuosity has been tempered by my residence in your beautiful land, to such an extent that I have waited till now before disclosing my nationality. With many apologies and as many thanks, I am, gratefully yours."

It is well to recall, in this connexion, that Lavery's passion for the country unites *Les Deux Pêcheurs* (1883) with *Girls in Sunlight* (1908–9), and *A Tennis Party* (1886) with *The Amazon*, finished last winter at Tangier. His work in this line is as good as his portraiture. Yet it has not been much noticed by British criticism. On the other hand, alert judges on the Continent and in America, have long been wide awake to the high merits revealed by Lavery in outdoor studies. The earliest medal, dating from 1888, was won in Paris by the *Tennis Party*: and the most recent was gained in Austria, a few months ago, by *Girls in Sunlight*, a picture painted by the sea at Tangier. Belgium chose for the Brussels Museum *The Night after the Battle of Langside*, because the landscape was treated in subtle relationship with the figures; and two public galleries in America, Philadelphia and Pittsburg, have chosen rural motives, *The Bridge at Grès*, dating from 1883–4, and *A Garden in France*, done also at Grès, but in 1897.

This bent for landscape painting has fared well at Tangier winter after winter, and it has enabled Lavery to keep strong as a figure painter. Laymen know little about the strain of portraiture, a nervous strain accompanied by many trials and delays; and to this tax on health we must add the social fatigues that portrait painters cannot shun, because they must know society at first hand, and yet be fresh for work every morning. Though necessary, these social duties are easy to overdo. Artists tread on very delicate ground when they go after working hours from the quiet of home life into those exacting pleasures that prepare the fit for Carlsbad and Biarritz. Everett Millais, for example, was enfeebled by

STUDY FOR "THE AMAZON"

a worldly prestige that meant too much expense, too much routine labour, and a slow bleeding away of power. Many other painters have failed after the same fashion, and Lavery also ran many risks before he set up his winter home at Tangier, now six or seven years ago. Before then, for about six years, he had worked through two portrait seasons annually, one in London, the other at Berlin, and the fatigue was a good deal more than the delicate vitality of an artist should ever be expected to bear without harm.

Most successful painters would be wise if they spent the winter away from the callous and tiring life of great cities. If this had been a custom during the last half-century, British art might have been spared such crippling vanities as the museum homes that popular artists used to build, to the amazement of Carlyle; and many notable men would have done much better work after they became fashionable.

I know several young fellows now who take pride in the belief that they are social lions only because an astute hostess every evening puts them as human entremets in her menu card of superfluities. They used to be able painters, four or five years ago, but their waistcoats have grown since then, and they do not mind the blue bags under their eyes. Morocco would renew their youth, and keep their art fit like a trained athlete.

So it is useful to take a lesson from the good judgment shown by Lavery when he first admitted to himself that four or five months away from London would prevent the quality of the year's work from becoming jaded and stale. Compare *The Amazon* with *A Tennis Party*, and you will own at once that his style at fifty-four, middle-aged in

knowledge, is still a lad in temper. Periods of ill-health have stricken his art from time to time, no doubt; but when these inevitable things are put aside, do you not feel that John Lavery, thanks to Tanger-la-Blanca, will be a boy at both ends of his career?

Is he perfect, then? No one is perfect. Has he made many faults? Of course! Every now and again he goes completely wrong, so that many persons get a shock when they are expected to drop with him from the upper levels of his achievement into the dead valleys where he lingers occasionally. His custom of drawing always with a full brush, and his craving after the most elusive subtleties in the charm of paint, have perils of their own, by which he is betrayed here and there into bad work, not only loose and weak, but even slipshod. If Lavery had drawn more with the point, had he thought less about the magic of paint and more about line draughtsmanship, his pictures would have been less uneven, but not more attractive, in their see-saw of merit. Art is a friend, and its mistakes are endearing.

No critic likes to find fault with a subject that he loves. But, on the other hand, he likes still less to forget that "too much magnifying of man and matter doth irritate contradiction, and procure envy and scorn," as Bacon declared. This truth is apt to be forgotten in a book on a living man, the most difficult of all books to compose with truthful judgment. What writer would undertake such a perilous and delicate task unless he felt lenient to inevitable faults? Lavery may be compared to a good shot who at times gets off the target in practice at untried ranges. His failures are in the nature of sighting shots that test the force of a tricky wind and prelude a bull's-eye.

CHAPTER VIII

OTHER TRAVELS

SOON after the first visit to Tangier, Lavery made a trip through Holland and Belgium, with Alexander Roche and James Guthrie. He saw many pictures, and he studied Hals with delight. Rubens attracted him less, for this manly and swaggering genius liked types of female vigour that cannot be looked upon as thoroughbred, and his colour owed more to a splendid recipe than to the grey brilliance that Hals and Vermeer got from nature and daylight. To love Rubens one must live with him among the Flemish, forgetting his porcelain school-pictures, and choosing the blonde and noble masterpieces, like *La Vocation de Saint Bavon* at Ghent, and the *Saint Georges* at Antwerp, in the church of Saint-Jacques. It is then that Rubens in his greater achievements sums up the whole civilisation of the Low Countries.

As to Rembrandt, and Lavery's attitude to him twenty-one years ago, it was just the attitude of most young painters, one of liking, not of genuine devotion, for Rembrandt needs from us a ripe knowledge of life. He does not come home to us until we are middle-aged ; he is a great compensation after youth has matured into larger thought, accompanied by grey hair and stiffened joints. When you are able to jump from a motor-'bus with horrible discomfort, you may go to Rembrandt with some chance of being consoled by his deep humanity, his infinite silent

pity, his wondrous varied love for the old and worn, and for those who have no good looks to carry with them as a passport. The very lighting in the art of Rembrandt was devised, created, because it added depth and mystery to the heart-and-life drama that the great soul of the master saw revealed in all humble faces and work-worn figures. Youth is too gay a dunce to understand what Rembrandt knew and painted; and as the world has ever wished to be young and gay, Rembrandt has never yet been truly loved except by a minority. Though he belonged to the innermost heart of his time, his countryfolk did not like him; they preferred the frolics of David Teniers, and the daily citizenship of Metsu, and other evident ideals that lived and grew fat between the pothouse and the domestic fireside. Rembrandt dwelt alone in that age, though his ample wisdom of the heart ought to have been a most blessed companionship and charity to all who during fifty years had been apt pupils of difficult and ravaging time. Perhaps the profound art of Rembrandt is too subtle in nature ever to be studied much by many laymen; this appears likely, since painters grow into sympathy with him only little by little.[1] John Lavery says: "Hals, Velazquez, Peter de Hoogh, and, latterly, Rembrandt, have held me; so, too, though perhaps in a lesser degree, have Titian, Veronese, and Tintoretto." Latterly Rembrandt! Yes, that's it. The happiness of middle-age in an artist!

Our three travellers—James Guthrie, Alexander Roche,

[1] Romain Rolland notes that even François Millet, though steeped in the pathos of humble life, did not at first fully understand Rembrandt. Only by degrees did Millet reach the profound truth and the sublime heart of the greatest Dutchman. "Rembrandt," said Millet, "did not repel me, but he blinded me"—a confession as honest as another confidence, that he loved strength passionately, and would give all Boucher for a naked woman by Rubens. One day I hope to do a book on Artists and their Criticisms.

A LADY IN PINK : MISS MARY MORGAN
(*Modern Gallery, Venice.*)

and Lavery—went from Holland and Belgium to Italy, where they stayed at Rome and Florence and Venice, and where they paid a delightful visit to the Sabine Mountains. They returned home through the Tyrol and through Germany. Roche, it appears, discovered Cologne Cathedral, and there were high jinks among the artists at Munich. Berlin wanted to be hospitable, but something or other interfered; perhaps the travellers had already learnt that the conviviality of living painters in Germany tired them a good deal more than adventures among the Old Masters. At all events, they never reached Berlin, though some British pictures were waiting there to be hung by their experience.

It was Rome that charmed Lavery more than any other city. So, a few years later, in 1896, he went there for the winter, taking with him the portrait-picture of *A Lady in Pink*, now in the Modern Gallery at Venice. This work, begun in London during 1896, seemed to need very little to bring it to completion; and its beautiful subject, an American lady from San Francisco, had promised to give sittings in Rome. She never came, but sent her frock instead, so the picture took offence, and all artists are familiar with the dreadful despair that ensues when a painting begins to sulk, when it declines to come right at any cost. For eight long years the *Lady in Pink* baffled Lavery, though his patience was unlimited and untiring. In Rome he chose several models with care, and they wore the frock gracefully, but the picture got more peevish and put on fatigued airs. "I was abjectly miserable," the artist now confesses, and then attributes his condition to influenza or to Roman fever. As if any artist could believe that. A picture that

will not improve, a book that suddenly stops dead, may well breed symptoms enough to perplex a man, though aided by half a dozen expert doctors. Whatever the cause, however, Lavery was ill in Rome. He had a wonderful studio, huge and vast, and he took exercise by riding a bicycle around two easels and three or four chairs. I should never want to live with a sulky book in a room of that very ample size. Italian houses of the Renaissance need tenants with a kindred spirit, cheerful and aspiring; to be downcast in them is to feel diminutive, conquered by an architecture beyond the reach of crestfallen ambitions. For one reason and another, then, the winter in Rome failed, and Lavery returned without regret to Glasgow, there to renew his struggle against *A Lady in Pink.* Many models posed, many frocks were chosen; and at last, in 1899, one good result was exhibited at Knightsbridge, London, in the International, where the *Lady in Pink*, seated on a grey-green gilt sofa, against a brown curtain background, made a pretty figure. But Lavery was not yet satisfied. He would try again. So, in 1903, the paint was removed from the canvas, first with strong soap, and afterwards with benzol; a beautiful new sitter was chosen, Miss Mary Delmar Morgan, and all went well from the first. The *Lady in Pink* now sits in a gold and white chair, against a greyish-brown background, and the style throughout is chivalric and excellent.

Before the second trip to Rome John Lavery had visited Spain, some time during the years 1891 and 1892. At Seville, where he stayed for three months, he painted in a tobacco factory, making good studies of a kind which he had not seen elsewhere; for factory work in Spain was

combined with a personal distinction among the workers, and there was something austere in the character and colour of his new surroundings. Spain, her varied people, her peculiar reserve, her quick, fiery temper, sudden and volcanic, her age-enduring conservatism, her austerity; to-day drugged with the anodyne of slow and grave old customs, yet a Carlist Don Quixote to-morrow, seemed higher in the ancestry of her popular types than any other European nation. To what extent would Velazquez represent the spirit of Old Spain?

John Lavery still remembers very well how he felt as he drew nearer and nearer to Madrid, but when he entered the Prado, with eyes for Velazquez alone, he was taken aback, he was disappointed. That he should have given so much thought to this master, that he should have gone to so much trouble to reach Velazquez in his own home! See how simple that art is, how frank and candid, how self-reliant and quiet; the compositions seem to have nothing in them; there is no sensation, there is no mystery; and Lavery himself, so he could not help thinking, might have done something very similar, long ago, if he had known earlier how Velazquez at his best appeared as a champion painter.

It is a familiar disappointment. The heroic great in art are so plain, so open-hearted, so modestly sure of themselves, that we are not at first awed by them. We expect to stand humbly in the presence of magnificent emperors, who carry authority in all their looks and acts, and whose natural dignity is made more aloof from ourselves by an etiquette of courtliness that belongs to their rank and training. Instead, we behold quite simple and

unaffected gentlemen, who do noble things with so much ease and grace and power that they never for a moment think it worth their while to put any stress or strain on their facile distinction. Their art conceals art not because they have theories on that point, but because instinct tells them that it would be bad manners to make parade of the means by which they achieve what they set out to do. Lesser painters are like minor philanthropists who like their charities to advertise themselves.

And then we must remember the atmosphere that Velazquez and his art have around them continually. It took Lavery some time to penetrate that magic aura and to feel at ease within its serene and austere enchantment. Perhaps his own delight in physical beauty was startled by the master's representations of physical ugliness and deformity; and the women's costumes, swollen out with gigantic hoops similar to those that Addison ridiculed in London, may have come between Lavery and his temperamental ideals. In any case, Velazquez was not understood for two or three weeks; not until Lavery had launched himself into a copy of the boy Don Carlos on the horse, which he painted on a canvas similar to the original in both size and texture. "I was at it only a few days when the graver qualities of Donna Maria of Austria imposed themselves upon me, and I hurried the copying of Don Carlos so that I might begin Maria of Austria. Scale in portraiture, you know, is among the most subtle difficulties that a painter has to contend against; it is one that Whistler took great trouble with. So, as women's portraits were my objective, I was anxious to get with exact truth all the measurements in my Velazquez."

MISS MARY BURRELL

Lavery has kept both copies, and it is very instructive to examine them, keeping prominently before one's mind what other British painters have done after the great Spaniard; what David Wilkie did, for example, and what John Phillip accomplished. It is then that a student fully realises that copies by several painters after the same man, like studies in a life-class after the same model, despite a family likeness, have a various tone unlike the original and belonging to many individual colour-senses. A copyist may do with success a great many things, but he cannot keep his own eye for colour from betraying itself, more or less, because no two persons ever behold precisely the same hues. Moreover, a copyist may not know which pigments his master employed.

There was a difference between Lavery's palette and what history now tells us concerning the palette of Velazquez. In *Las Meninas*, where Velazquez painted himself at work in his dignified and airy studio, well lighted from the side, we note not only the brushes of that period, but some of the pigments that the master liked best. The brushes, mounted on goose-quills, are round; they have wooden handles no longer than our own; and as to the pigments, de Beruete has identified a few: vermilion, carmine, white, terre de Seville, and three or four dark colours (black and browns, we may believe). Which blue and which yellow ought to be chosen by imitators are points outside the reach of present knowledge. Palomino said that he gave some very long brushes to Velazquez; some may have been flat, since there are passages in the sweeping style of Velazquez that round brushes could not well get; but were any of the brushes as long as the

six-footers used by Gainsborough? Alas, the technical history of art is filled with gaps. The chief thing we know is that copyists and forgers often work with pigments unlike those which they wish to imitate. Lavery employs six colours in his portrait-painting: black, white, burnt sienna, Chinese vermilion, yellow ochre, and permanent blue.

His aim, I believe, was to treat Velazquez as a model, to interpret as well as he could the spirit of the composition with the sentiment of the brushwork; and in order to see how much he benefited, let us now remember the life-sized portrait of R. B. Cunninghame Graham, in riding coat and boots, a dominant figure, firm-set and athletic, standing erect, with a stick grasped in the right hand. This fine picture, painted in 1893, as an act of homage to Velazquez, will be studied later on.

But Velazquez did not claim the whole of Lavery's attention. "I went to Bull Fights," he says, "and I painted them, or rather, I painted something of them; for a curious thing happens when an artist sits down before his subject; material things seem to vanish, only colour and its plots remain, and they look visionary. I have never *seen* a bull fight, though I have been present at twelve in Madrid and Seville. I don't think I could *watch* a bull fight, as I am very fond of horses; it is the moving colour that attracts me at this cruel sport."

There have been three other trips to Spain,[1] and I

[1] In one he was introduced to the leading Spanish anarchist, a man of mild manners, of gentle speech. The King of Spain was about to be married, and Lavery said he feared that a lodging at Madrid would be very hard to find. "Oh," said the anarchist quietly, "but there may be no royal wedding." These words fell softly, but with a matter-of-fact conviction that shocked the listener indescribably.

know not how many journeys to other parts of the Continent. Lavery, too, has visited the United States. Over these travels I am not tempted to linger because they add nothing to the artistic influences that form the topic of this chapter. But there was a holiday on the Breton coast, at Concarneau, in 1903, and it attracts me for several reasons; it was passed with Alexander Harrison, whose friendship Lavery had valued since the early days at Grès; and it was like a return to Bastien-Lepage, for Harrison continued to develop the *plein air* methods. He says to-day: "I still love the memory of dear Bastien-Lepage, whom I kissed 'good-bye' on his death-bed; and I love this old hole, Concarneau, as he did."

Harrison, moreover, has a very definite creed as a painter, a thorough *foi artiste*, and in two letters he has described it to me, and applied principles of it to the art of John Lavery. In essentials, it is the same faith that I have held since my apprenticeship under Legros and Portaels, and here I will try to explain it in my own way.

Genius at its best has never been either masculine or feminine, but partly male and partly female, so that criticism should take account of this fact in all attempts to appraise the work of true artists. How is the duality of sex manifested? Do the female qualities dominate the male, as happens too often among Englishmen of genius, or do the male attributes claim too much empire and precedence over the others? This occurs very often in Paris Salon pictures—*machines du Salon*, pieces of sensationalism, powerful but coarse.

Around this question of sex-attributes in art all that

is purposeful in criticism—in your private criticism or in mine—ought to centre, for no man could portray a woman and cause her to live in her womanhood unless his own intellect, his sympathy, his imagination, were what Goethe and Coleridge declared them to be, androgynous, double-sexed. The miracle of true genius, past and present, is that it sums up in its own spirit, in its hidden essence and life, the whole of human nature, from infancy to extreme old age, from girlhood and boyhood to womanhood and manhood, through the whole range of vices and virtues. Shakespeare, for instance, is not only every man or any man, he is woman also. And at the bidding of long-inherited superstitions he becomes a witch or a fairy. He represents the evolution of human character. Briefly, then, the only sure test that any person's genius can undergo is a thoroughly honest and careful search for the strong points and for the gaps in the range of its human sympathies and divinations. When a portrait painter, for example, is nothing more than a man in his work, like Frank Holl, we are not greatly impressed; but when he passes with equal assurance and equal charm from childhood to old age in both sexes, we know that his genius dwells in human nature as a whole, and understands much in the universal heart of mankind.

But this view of genius, this *foi artiste*, though essential in all connoisseurship, is not an easy guide to control; first, because it is too intimately thorough to be applied in full to any genius contemporary with ourselves; second, because each writer who attempts to apply it is sure to be misled in one way or other by his idiosyncrasies. There are persons of taste whose opinions are entirely

A GIRL IN VIOLET AND GOLD
(*Manchester Art Gallery.*)

feminine, while others are apt to forget that male attributes of style ought not to be tyrants over those other qualities, charmed with grace and with playfulness, that unite great art to the eternal woman and the eternal child. John Lavery, in his early work, was timidly in love with vague and gentle sentiments; he belonged then to his mother, not to both parents. There was much to be learned and developed before he would be able to join tender grace to a manly vigour. Heart, intellect, stamina, with nerve and nerve-control; these essentials would have to find their way into his work, there to become fused together in a style which, however composite in borrowed knowledge, would represent Lavery himself, in his quiddity.

I have shown, or tried to show, how this gradual discovery of his own nature as a new factor in art passed through sequential phases of experience, and four things particularly will have been noted by the reader: first, that Lavery from childhood has owed his training to travel; next, that his tastes have been eclectic within a very definite range; third, that he has never been caught by "the athletic competitive fad which has caused many good artists to force their biceps to the front at the expense of heart and intellect";[1] and fourth, that his dominant wish from first to last has been a delight in female portraiture. This point will be studied later on; it is suggestive here, marking a bias of temperament; and I believe that Harrison is right when he says that the work of Lavery has for its distinctive note a very rare blending of character with distinction, of manly strength and chivalry with female grace and good breeding. "This, too, is

[1] Alexander Harrison.

expressed with a normal technical freshness that reminds me of a man who talks with genuine enthusiasm about his real feelings, but who never thinks it necessary to raise his voice into a scream. Lavery has style, not mere technical accomplishment; and this has been shown in landscapes, like the *Tennis Party*, and in the little nude girl seen by moonlight."

CHAPTER IX

SOME CHARACTERISTICS

TO what extent is John Lavery a "modern" artist? That question may seem crude at a first glance, but I believe it will bring us nearer to the fine topic we began to analyse in the last chapter—the topic, namely, of distinctive and intangible characteristics.

The word "modern" must be defined, for custom during the last hundred years has given it two meanings as a shorthand term in talk about art. Sometimes "modern" is employed as a synonym for "contemporary," while at other times it is applied to all work produced since about the year 1800, though each generation since then has encouraged a good many painters far less modern in feeling, for example, than the naïve and pathetic realism of the Le Nains, or than the democratic waywardness of Morland, Ibbetson, and Rowlandson, three boon companions who did nearly all their best work in the eighteenth century.[1] For a good many reasons it seems to me best not to take either of those meanings, but to define a modern painter as a man who has helped forward the evolution of pictorial art in three ways, or in one or two of three ways :—

(1) By a sympathetic attitude (*a*) to field work, its realism, its poetry, its drama; (*b*) to industrial labour, its history, romance, and tragic import; (*c*) to various aspects

[1] Morland, 1763–1804; Rowlandson, 1756–1827; Ibbetson, 1759–1817.

of our own democratic life that depends for so much on steam and on electricity.

(2) By a fortunate interpretation of those great theories on light and air and colour which were developed in the nineteenth century, and which in some sense or other must be accepted by all painters who wish to be in the vanguard.

(3) By a happy cultivation of style as a product not of school traditions, but of independent natural gifts guided by a self-control that speaks to us, variously, about a free choice both in the gleaning of old knowledge and in the use of old knowledge.

To be modern is to be nearer to the realities of human life than traditions and customs in the past ages, *as a general rule,* deemed either necessary or expedient. As a general rule; for certain painters among the old masters foreshadowed the æsthetic evolution of the last century. Landscapes by Rubens belong to the same outdoor realism that passed through Constable to the *plein air* movement in all its phases; the Le Nains, in several of their more noble and austere pieces, give spiritual significance to grim episodes of peasant life, presaging Millet and Cottet and Israels; two or three of the democratic painters in Old Holland had a feeling for grey daylight, like Vermeer and Peter de Hoogh; and Hals and Velazquez, of course, have been very operative among the true leaders of modernism in figure painting. So my definition does not exclude all old masters, any more than it includes all recent and present brushmen.

To be modern in the fullest meaning of the term, a painter must blend together as well as he can these three essentials: an unfeigned sympathy for popular life and

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democratic toil, for air and daylight colour, and again, for freedom in the choice and management of his equipment as a thorough student and craftsman. Does Lavery possess all these concomitants of modernism? Let us examine this question carefully, beginning with light and colour.

Of these essentials I have spoken before, casually; they are exceedingly subtle, and so elusive that no writer can hope to do them justice. The utmost I can do is to creep nearer to them, bit by bit, in tentative prose. We know, for instance, that the old masters spared themselves many a difficulty which we now employ as a servant to our individual aims. They felt fresh air and sunshine as gladly as we feel them, but they feared that the decorative conventions of their traditional craft would be disturbed and baffled by free daylight and its silver-toned radiance, diffuse and yet a unity. Whatever may be said against that fear, the old masters found it helpful, for they got wondrous varied effects without passing into chromatic bombast or self-assertion. Their pictures never tyrannise over a room, and their light and colour form melodies in the apt orchestration of their ordered and imaginative designs. But art has gone away from many old conventions, and the music of its colour finds new keys and fresh symphonies. Yet art, after all, like human nature, changes in outward seeming, not in that inward essence and life that makes true greatness a contemporary of all the ages. And this explains why the essentials of art abide whatever methods or dogmas rule for a time over the handicraft that men prefer and mature.

Many young painters forget this fact, and talk a great

deal of nonsense about things which are as distant from the essentials of creative painting as the song of a bird is distant from the music of Beethoven and Wagner. The latest movement in painting, we are told, "desires to express the sensation an object presents to us, never the imitation of it—the significant sensation of a bowl of fruits or a pot of flowers, the rankness of a sunflower, the rhythm of a field of corn, the mass of a dusky body, the lethargic patience of a peasant, the glitter of colours in the hat of a woman of fashion, the look of a tree." Was there ever in this world such nonsense? "The significant sensation of a bowl of fruits"! The sensation is within ourselves, not in things seen, and a bowl of fruit has no other effect on a great many persons than to put a keener edge on hunger. Art criticism is turned into a farce when we read about significant sensation in the rankness of a sunflower, and so forth.

Besides, the business of a painter is to control for his own purposes the new materials taken from nature. Pictorial design finely orchestrated, treated imaginatively, belongs only in part to visual impressions; for all gifts of the mind and spirit enter into the great drama of æstheticism. Indeed, design is the painter himself in the totality of his worth as an exceptional man. It reveals all his strong points as an artist, and all his shortcomings. Is he a man of creative intellect, like Leonardo or like Titian? If so, then his modern art will transcend things seen; it will never be weak in imaginative acumen. On the other hand, is he one of those impressionists whose light and good colour never serve obediently in the work done by a great inventive faculty? If so, then we see at

once that his craft, like Monet's, forms nothing more than a repertory of valuable notes; it collects beautiful hints, and leaves them as a legacy to creative genius, just as clever scouts and spies gather news for a Napoleon to manage with original mastery.

To show the truth under another aspect, impressions have little worth in paint unless they go beyond colour into those ideologic faculties which human life has matured through countless ages of strife, and which rule over all art. The winnowing criticism of time forgives many a painter who is not a fine colourist, as in the case of Millet among the moderns, and of Mantegna among the old strong men; but it never saves from oblivion any painter whose designs, when translated into black and white, look either feeble or mean as productions that appeal to mankind for sympathy.

Is it not clear, therefore, that we ought to fix our attention on modern painters of mature judgment, whose light and colour make an exquisite accompaniment to other seductive qualities? As a painter of beautiful tone Lavery stands first among to-day's portraitists, and his paint has a surface and a consistency that cannot be described, but that impress and delight by their charming technical sentiment. And these good things, in the best Lavery portraits known to me, are not only kept within an atmosphere of discretion; besides this, they are united to a rare and gracious tact in the realisation of human character.

This attracts me all the more because the reserve shown by Lavery is not an inflexible method imposed by a fixed routine; it is pliant and sensitive and various. We learn from it that the painter hates inelastic formulas, that he

is open-minded as well as opinionated. Consider, for example, the wide difference of outlook between the delicate serene portrait entitled *Spring*, at the Paris Luxembourg, and the daring yet discreet impressionism of the *Anna Pavlova dancing as a Bacchante.* The contrast here is great enough to be astonishing, yet the constitution of Lavery's art, its distinctive characteristics, remain unshaken.

I remember also that he studies with keen attention even the most newly born experiments by youthful painters; and I believe that one part of his nature—the Irish emotion—would compel him to be wilful as a luminist, if the wise caution of his Scotch training failed to assert itself. During six years Lavery has been a member of the Paris Autumn Salon, and on one occasion he served on the jury, so that his moderation, acquired in Scotland, is in constant touch with all the latest novelties. Will he ever forget that the arts ought to be like navigable rivers, which, when they change or enlarge their channels, form banks as well as occasional inundations? I think not. For all that need be known about inundations of research in to-day's art is familiar to him, and this knowledge has never obsessed his mind. The inundating settles at times into lakes, at times into stagnant pools; and, perhaps, a banked main stream may yet delight us.

Again, though Lavery has passed much time at Morocco, he has never been excessive as an "Orientalist"; not even in the most sunny pictures painted at Tangier, *Under the Pergola* and *After Breakfast*, which are his original contributions to the latter-day art dubbed Post-Impressionism. Even here he has not set himself the too ardent task

ANNA PAVLOVA AS A BACCHANTE

of competing against the full radiance of a pellucid atmosphere aflame with the sun's heat. An American devotee, Christian Brinton, mentions colour-madness, and is glad that Lavery has never been touched by it, not even when his picture has been the teeming "Soko" outside a white-walled African town. "It is as though the artist after all loved best the quiet hues of his own mist-wrapped land and sought to find them, or their equivalent, everywhere." Here is one view, but I prefer another. The whole question of vivid sunlight in its relation to painting belongs in part to the critical standards by which we form our opinions concerning it, and in part to various degrees of sensitiveness in the optic nerve. Compare a Lavery "Soko" with an Oriental piece by J. F. Lewis or by Decamps, and we find at once that he is much nearer to the tone of sunlight and sun-shadow than his predecessors, who kept too many browns on their palettes. Compare him with one of those modern sun-worshippers who would carry the tropics in their paint-boxes, and we see that Lavery likes moderation; he would rather give too little of a good thing than too much. There are mysteries that he does not try to penetrate fully, and among them is the glory of light and heat under skies that look tyrannous in their superb blue ardour.

He is helped here by his training as a painter, and, fortunately, he is untroubled by any abnormal effect that very hot and clasping sunlight may have, and often has had, on the optic nerve. Artists from a cold country while travelling in the East may lose their colour, as William Alexander did in China, between 1792 and 1801, or their liking for colour may develop too much or just a little.

It is ever a danger-signal when a painter begins to be obsessed by the sun. We know then that his optic nerve is over-excited, and that he and his art should live for a while in the healing coolness of grey weather.

The Via Media is the ideal course for anyone who would make intimate friendships between his trivial palette and multitudinous nature. That is why, without ceasing to admire the more intrepid colourists who rise now and then with good luck into perilous high keys, I think we should find our best-loved companionship in an art where beautiful and radiant colour is ever low in tone and restful in orchestration. Truth deserves to be quiet in the garb she wears; and when I see one of those Lavery portraits where a quite wonderful rich glow is united to a serene minor key, as in the portrait of Miss Burrell, for example, I know that intention and execution have come to their own not only without labour, but without putting any strain on the limits of paint. To know that is to feel comfortable; for the whole work as art, not the pigment as a conjuring trick in chromatics, then appeals to us to be understood.

It is true, no doubt, that low tones do not always develop into melodies that sing. They may be as "dull as grammar on the eve of holiday." And in Lavery's method, where observation and emotion and result often follow each other in quick succession, low tones are certain to have downs of luck as well as ups of rare good fortune. It is a method that reminds me always of snipe-shooting; eye and hand go together without a hitch day after day for a period, then something or other happens and the birds are gone, followed by the second barrel, a futile afterthought.

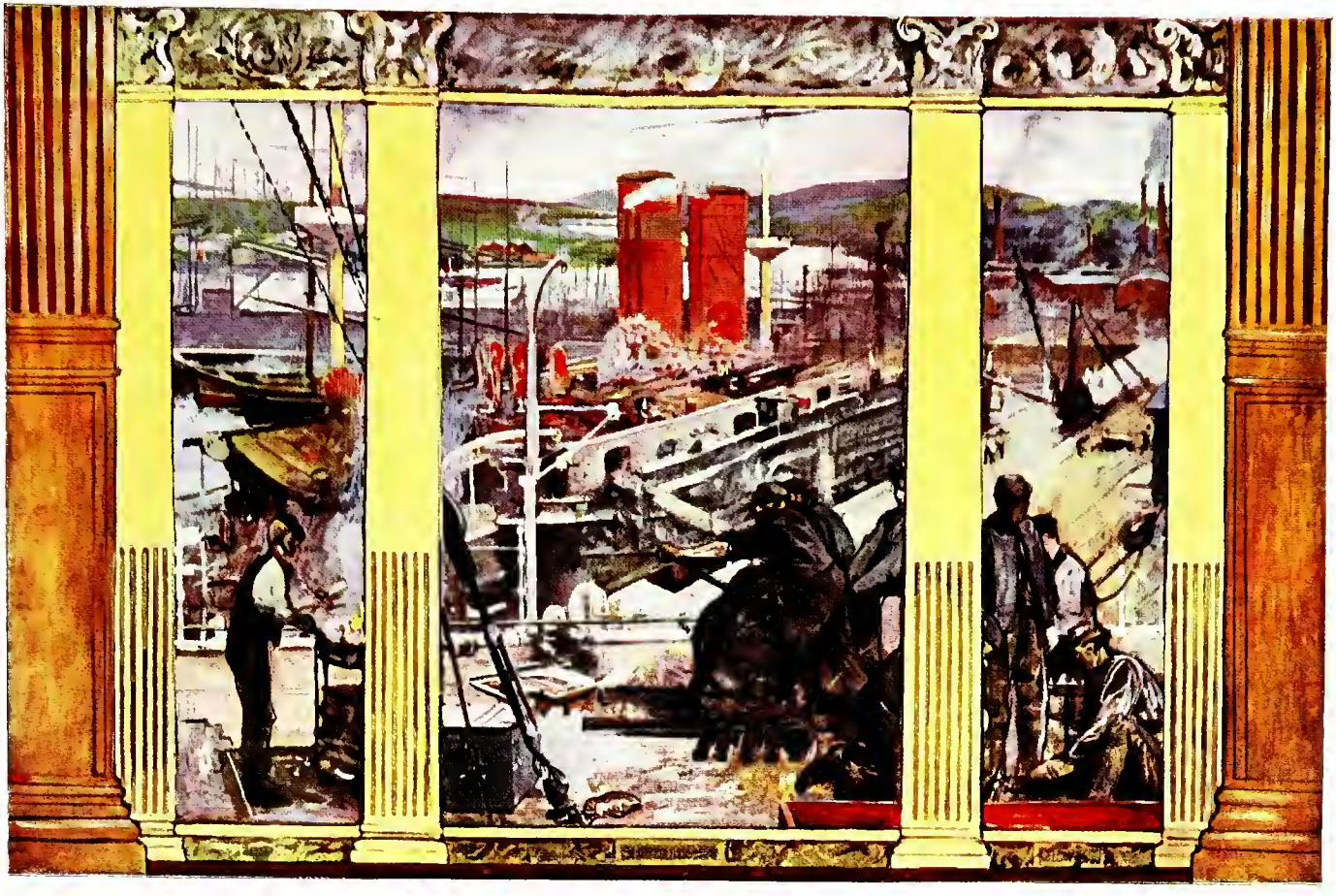
By this I mean that Lavery, in common with other brilliant and rapid painters, is not always in form; there is a gap of disenchantment between his bad days and the many good ones.

But we have seen that his attitude to light and air and colour has given him a distinctive position in his own time; and this applies to the second essential of modernism, his free intercourse with those old masters from whose hospitality he has gained what his own nature has been willing to absorb. From the beginning of his career eclecticism has been a free agent, so it belongs to Lavery himself; it represents what he has chosen and combined; it is not eloquent of a school discipline that he obeyed as children obey their masters. Two of his pictures in this year's Academy mark him out as a discreet modern luminist and as a modern interpreter of old ideas. One is a moonlight scene, with white Tangier at rest in a deep mystery of greyed blue and violet and lilac, the sea beyond, vague, darkling, potent; and near at hand, across a terrace, the half-glow from an artificial light gives a dull illumination, and some natives crouch under a low wall that looks spectral, like the town's population of roofs—*l'immense peuple des toits*, to use a phrase by Guy de Maupassant. This nocturne is not the moonlight of Turner nor the moonlight of Whistler, still less is it the moonlight of early Dutch sea-painters and landscapists. It belongs partly to Tangier, partly to Lavery. Some critics have seen in this picture the influence of Whistler. Yet the surface charm of the paint has a swift and fluent ease unlike the diligent tact that made delicate skins for Whistler's art. Besides, night scenes are not exclusively Whistler's any

more than they are exclusively Hiroshige's. But Lavery in his moonlight repeats the same mood too often.

As to the second work, *The Amazon*, it is very large, and it represents, life-size, against a troubled sky full of fresh wind and of gathering clouds, a young equestrienne on a white horse, in a plain strewn with rocks. The horse tells as a dark value against the background, and reflected lights play over its body and mask the anatomy, as in nature. There is real grip here in the presentation; grip of mind, and hand, and sustained emotion. The relations of tone to tone are well observed throughout, and the handling is free. The canvas certainly seems too large, the sky may need decorative impressiveness, and the amazon looks rather too frail to use the long lance that she carries perpendicularly; but the picture is a brave adventure, an achievement in quite modern art. No painter of earlier times—earlier than the year 1860, let us say—ever put a horse and its rider in this apt subordination to outdoor air, light, heat, and colour.

On the other hand, is Lavery a modern democrat as well as a modern luminist? Has he revealed much sympathy with work-worn human nature? This question could be answered with ease but for the fact that he has painted one picture altogether unlike the rest, a decorative panel of to-day's shipbuilding on the Clyde, commissioned in 1899, and finished in 1901. It is to be seen at Glasgow in the Banqueting Hall of the Municipal Buildings, where four members of the Glasgow School —Alexander Roche, George Henry, E. A. Walton, and Lavery—have overcome many big difficulties of mural painting. Walton in one of the side panels has imagined



MODERN SHIPBUILDING ON THE CLYDE

(Decorative triptych, Banqueting Hall, Municipal Buildings, Glasgow.)

a mediæval fair at Glasgow; Roche fills another side panel with a subject taken from the legend of St. Mungo, *The Finding of the Ring;* George Henry, A.R.A., deals admirably with another historical theme, *Granting the Charter to Glasgow,* which occupies a large lunette above the platform; and as to Lavery, he gives with success the trade atmosphere of contemporary Glasgow. His composition is divided into a triptych by two pilasters; and it represents, in a perspective which is almost a bird's-eye view, a great dockyard, with a huge, red-funnelled steelclad surrounded by little activities that unite and form an immense vessel. A grim squad of workmen, life-size, stand along the foreground; the ship gives weight to the middle-distance; and as wee human figures are busy all around her, we know how big the steelclad is, and how puny men look in comparison with her enormous bulk. Man is becoming a new Gulliver in a new Brobdingnag, for he builds colossal mechanisms by which he is dwarfed and enslaved.

Some great painter-soldiers have carried their colours into the sinister and tragic battle of to-day's industrialism, not as an occasional adventure, but as a lifelong duty; and they have helped to keep us in mind of the fact that as nature is for ever red in beak and tooth and claw, so the strife of men against their fellows and against the destiny of their lot makes war perpetual and peace unattainable. People who suffer from a weakening of mental fibre hate and detest this perennial conflict, with its battle-tolls of killed and wounded and maimed. That is why many puling fears and promiscuous charities now ask us to be war-shy; but life around us meantime grows ever the more strenuous and combative, and men singly

count for less and less, while the products of their subdivided toil, and particularly their tremendous machines, count for more and more. A genius here and there invents a new mechanism, and instantly the commonplace man all the world over has a new master, inanimate and unerring, a metal despot driven by steam or by electricity.

That Lavery has felt this drama as an influence in art is proved by his decorative panel, *Shipbuilding on the Clyde;* but the rest of his work is quite different; it does not reveal the sombre battle-side of the common daily strife in our modern democracy. His personal career has been a gallant victory over conditions that few young men would care to encounter single-handed for a few months; while his art has picked its way through all difficulties, serene and happy, not unlike a butterfly that plays in rough eddies of wind, steered and guarded by a quick and vagrant intuition that our cumbrous airmen would greatly like to have as a birthright.

It is not quite apt, that image of the butterfly, but it helps me a little, for in finding fault with it I think of a better one. Years and years ago a good many persons used to sing an attractive old song that began as follows:—

> "Gaily the troubadour touched his guitar,
> As he came carolling home from the war"—

with his mind paying homage to fair maidens. There is much resemblance between that troubadour and the art which I am trying to explain. There are painters who fail to do credit to their chivalry unless they portray beautiful women in glad companionship with little bonnie children. John Lavery needs no support from this paternal

troubadourism. The spirit of his finest portraiture is true knight-errantry, as a rule, youthful, unmarried, and lyrical, as in the winsome white girl entitled *Spring*, who carries may blossoms in her arms and Maytime in her radiant, light, airy presence. She would enable the most conceited young snob to feel boorish and elephantine.

The painter, it is true, has touched other notes and chords in what may be called the lyrical music of true womanhood; deep chords at times, as in that nobly calm portrait, *Mrs. Ford, senior*, with its pathos of the years. Yes, but even here a half-smile betrays youth and the long hope that delights in being of its own world, free from life's rough teaching.

These traits are not modern, of course; their lineage is a heart secret in the culture through which painting has passed ever since the first rude and savage huntsmen, contemporary with the mammoth, did what they could to idealise women, chipping painfully into shape with flint from mammoth teeth such sculpture as we find represented in the Venus of Brassempuoy. But there is one thing in Lavery's female portraiture that marks definitely a period: it is British portraiture, and what the spirit of British portraiture is at its best was noted and described by M. Levesque, a French critic, in 1792:—

"Beauty must of necessity imbue the character of the British school of painting, because beauty is so common in England that the eyes of artists are filled with it every day. If this beauty is not that of the antique, it is, perhaps, in no wise inferior to the Classic. The English school will be distinguished by truth in expression, because the national freedom gives natural exercise to the heart and to

the mind. And the British school, above all, will preserve simplicity as a charm without affectation; it will not be spoiled by theatrical airs, or by any foolish assumption of false grace, because the manners of the English develop a dislike for pose and swagger."

It is all quite correct as a general statement, but we must remember always that British grace and refinement in art often dwindle into namby-pamby ideals. The Tate Gallery is profuse with sentimentalities. The necessary thing is to combine sweetness with light and vigour, and this John Lavery has often done. His female portraiture is united by direct descent to the great British masters of the eighteenth century. What recent French critics have called his classicism belongs, no doubt, not to his delight in Greek sculpture, but to a refinement of race as freeborn as it is kind and strong and chivalric. Camille Mauclair says:—

"Une race trouve en lui son aboutissement, et tout son art semble imprégné d'un classicisme héréditaire. Il est classique par la sûreté paisible de la mise en cadre, l'harmonie des volumes et la constance de leur relations, l'aspect sain et naturel des visages, de leur matière, de leurs plans, et par toute la présentation des êtres. Et cependant son observation intense du caractère lui donne un charme moderniste et le situe bien dans notre temps."

That is a point worth noting; for although the inner life of his art is generally young and hopeful and unworldly, what I have called a troubadour, John Lavery, somehow, in a way of his own, not only feels character, but represents it; just as children feel character more acutely than grown-ups do, and choose their friends with a wayward intuition that guards them better than the reasoning after-

A LADY IN GREY AND BLUE
(*Leipzig Gallery.*)

thoughts of mature experience protect the old. Later on, in the next chapter, an attempt will be made to study at close quarters the question of human character as fixed by reference not to Lavery alone, but to certain aims differing from his. Is it not possible meantime to seek out three or four general principles which ought to regulate the practice of portraiture in its relation to human character? And is it not expedient to suggest some of the bearings which those principles may have in their application to certain difficulties in modern matters of research and criticism?

It is pretty plain that an inquiry of this kind needs to be simplified by having its more evident aspects reviewed as an introduction to the main debate. Thus, for example, any portrait painter who deserves to be called modern, like John Lavery, is sympathetic toward the law of infinite variety that Dame Nature sets before him in human faces as in the rest of her creations. He is far and away more respectful to that law than portraitists were during the eighteenth century.[1] A Reynolds beauty as a rule had her home in the Reynolds ideal of female grace, and a Gainsborough beauty as a rule had a type bestowed on her by the Gainsborough genius. A half-portrait ensouled with an ideal of art became a fashion in the reign of Charles the First, and it is still in vogue here and there. To us, being quite modern, a beautiful woman is herself an ideal, and she is all the more attractive because she differs from all other beautiful women. She belongs, not to chance and her parents, but to a line of ancestry that achieves in her a masterpiece revealing a survival of fit

[1] The Scotch common sense of Raeburn must be excepted. Raeburn preferred individualities to types.

children through unnumbered generations; and when an artist does not respond to her native distinction, her unique personality, when he sets himself deliberately to improve what he is privileged to behold, we know that his egotism either wants to repeat a trick of style or is afraid to wrestle against the difficulties of his profession.

It is fair to say at this point that men of genius ought to be egotistic, indomitably self-confident, since their work has to be done during the brief seasons of a short life, thwarted always by hindrances that never appear to grow less. This we know; but we know, too, that the great pathfinder, the egotism of artists, their inborn and intrepid vanity, is not, and can never be, exempt from the control of reason. Would it disgrace a portrait by transforming a beautiful arm into a crippled arm? and when it degenerates from a fine model into a bad painting, does it not fail by accident only? For honour in imaginative work has a high commanding law, that artists should do their best if the very heavens fall. Yet, though high in principle, this law is vague in practice, and vaguer still in theory. Many a portrait painter affirms that "he has licence and prerogative to treat his sitters as he would treat a professional model, to this extent: he is entitled to seize upon and give prominence to those points which in form and colour suggest an attractive pictorial idea; it is necessary for him to preserve the essential facts and characteristics which would enable a third person to recognise the sitter in the portrait, but his work cannot be a product of art unless he treats the sitter subjectively, and infuses into his presentment his own artistic individuality."

I quote this theory not alone because it is a current

assumption, but because it is here worded in a careless manner that throws into relief the weak points. First of all, there can be no just comparison between a model and a sitter, because a model is paid to be a servant, while a sitter employs an artist for a given and specified purpose. Next, a genuine portrait, considered in its relation to the sitter, is not a piece of genre painting where a model is seen transfigured by a free invention. Models give hints; each becomes an occasion for a picture; and something different from that ought to happen when anyone commissions a portrait and when a craftsman undertakes to do a portrait. I set aside the discords that often arise from the criticisms of relatives and friends; they trouble painters and sitters, but they have not an inner relation to art itself. Volunteer criticisms are to good portraiture what public whims and opinions are to good statecraft; they demand very often an excessive compromise, but they cannot destroy the secret higher aims that painters and statesmen ought to bear well in mind. Here, then, we will consider portrait-painting as an art, not as a compromise in social flattery and foppery.

The first principle is legal and commercial; someone contracts to pay for a portrait, and an artist contracts to paint what that buyer needs. Both are aware that a portrait is not merely a likeness, like a photograph, and this fact introduces the second principle, which is a law of æsthetics. It ordains (*a*) that likeness, legally and artistically, is essential to a commissioned portrait, and (*b*) that the painter in his personal distinction as an artist must be evident throughout his handiwork.

It is the second part of this law that young men find

attractive as an excuse for self-assertion, because experience has not yet taught them that individuality needs no self-idolatrous watch and ward; it is quite able to do its work unaided. Indeed, the less a painter thinks about himself while at work and the more devotion he gives to his subject, the better his chance of revealing at the same moment and in a proper balance of relationship his own art and the sitter's characteristics. And what, after all, *is* the individuality of a true artist? It is a thing as subtle as the tone of a violin when touched by an expert hand; a thing intangible and exquisite, and it is quite easy to harm or to destroy. Crack the violin and the tone is impaired; anger an artist while he works, or let him be self-conscious, and his individuality suffers at once, for there is no spontaneous intimacy between his emotional craft and the quiet subject.

In 1906, for example, John Lavery was invited by the Italian Government to paint his own portrait for the Uffizi Gallery at Florence. He had previously done a good auto-portrait in a few hours, but the honour of being invited to contribute to the Florentine collection disturbed his judgment; he wanted to paint too well; and so, guided by self-conscious effort, he set to work and failed many times. In one failure he seemed to mourn over a far-distant event that surpassed all expectation, like the disappearance of a planet from its circuit in the heavens; in several he looked rather inclined to believe that he must be John Lavery, since he had gone to so much trouble to be like him. It is impossible to be great in portraiture if you plod to excel yourself, because greatness comes unbidden and out of the dark, like the dawn.

MRS. FORD

For the rest, a good portrait should be very like *one* person, but it is, of course, in essence, a collaboration between *two* persons; and these partners, the painter and his sitter, in their joint business, ought to represent a moment and a mood favourable to both. Defective portraiture shows invariably a discordance between the sitter's mood and the painter's mood. This year, for example, at the Royal Academy, in Mr. Sargent's portrait of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the dual psychology was so divided that I passed to and fro between the energetic painter and the serene model, till I felt baffled and defeated. Yet it is inevitable that such discords should arise from time to time, because great moments in portraiture often belong to that instantaneous and reciprocal friendship which may spring up at a first meeting between strangers, and which has power to take from male sitters the horrible self-consciousness awakened by a painter's scrutiny. Most men hate to be examined by a detective glance, and become sleepy as soon as they can. Women, on the other hand, when beautiful, sit very well, for they have been pictures since girlhood, and are accustomed to the compliments paid by wandering eyes. They thrive on secret self-approval.

So, then, sitters and painters ought to be in sympathy with each other. It is then that a fortunate mood passes from both collaborators into art, transforming a likeness that deserves a cheque into a portrait that appreciation alone can buy at an adequate price. To be sure, such complete portraits are rare, but no dissonance of mood ought ever to arise from deliberate and wilful self-assertion on the part of either collaborator. It is more than enough

that hindrances to success gather around a wet brush like wasps about ripening fruit. Many fine portraits are spoilt in the last half-hour of the final sitting. There is a maxim by Troyon that a portrait painter ought never to forget:—

"Oui, il y a là des défauts, mais vous vous en corrigerez assez vite et ce sera peut-être tant pis!"

The way is now cleared for a debate on portraiture, with special reference to the work of John Lavery. To what extent is human character essential in a fine portrait? What limits are set to its adequate expression by the materials of painting, by the decorative requirements of art, and by the fact that a portrait gives permanence to a moment and a mood, while a human face in life is a history of moods that change with the passing minutes and their interests?

These matters will be considered at the beginning of Chapter X, and though, in all questions of art, arguments and deductions are offered always as suggestions only, yet there is one point, and that a very important point, which should make us alert and wide awake to the expediency of having a few general principles as practical guides to everybody who is concerned, directly or indirectly, in the encouragement of portraiture. Sitters are like those householders who employ good architects for the purpose of building homes. Experience has taught every householder some urgent things about the requirements of family life, but of building itself, considered as a science and as an art, householders know nothing whatever, as a rule; and because ignorance is invariably more cocksure than knowledge, architects have a pretty

bad time with most of their clients. And this happens, very often, in the case of painters and their sitters. Many kinds of foolish compromise are either suggested or pressed forward because sitters have never thought of portraiture as they would think of it if they could learn something definite about its grammar, its rudiments, its first principles, before a painter began his work. It is not possible for painters and collaborators to agree unless they have knowledge enough to look at the same problem from the same professional standpoint.

Thus the interesting and useful thing is to find, in the perplexities that accompany all art, some common rules as to the expediency of certain things, and to see whether those common rules cannot be made into practical guides and real interpreters of what is reasonable in a special and definite kind of emergency. We have seen, for example, that a sitter who pays for a portrait cannot be regarded from the free standpoint of artistic invention governing a painter's attitude to a model who is paid to sit; we have seen, too, that a portrait is not merely a likeness, else the sitter would be content to have a tinted photograph; and it is also beyond doubt that there is a collaboration between the painter and the sitter, and that they cannot do well together unless they feel sympathetic toward each other. Besides this, we have defined a portrait in clearer language than that which Reynolds chose when he wished to give a very wide range of freedom to imaginative minds. He said: "In portraits, the grace, and, we may add, the likeness, consists more in the general air than in the exact similitude of every feature." To talk about likeness as if it were a trifle is very absurd; likeness

means unique expression as well as unique features, and every human face comes from the same miraculous art that fashions a Shakespeare or a Phidias or a Michael Angelo. Remember, too, that it was in periods of affectation, during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when painting passed from a necessary of life into a changing fashion for the wealthy, that types began to usurp in portraiture the place formerly occupied by sitters and their characteristics.

Holbein thought of likeness constantly, and his portraits took care of themselves.

We have now to consider other minute problems.

THE LITTLE EQUESTRIENNE

CHAPTER X

PORTRAITURE

IN an excellent book on Portrait Painting, written by the Hon. John Collier, it is said that John Lavery has three outstanding characteristics: good colour, which "is distinctly ahead of any portrait painter's of the day"; fine general arrangement, which could not well be bettered; and decorative qualities, which Mr. Collier describes as extraordinary. But, he adds, they are sometimes pushed a little too far, and the painter then appears to be concerned with his sitter less as a human being than as a decorative arrangement. "To me," Mr. Collier continues, "the ideal portrait painter should be immensely human."

Is it possible for good decorative qualities to be pushed too far? And what considerations ought to be kept in mind when we think of the phrase "immensely human"?

I do not understand how the decorative aspect of a portrait can be overdone (except by misadventure), for pictorial art, essentially, is an art of decoration, bound by æsthetic honour to do work fit for its purpose; and the purpose, mark well, is to make paintings which, when hung up on a wall, will not look incongruous and out of place. If architecture and painting were allied to-day, as they ought to be, pictures would be hung—not *on* or *against* a wall, but—within wall-recesses, their frames set nearly flush with

the mural surface, and quite in accord with their environment. Then painters and architects, working together without jealousy, would play with distinction in the same orchestra. But their habit, unfortunately, is to be very much at odds with each other; and custom alone approves the great many undecorative pictures hanging against walls by wire or chains.

If you now apply to portraiture the principle that it must be congruous to the purpose which it has to serve, you will find not only that decorative qualities are requisite, but that a portrait painter cannot be "immensely human" without incurring two risks: he may force the subject outside the frame, or he may fall into some other excess of realism that will look tyrannical on a wall. For example, take the convention which for centuries has reconciled everybody to life-size portraits; reconciled, because we don't see persons life-size, as we are separated from them by distance. In the old days, when pictures were painted for vast chambers and for given positions in those chambers, a portrait as large as life did not seem to be so when placed in position; but we find the convention nowadays in little rooms and in big, so a painter ought to think with scrupulous care about the situation and the light in which his portrait will be exhibited. A life-size portrait for a small room must be treated with greater restraint of style than would be necessary if the room were as large as an old English hall, for example; and there are other limits to portrait realism, however large the room may be. For example, when a painter sets before himself the aim not of doing portraits, but of making his pictures seem like real live men and women, he roams from true art into make-

believes which are neither decorative paintings nor real live men and women; and next, when any such piece of intense naturalism is hung up on a wall, what is a reasonable onlooker to say? Are live human creatures framed and suspended as mural ornaments? Is papa, who is rather stout to air himself unblushingly as a master of foxhounds, to be left up there all day and all night? Good heavens! If unlimited realism is to become the vogue in portraiture, then the Society of Portrait Painters ought to grant medals for courage to those sitters who desire nothing from genuine art.

Study the masterpieces by Rembrandt, and you will find that his marvellous humanity is a vision charmed with colour and light. It is aloof from us as well as near to us.

The difficulty, of course, is to find a happy equipoise between the real and the decorative; between sitters as flesh and blood, and the artist's vision of them, and the needs of painting as a necessary ornament in public buildings and in private houses. The closer we bind the arts to the various functions which they have to serve in daily life, the more valuable do they become to the progress of society. Most painters produce toys, yet they are not ashamed of their petty unreasonableness.

This said, we can pass on to a few points in Lavery portraiture, and examine each under its own heading.

Values.—A very troublesome thing in a book on painting is the frequent reappearance of a difficult topic under a different aspect—the topic, namely, of colour, which evades written speech as quicksilver slips away from the pinch of your fingers. Something or other, chapter after

chapter, has set me to grapple with this problem, how to put into words what I feel concerning a devious quality of paint, or a distinctive grace of colour. What can be said now about values? Smiles are not more elusive, and who is able to put a smile into words? But, happily, there is one point, and that a very important point, where values come within reach of literary expression. Connoisseurs very often forget, though they ought always to remember, that values are divided into two groups—relations of tone, and relations of substance and weight. The relation of one tone to another is the orchestration of painting; it enables us to give on a flat surface the illusions of depth, distance, perspective; it resolves into the massed harmonies of art the scattered abundance that nature reveals; and, whether a pale tint overlaps a dark one, or a dark tint stands out from a pale one, we must ask ourselves whether the value is too near or too far off for its position in the picture. Lavery simplifies this work as much as he can, for he never tries to suggest the organic whole of things. He kills details so that his art may live simply in a few reposeful values; and this applies above all to his portraits and their quiet synthesis.

Then, as to values of substance and weight, these mark out for us degrees of lightness in delicate things and degrees of weight in solidity. For some reason unknown, only a painter here and there pays enough attention to these artistic illusions. Monet gave his landscapes the same flimsiness everywhere, as if he wanted his technique to resemble tinted bits of cotton-wool; and a great many artists have forgotten, and to this day forget, that all objects in a picture have in nature some weight avoirdu-

THE BLACK CAP

pois. A painter, then, should try to suggest two things: first, the pressure downwards of heavy substances; next, the wondrous variety of contrastive weight that the eye discerns in fluids, and solids, and vapours. J. F. Millet, who set great store by weight of style, told a student at Delaroche's life-class that certain nude studies were painted with honey and butter; and this criticism might be used against many pictures. There are painters, men of known name, who care not a pin for even the most evident contrasts of weight. Whether they represent a baby or a battleship, an oak tree or a petticoat, their work has the same light poise, the same unsubstantial look. They appear to say to us, "We give you shadows, and leave you to imagine the difference between tree-trunks and moving clouds, or between human flesh and silk or satin."

Lavery does not belong to these scorners of weight-values. His human figures sit or stand either lightly or heavily; the clothes that he paints are animated by the hidden limbs; and his excellent brushwork, though it simplifies textures, seldom if ever loses the characteristics of furs and feathers and dress materials. I do not say that the weight-values are perfect, but they are quite good enough to play with distinction the part chosen for them in the best portraits.

Character.—The spirit of the best portraits by Lavery, viewed in relation to this essential, is a spirit of discretion and tact. M. Anatole France has defined a portrait as a painted biography, but the spirit here is one of indiscretion; it shows that the vanity of phrase-making is a nuisance if you wish to think clearly and reasonably. A

portrait has about as much chance of being a biography as it would have of becoming a history of the French Revolution. We shall be nearer the truth if we say that a portrait is the biography of a mood that not only affects a sitter's features and their expression, but receives definite enhancement from a responsive and kindred mood in the painter's art. The painter, for example, must feel soldierly if he would place both in and behind the features of a Lord Kitchener any mood at all typical of the sitter's martial nature. Why did Whistler's great art fail in the psychology of the Carlyle portrait? Was it not because of the painter's self-assertion, since it neither wished nor tried to feel in the sitter that inner fire and storm which flashed and rattled through the life-work of Carlyle? Whistler set far too much store by his butterfly emblem, the length of which is about one-third the length of Carlyle's head from the tip of the beard to the tiptop of the skull! This Carlyle is a spent old man whose head somehow is less noticeable than the felt hat—worn here on the knee. The features are a mask of Carlyle, the inspiration is a mood of Whistler. Yet an artist should be like the Deity, visible and yet unseen in each daily act of creation.[1]

The difficulty always, no doubt, in portraiture, is to be moderate, for an attempt to give too much character has failures as self-imposed as those which we find when not enough character is suggested. John Lavery has rarely given us too little human nature, and he has seldom tried to represent too much; he is thus in absolute antagonism

[1] "L'artiste doit être comme Dieu dans la nature, présent et ressenti partout, vu jamais."—Flaubert.

with certain aims that some recent portrait painters have carried from theory into practice.

G. F. Watts may be taken as an example, for his literary intellect was for ever dwelling on subtleties too intricate for pictorial presentation. Patient to a fault, he fumbled and fidgeted with many anxious repaintings in the hope that his uncertain technique would catch and hold what his mind thought, after careful meditation, not what his eyes observed and his nature felt. This method, very conscious of itself, and very laboured, got into the habit of saying too little with too much ado, while the aim of Lavery is to be brief and simple and expressively direct. Watts not only schemed to be minutely biographical, he attempted also to pass from biography to autobiography, for his purpose was to identify himself with his sitter in a way so intimate and so complete that the sitter's whole nature—not a single typical mood—would reveal itself to and in the medium of paint. Art was to receive confidences from a model whose character would be transmitted through the sympathetic Watts into a portrait. Here is a psychology as complicated as hypnotism, and I confess that Watts' portraits as a rule, in their deposits of fumbled paint, tell me much about a devious-minded poet who ought to have worked out his ideas under the rigid laws of written poetry.

Yet it could not be helped. Watts lived at a time when an immense amount of rubbish was talked and written about painting and literature as gossips that lived in the innermost depths of human nature. Some novelists would write a paragraph on the character of a knee-cap, while others would take half a dozen pages for

the description of a face, with the result that we found the eyebrows on page 1, the mouth on page 3 or 4, and a peculiar smile wandering I know not where nor for what utility of exercise. The French set the example in this gadabout psychology, which presupposed that modern readers had untiring memories; and we see in the work of Carrière, with the smoky aura around each figure, that some French painters of genius, despite the gospel of impressionism, were inclined to fret their minds too much after the fashion of the newer novelists.

Nearly two centuries ago, in France, a conceited artist, Maurice-Quentin de la Tour, said of himself, "They think that I discern nothing more than their features, but I penetrate right down to the bottom of their souls and bring to light their entire being." These deep-sea divers into character, returning from their imagined adventures with a daily increase to their own vanity, have been eloquent in talk. They have never understood that the thing known as character is so complex, so various, that even a great playwright and his actors represent only a part of its wondrous diverse moods. And here is a good example of a portrait spoiled by too many moods in a sitter. At Morocco, two or three years ago, John Lavery began to paint the native Minister of War, a Moor with marvellous eyes and a splendid distinction, tall and stately, with a nomadic grace in his movements that seemed to have been inherited from habits of command ripened through centuries of desert wanderings and adventures. Morocco at the time was restive, and while the minister sat news was brought to him by tiger-footed, white-hooded messengers. The portrait went very well at first; then politics began to inter-

fere, for the news related had instant and great effect on the minister's carriage and expression, producing changes as remarkable as the scenic transformations made in theatres by instantaneous modifications of tinted light. Again and again the minister flashed from one mood into another, his whole nature seemingly altered by the tale just narrated; and each mood had its own distinct fascination. Here was a diamond character with so many facets, all quite different, that the whole could not be seen for its parts. The portrait halted, then it went downhill, and presently it was lost in a morass of difficulties. It was never finished; it was painted out.

One mood is all that a portrait needs, and the question of its choice cannot be answered with success if you treat it as too easy for your ambition. Art can no more represent the organic whole of a human character than it can represent all the leaves on a tree. And to this I add that John Lavery, at his best, is direct, simple, unpremeditative; he observes rapidly, he does not like to plod, he finds little use for elaborate analysis, he is seldom ironic, he is seldom dramatic; kindness, graciousness, sincerity, youth, hope, and a light heart, these are his guiding qualities. The knowledge gleaned by an expert glance is translated into paint with nervous vigour and with a high-bred reserve. This art portrays what a generous observer sees with pleasure; and this trait, in the main, is romantic, just like the good breeding that rules over all happy and welcome social intercourse, where probing into character is tabooed as an enemy to friendships. I am speaking here of John Lavery in his successes, but I like his occasional failures also; because they are as honest as the failures of

a fine athlete who from time to time comes home second or third.

There are exceptions to several statements in the preceding paragraph. Thus *La Dame aux Perles* reminds me of Mr. Sargent; it is dramatic in conception and in treatment; for this dark lady, seated in her sumptuous dress, with restful arms that negligently contradict the alert energy that she herself represents, is like an actress who listens with patience and yet prepares for instant movement. She is action in repose, so to speak. The brushwork, too, is more evidently adept and alert than we are accustomed to see in the modest excellence of other good Lavery portraits. Next, the *Lady in Pink*, whose history I have given (pp. 93-94), proves that a rapid painter can pass through failure after failure into a delightful masterpiece, fresh and bright as summer roses. The girl entitled *Spring*, now in the Paris Luxembourg, is a very typical Lavery; and to love this portrait is to make a new friendship for the rest of one's life.

That, indeed, to my mind, is the fact of facts in Lavery portraiture at its best: it is near to the social heart, it is young, and it invites comradeship, as if it belonged to all societies where goodwill is popular. Some portraits are filled with the aloof grandeur and the routine of courts, like many by Van Dyck; others look too fragile and too angelic to be spoken to at all, like some by Gainsborough; and many appear to have put on fashionable clothes just in order to be painted as novelties in fancy dress from some dreary suburb where shopkeepers grow rich. What I like best in a portrait is a certain air belonging to no definite rank, which is not a courtier, nor a simple idealist, nor

anything except a friend to mankind, winning confidence because it gives a delightful sympathy to us all.

Renan used to speak of an imperfect truth better than truth itself. He said: "Certain details are not true to the letter, but they are true with a superior truth, they are more true than the naked truth, in the sense that they are truth rendered expressive and articulate—truth idealised." He was speaking of historical documents impregnated with charming myth, with fascinating legend; but his words apply also to those semi-ideal graces that find their way into noble portraiture with the painter's vision and emotion and arrangement. These are the myths that emerge from the painter's nature and make their home in the realism that his sitter represents, causing the realism to be expressive and articulate in a fashion at once new and idealised. If we say that art has to tell many falsehoods in order to arrive at superior truths, we shall understand the blend of two human characters to be seen in a fine portrait, where a given sitter is pre-eminently herself, or himself, though her or his aspect is a thing which one painter only could achieve.

Bias of Temperament.—We have already considered (pp. 99–102) the bisexual attributes of genius, and critics seem to be agreed that the figure art of Lavery, as a rule, is most attractive in pictures of girls and women; that children's portraits come next, and the male portraits last, usually. Is this verdict correct? There can be no doubt that the female portraiture generally takes precedence, but the male portraiture is hard to place because it is often as good as it well can be. Sometimes, no doubt, side by side with the good qualities, it shows greater effort, a more

concentrated volition, than we find in good female portraits by Lavery, where intuition is always active and fascinating; and this seems to prove that he finds it more difficult to paint men than women.

A selection from the male portraits will be found in Appendices I and II, and I note here with pleasure that the characterisation has never set into a recipe of technique, such as we meet with in many painters of men. Recent work includes a very fine portrait of Sir Edmund Walker, and have you seen the picture of Mr. P. J. Ford, dressed in the uniform of the Royal Archer Guard, who carries a bow in his left hand, and is very well placed against a landscape background? The W. E. H. Lecky, now in the National Gallery, Dublin, was medalled at Venice in 1903; and other canvases give life in art to Lennox Browne, F.R.C.S. (1891), Lord McLaren (1899), Mr. James Fitzmaurice Kelly (1900), Herr Arnold Guilleaume (1903), The Mayor of Morley (1903), The Earl of Donoughmore (1904), The Earl of Ellesmere (1904), Sir Hickman Beckett Bacon, Bart. (1905), Julian Sampson (1905), Colonel F. Maxse, C.B., D.S.O. (1905), Lord Windsor (1905), Bishop Gore of Birmingham (1905), The Rt. Hon. John C. Talbot (1905), The Rt. Hon. William Kenrick, P.C. (1907), Captain Harold Brassey, of the Horse Guards, in full dress (1907), Colonel Malcolm (1907), Mr. John Laing (1908), Sir Andrew Porter, Bart. (1908), Herr von Meister (1909), The Marquess of Sligo (1909), The Earl of Shaftesbury (1909), Sir Paolo Tosti (1909), and Mr. Wallis (1911).

These portraits count for much in the painter's life, but let us not forget the R. B. Cunninghame Graham,

THE LADY IN A GREEN COAT
(*Bradford Art Gallery.*)

painted in 1893, quiet yet authoritative, neutral in colour, yet full of harmonious rich tone. Am I right to regard this work as perhaps the masterpiece in Lavery's delineation of male character? In its own way it is to me almost as remarkable as the *Julius II*, by Raphael, that pope who led armies in the field, whose energy was a human volcano, and whom Erasmus lampooned in the witty banter of the *Julius II Exclusis*, acted on the stage at Paris in 1514. Raphael saw what Erasmus did not see. He understood that Julius was a magnificent man who planned the unification of Italy and used war as an instrument. Similarly, the portrait of R. B. Cunninghame Graham is complex; we find in it the man of action, and the student, and the man of fashion; and this multiple personality is unconventional, an original adventurer in all work and in all sport, quick and kind in observation, and possessed by an impatience that perseveres untiringly, like the impatience of hunger and thirst. To convey so much in a picture, without losing the atmosphere of art, the non-assertion of good design, is, surely, a master-stroke.

Another impressive male portrait, *The Black Cap*, realises a great judge in the act of delivering the Death Sentence; it has the grip and the irony of tragic art.

There are many children's portraits. One of a boy—*Master Hubert Stewart Smiley*—was hung by Whistler at the Society of British Artists in the winter exhibition of 1887; but I wonder if many Edinburgh people remember an earlier piece, entitled *A Pupil of Mine*, shown at the Royal Scottish Academy in 1886? At the first exhibition of the International, Knightsbridge, in 1898, a very outstanding picture was seen for the first time in public, *Père*

et Fille, representing Lavery himself seated on a couch behind a cane chair in which his little daughter Eileen, white-frocked and in black stockings, sits at ease, a six-year-old Irish beauty, accustomed to rule because everybody wants to obey, and looking now as if the bore of being still has grown into a pleasant habit somehow, so that father leans undisturbed against her chair and says nasty things about the work he is doing. She can watch him as he knits his brow into a criticism, for she sees the picture reflected in a mirror some yards off. *We* don't see the mirror, but we know precisely what is taking place. The painter himself has chosen a posture that is rather cramped, and I like the painting of his capable hands better than the rest of his figure. A fine work as a whole, and worthy of its place in the collection at the Luxembourg.

Père et Fille, though earlier in date, belongs to the same mood as *Mrs. Spottiswoode and Betty*, a picture shown at the third exhibition of the International in 1901. They have two characteristics in common: the little girl in each is adorable, and the sentiment of parental love is a gentle truth that makes no ado, but reigns throughout the pictures at peace with itself. This pleases me much more than that ecstatic cult of the child which has become a fashion in British life, with nothing but disadvantage to childhood itself. Many boys and girls now get bored with Rackham and critical over Barrie and *Peter Pan* at an age when they ought to be delighted to have Christmas stockings filled with threepenny gifts. A good many babies of seven and eight have told their amazed fathers that *Peter Pan* isn't true, but all silly make-believe. Many a man with grey hair is now a better boy than his grandson aged

ten. One small chum of mine, just nine years old, sneers at most things with youth in them, and tells me that the *Prisoner of Zenda* "is only so-so as sport." He'd read Ibsen if you didn't keep that departing playwright under lock and key. Pantomimes go on mainly because middle-age and the white-haired know that *they* will enjoy themselves if they take the youngsters.

Painters as well as writers and illustrators have been influenced by this new national habit of spoiling children, so I note with pleasure that Lavery has shown a fine reserve in his pictures of maternal love. Only once has he placed himself rather near to those sentimentalists who undersell their hearts by making them too evident and too cheap.

In several portraits of boys, as in *Lockett Croal Thomson, 1905*, a Scot in Highland dress, we find mischief trying to appear good, and this means a secret new plot against window-panes, perhaps. No lad in art is worth a frame if he looks down his nose and seems too "nice" to be birched. Mischief is a natural tonic, and when boys take plenty of it they don't appear nice, as if they lived on jam flavoured with rose-leaves. Two or three painters of to-day give us boys who are very pink and white; whose complexions resemble crushed strawberries mixed with Devonshire cream, and who seem like wingless Cupids dressed for a dainty life in boudoirs. They are quite unfit for a world where knock-out blows are so common that we all receive one from time to time. If mothers want their lads to look "sweet" in a picture, they should not go to John Lavery, who would be quite happy in a wood with a catapult and half a dozen flower-

pots. His boy portraits tell me so, at any rate, and I should like to be with him. The little girls, also, come to us from the fresh air, like *Fräulein Hertha von Guilleaume*, and like *The First Communion*, where Miss Eileen Lavery is the subject. This picture, when exhibited publicly, at the Salon Champ-de-Mars of 1902, was compared to the work of Whistler; and yet its method and its spirit were original. For *The First Communion* was painted in a breath, so to speak, and the mute rich tone is not nearer to Whistler than it is near to Velazquez. Whistler would have given the child a rhythmic swagger, well known to us in the great portrait of Miss Alexander. Lavery paints a delightful little healthy girl who feels proud but shy in her important white dress with a flowing veil. To believe in low tone, and to keep a picture well within its frame, is to illustrate maxims acquired by Whistler from the Master of Madrid; but no pictorial idea that Whistler ever composed into a symphony of colour is like this one that John Lavery orchestrated, with fluent ease, but not without a discord, I believe. The background is too uniform, surely; it needs air, its solidity looks dead, while the rest of the picture is alive, serene, and masterly. Perhaps the background was brushed twice with the same colour; there is nothing that makes paint so dead and heavy as a repainting in the same tint.

LADY EVELYN FARQUHAR

CHAPTER XI

WOMEN'S PORTRAITS

THESE may be reckoned by dozens, and they differ so much in the amiable variety of their appeal that it seems impertinent to pick out a few for special reference. Type examples must be chosen here and there, nevertheless; but when this has been done, with all due care, a writer is confronted with two difficulties belonging to his subject. The first one is the fact that the best women's portraits by Lavery are not only great as achievements in the painting of fine tone, they are so united, fused together, that the component elements of each colour scheme are exceedingly hard to remember, just because they never leap into criticism by being too active in the general orchestration. The second difficulty is that many of the best portraits are dispersed all over the world, in the United States, in public and private galleries on the Continent, and elsewhere, so that none of us can hope to see them all again. Photographs and reproductions are particularly valuable in a case like this one, since they bring into our rooms the spirit of a painter whose pictures are already as far-scattered as those by Gainsborough or by Reynolds.

It is convenient now to remember that the women's portraits may be arranged into groups, as follows:—

1. Single heads and half-length portraits (30 in. by 25 in.),

like the *Lady in Black* (a portrait of Miss McLaren), *Nora*, very much liked by Whistler, *Mary in Black*, and a more recent work, a subtle and charming portrait of Mrs. Wetzlar.

2. Single figures out of doors, like *Mrs. Lavery Sketching* and *The Red Hammock.*

3. Single figures indoors, like *Miss Mary Burrell*, a masterpiece, painted in 1894 after the visit to Madrid, but gayer than Velazquez; or like the portraits of Lady Leila Egerton, Mrs. Roy Devereux, and the girl asleep on *The Green Sofa*, where a Japanese quality is employed with ease and sympathy.

4. Portrait-groups out of doors, which include some delicious studies on the sea-coast, like *Girls in Sunlight*, and *On the Cliffs at Pourville.*

5. Portrait-groups indoors, like *The Grey Drawing-room*, in this year's Academy, or *Lord and Lady Windsor with their Family* (1905), or *Mrs. Roger Plowden and Her Son Humphry*, exhibited in 1898 at the International, Knightsbridge.

6. Equestrienne portraits out of doors, like *The Amazon.*

7. Fanciful pictures which yet are portraits, like *The Violin Player*, *The Parlourmaid*, *Spring*, *Summer*, *The White Duchess*, and *Mary in Green.*

In the first group we find beautiful sketches as well as beautiful studied portraits. There is *The Lady with the Sables*, for example, a lovely figure against a grey background, her face aglow with reflection from within and from without, and bright with one of these rare half-smiles that never irritate in a painting. *The White Feathers* is

a portrait-picture carried through in one happy sweep of inspiration, and having a modelled richness of surface that is got far more often in sketches than in ripe work finished in a few sittings. *The Lady with the Cherries*, an oval picture, responding to the sitter's mood and personality, is more contemplative and more delicate; it belongs to a life of chambered study, not to skating and high winds, like *The Lady with the Sables*. Of the *Mrs. Ford, senior*, I have spoken already (p. 115), but the consummate art in it is always new. This year, at the Royal Academy, we had the portrait of *Madame Robert de Billy*, exquisitely discreet and simple, like the *Lady Norah Brassey*, painted in 1907, and therefore two years younger than the life-size portrait of the same gracious sitter. Miss Mary Morgan, the last heroine of the *Lady in Pink* (Modern Gallery, Venice), is known to us also in a small oval portrait, very supple in touch, and beautifully drawn and modelled with a full brush. It is only once in a way that John Lavery produces a work which is too linear to be painted draughtsmanship. French critics have written much about the *Vera Christie*, commenting on "le geste alerte de la main souple au bout du bras qui s'accoude, le caprice de l'autre main fuyante, toute l'allure du jeune buste penché que contrarie le rejet de la fine tête au regard d'oiseau, sous le chapeau d'une si preste peinture: c'est presque un Jacques Blanche, et c'est enlevé comme une esquisse de Manet."

Other typical achievements in the first group are *Mary in Black*, and *A Portrait in Grey and Black*, painted in 1902; the noble portrait of Miss McLaren, and *The Lady in Black—No. 2*, painted from the late Mrs. Swinnerton, and now in the Brussels Museum. This last was

painted in November, 1898; the sitter is in profile and looks toward our right; her hair, slightly waved, is worn low behind in a graceful coil; the black dress, sparkling with sequin ornaments, leaves the neck bare. It would be difficult indeed to paint a profile with a more intimate distinction, or to convey with equal ease such a happy union of grace and scale and design. The *Miss McLaren*, a little earlier in date (1893), is in profile also, but the hands are seen, the right one resting on a cushion that supports the other arm, which is drawn back so that the left hand may touch the sitter's chin. Dignity is the key-note here.

Then, as to the second group of indoor portraits, it comprises single figures, very often life-size, like the *Lady in Grey and Blue* (Leipzig Gallery), *The Rocking-Chair* (Diploma Gallery, Royal Scottish Academy), *The Green Coat* (Bradford Gallery), a brilliant sketch complete as a sympathetic picture, and the *Lady Evelyn Farquhar*,[1] supreme as a rapid victory over an arrangement which might have been nothing more than a dexterous display of virtuososhiip. Facile paint and obvious contrasts of colour are here employed with a subtle refinement that never falters, and the sitter, in the atmosphere of her delicate fine nature, is at once classic and modern. It has been said that "the eighteenth-century portraitists sought to surprise no characteristics or emotion that did not sweetly become the fairest aspect of their sitters." But we need something more to-day than this classical complacence; we need that individuality of carriage and of expres-

[1] In white chiffon worn over satin; seated in a gilt chair; blue sunshade in the left hand; behind, on the left, white flowers in a vase.

POLYHYMNIA
(National Gallery, Rome.)

sion which belong not to beauty in the abstract, but to beauty in a given sitter's womanhood. It is here that John Lavery has grasped the higher verities of art in his several portraits of the Lady Evelyn Farquhar, and of her sister, the Lady Norah Brassey.

French critics have chosen for their favourites *Le Printemps* at the Luxembourg, *Le Chou Bleu*, now called *The Blonde*, exhibited at the Salon Champ-de-Mars in 1903, and the charming Quaker girl, *Mary in Green*, now at Ottawa. Two of these lovely pictures are illustrated here. M. Camille Mauclair has written a careful analysis of *Mary in Green*:—

"Son beau dessin n'a rien de linéaire: c'est par une impeccable véracité des valeurs qu'elle surgit et vie, assise. La rondeur pleine de son visage aux yeux clairs s'érige avec assurance sur le carré de sa gorge décolletée, mate, nue et chaste. A l'ogive du front s'accorde, soulignée d'un liséré plus clair, la double volute du vaste chapeau recélant une ombre d'émeraude. De la rondeur des tombantes épaules glisse avec grâce une écharpe d'un ton acide qui se ramène, en un double contour, jusqu'à l'inflexion des bras ; les mains aux mitaines de dentelle ajourée se rejoignent au giron de l'ample robe, dont les plis simples soutiennent toute la calme architecture féminine. Une eurythmie s'affirme et se dérobe avec un tact délicieux. Toute indication de surfaces obliques ou montantes ramène l'œil à la considération de la face. Une anglaise de cheveux bruns se suspend à demi sur la chair pure du sein droit. Dans les prunelles, pareilles à la fleur du romarin, s'inscrit un rêve tempéré, la santé d'une âme rassurée, incarnée dans une chair sans névrose. On suppose une vie, on la sait:

au fond sombre et unitaire du tableau la songerie suscite les détails du décor où cette femme doit certainement vivre. Cet art sévère et fleuri tout ensemble est bien septentrional. Nul de nos Français ne résisterait au désir de rendre plus vaporeuse l'apparition, ou d'allumer avec vivacité le feu d'un joyau ou la soie d'une rose, d'un nœud, d'une passementerie. John Lavery s'en tient à la puissance des musiques sourdes, et l'ombre où il aime placer ses figures ne recèle aucun fantastique. Elle est simplement l'enveloppe intimiste et quotidienne où, aux yeux déclinantes, dans la douceur du jour fermant, se déclôt la pensée reposée et confiante."

These intimacies of descriptive criticism accord with the genius of the French language, but they cannot be done into English without seeming rather exotic. An Englishman would be content to say that *Mary in Green* is just such a Quaker girl as William Penn would have been happy to meet; her eyes are not yet opened to a knowledge of life, and her inner consciousness has not been troubled by passion or by disillusion. The old-fashioned frock, winsome and yet austere, is a compromise between the inborn pride of womanhood and the excessive vanity of fashion; it has that art which is seldom absent from uniforms and seldom present in the latest modes.

As a contrast to this portrait I may choose one representing a woman of the world; she is in a room, but dressed for a walk, dressed all in black, a graceful hat draped with tulle contrasting with her blonde hair and the inquisitive brightness of her face; she leans with her elbows against an ebony piano, and turning her head, looks at us and yet beyond us. She is very tall, and her figure

is marvellously supple; she knows life in society, and accepts human nature as a hospital nurse accepts pain and suffering, with a frank kindness that cheers. To this lady a curious title is given, *Polyhymnia*, the Muse of lyric poetry, though her serene knowledge is not often found in drawing-room songs, where rhyme and cadence usually bleat with trumpery sentimentalism. This *Polyhymnia* is wisdom arrayed in a black which is not mourning; she represents much in the psychology of social butterflies. View this work from another standpoint, the decorative, and you will find that John Lavery has done nothing better, nothing more subtle in the use of black and white, which Tintoretto described as the most beautiful of all colours.[1]

Yet I prefer another great portrait, *Le Chou Bleu*, a gracious and stately blonde in a flowing grey frock and a brown jacket, with the pretty left hand resting lightly on the left hip. Her face, charmingly understood and painted, is frail and yet strong, and the brush-drawing everywhere is rhythmical and without fault. Two inches more of canvas above the head would give scale and atmosphere to the decorative arrangement; no other criticism mars the engaging synthesis of this noble portrait. When *Le Chou Bleu* was exhibited at the Salon Champ-de-Mars in 1903, connoisseurs recognised it as the finest portrait of the year; and one of them said in print: "Cette toile est une œuvre plus sûre qu'un Alexander, plus savante qu'un La Gandara, plus sereine qu'un Boldini, plus stylisée qu'un

[1] This picture was painted over another—*A Lady in Purple*, with a light grey hat and a sable muff and boa, exhibited at the International at Knightsbridge in 1899. *Polyhymnia* dates from 1904.

Zorn, et plus sensiblement vivante qu'un Whistler." I regret very much that this picture cannot be illustrated.

There was once a Lavery portrait quite as brilliant as *Le Chou Bleu*, but it exists now only in a photograph. How it came to disappear is a curious tale. It happened some years ago that a lady of fashion had a firm belief in her own beauty, though no one gave her any encouragement. Those who have strong faiths invariably wish to prove them, forgetting that a faith once proved is a fact, which may be less attractive by far. But the lady wished to be beautiful in art in order to prove that she was beautiful in life, and with this object she commissioned a life-sized portrait and told John Lavery that she wanted his work to be shown to the world in many important exhibitions. She was kind, and also very patient; for she posed in a magnificent frock, moonlight blue in colour, and partly covered with a black lace that shimmered with gold sequins. Her head was in profile. The photograph is enough to show that the picture was a masterpiece. During about four years it travelled from exhibition to exhibition, a great favourite everywhere; and the lady followed the success in press notices. But she quite forgot to pay for her picture. Then her health failed, and she died. Soon afterwards the portrait returned home from its last exhibition, and Lavery hung it up in his studio. There was a chance now that he would grow tired of this work; and one day, sure enough, being short of a life-size canvas, he painted another subject over it, proving that an artist may become blind to the excellence of his best. A good book could be written about the moods of vandalism which have caused painters and

MARY IN GREEN
(*Ottawa Gallery, Canada.*)

sculptors to destroy some of their finest productions. Several of Lavery's pictures now lie underneath other paintings, and I reap regrets whenever I think of this fact.

There are many other single portrait figures, ranging from the darkly splendid *Lady Norah Brassey* (1905), to the thoughtful *Mrs. Woods* (1909), a Canadian lady, who sits as our grandmothers used to do, quite upright, with a supple grace full of dignity; she looks the world frankly in the face, she does not loll invertebrately, as we do now that golf and life have got the reputation of being too strenuous. The *Mrs. Woods*, again, is noteworthy for another reason—as an experiment in chiaroscuro; it gives neither the soft light of a room nor the keener light of the open, but what I may call a compromise between the two. This applies also to several gracious figures that belong to a different class of portraiture, a class of rapid and brilliant studies, as helpful to painting as improvisation is to music. Miss Lavery has been a frequent model in these quick practice feats, posing sometimes in rooms, sometimes on the beach at Tangier, and sometimes on a windy hill-top overlooking Tangier Bay. She wears a greyish-black riding-habit in a life-size sketch-picture painted in 1908 and called *Diana.* Here she stands silhouetted against a white wall on a verandah, her right hand resting on the latch of a grey-green door, the left hand holding her gloves and a riding-whip; lilac droops in clusters around her head; and the face, sportive with wandering reflected lights, and foiled by a shade-giving hat and a white cravat, is as true in observation as Bastien-Lepage made the picture of his grandfather, that started portraiture on a new line of evolution, just thirty-seven years ago (1874). But *Diana*, I fear, has a

mistake into which Bastien-Lepage stumbled a good many times; for the riding-habit is too linear here and there, forming sharp boundaries between itself and the white wall. Air is a sculptor with a touch full of mystery; it models all lines into a vagueness that looks definite and yet elusive.

Miss Lavery is the heroine also of another life-size sketch, *Waiting*, painted in 1908. She is seated on a table here, ready for a motor-drive, like the small brown impudent dog that is too self-complacent to tug at the leash. The little animal seems to be possessed by motor-vanity, which, like golfomania, would not be cured by a tax of 60 per cent on its cost of production. *A Young Motor-Queen* should be the title of this charming study, with its white frock relieved by a dangling black scarf around the waist, and the long dust-cloak, yellow-grey in tint and as light as a feather. As to the motor-bonnet and its veil trimmed with green, though they seem rather to isolate the head from the body, they have a demure fashion that contrasts in a mild ironic way with the pride that owns a motor-car. The same bonnet appears in the most cheering sketch that Lavery has yet painted out of doors, *Girls in Sunlight*, on the beach at Tangier, the sea glowing as a background, and a glare coming from everywhere.

More difficult still, perhaps, and certainly not less entertaining, are the two bold sketches in footlight irradiation that Lavery has painted of Anna Pavlova. One was exhibited this year at the International, and—such is the irony of art-criticism—it was not liked by many a person who a few months ago was ardent in praise of the Post-

Impressionists. I am sorry that both studies were not sent to the same exhibition, for each would have helped the other, so different are they as impressions of dancing movement translated into impressions of colour. Theatre dancing more than any other personal appeal to the public depends for its fame on the stimulating fascination which it is able to exercise over the sense of sex in an audience. Arrest the most attractive movements by instantaneous photography, and their charm is weakened by about three-fourths of the sexual magnetism. Nearly all the art that attends the swift tripping or leaping of one movement into another is gone, and we note the artifice acquired by long study. A beautiful *danseuse*, transfixed into a pose, is seen to be, not an inspired artist who creates a poetry in physical movements, but a trained actress who dances very well in a routine, and who cannot afford to show that routine by the use of instantaneous photography. It is to the sense of sex that she must appeal, from the stage itself, with all the aid that music and artificial light will give her; then old men and young grow dithyrambic, and their wives and sisters often wish in secret that they could be as attractive as a graceful and clever *danseuse*. The psychology of scenic dancing has played many parts in the world's history, and its present influence over Londoners would be a good theme for a Dean Swift.

Lavery set himself a very difficult task; he could not possibly hope that his impressions of a great *danseuse* would be approved by those who had watched her at the theatre, flashing from one pose into another, a radiant vision with a thousand transformations. Art would petrify a single fluent movement, turning a transitory illusion into

a settled and definite impression; abandon itself would be idle as a painted ship on a painted ocean. We touch here the main argument of Lessing's great book; we are face to face with the limits set by reason to the pictorial display of active movement and of troubled facial expression. But John Lavery had no other aim than to test his observation and to practise some new scales in the music of colour. From these points of view his daring was worth while, for he succeeded in two ways: he got the flash of footlight illumination, and he caught the verity of seen movement without such draughtsmanship as cold and deliberate criticism can accept as good and true.

We pass on now to the portrait-groups, beginning with the *Mother and Son*, now at Venice in the Modern Gallery. This work belongs to the year 1892, before Lavery went to Madrid, but not before he had seen Velazquez in museums. The mood here is graver by far than his own temperament told him to be. The little boy, dressed in a dark-blue knickerbocker suit, and sitting close to his mother's red frock, seems to have passed with credit a difficult examination, he looks so confident and so inductive. Perhaps he was not born in England, where all things are treated *en amateur* except games and sports. He wears gloves in a room, and he is untroubled by the shyness that society calls forth in the young when outdoor pastimes occupy all leisure hours. The lady, too, appears to be foreign, a Spaniard born, and yet she was Scotch. A type that looks Spanish is found among the Celts in Great Britain; it appeals to John Lavery, and he painted a good portrait-picture when he put such an atmosphere of tolerant serenity around this *Mother and Son*.

THE SISTERS

(The Earl of Donoughmore's Collection)

The mood is happier, more vivacious, more winning, and more distinguished in *The Sisters*, dating from 1904, and representing the Lady Norah Brassey and the Lady Evelyn Farquhar. Next, as to the large family piece now being exhibited in Rome—*The Studio of the Painter*—I have seen it as yet only in three fine studies, each a picture, spacious, well composed, and handled with grace and energy. They are as good as *The Grey Drawing-Room.*

It is in outdoor scenes that we find the most difficult portrait-groups, if we except *The State Visit of Queen Victoria to Glasgow*, which has a rank by itself. *The Tennis Match*, painted at Cartbank Cathcart, N.B., and exhibited in 1886, has been reviewed (pp. 47–8); it is better as a whole than *The Croquet Party*, a work four years younger, certainly fresh, with a cool, gay background of sea, but without the original inspiration that makes *The Tennis Match* a pioneer, not a sequel, not a follower. In 1892, at the Old Salon in Paris, Lavery was represented by a young lady on horseback, a large canvas and impressive also. The horse, painted with arch sympathy and a free and nimble touch, was kept away from that pomp of style which Regnault borrowed from classical traditions for his triumphing *Portrait équestre de Juan Prim.* Lavery, too, avoided the semi-human horse of Landseer and the unaired horses of Herring and Stubbs. It was Morland who first looked at horses from a stableman's point of view and put them out of doors in art, not in strict relation to their surroundings, but with a keen appreciation for their equine habits and characteristics. Lavery has the same love for horses as horses, and he has carried the art of Morland

into the sun and fresh air, adding decorative attributes of design that Morland very seldom tried to employ.

But in the picture of 1892, as in *The Amazon* at this year's Academy, he added to the difficulties of his work by putting the horse in a position that faces our right, so we see neither the skirts of the lady's riding-habit nor the means by which she keeps her balance on the saddle. An architect has to face a problem rather similar to this when he designs a column that seems too thin for the weight which it has to carry. It does not look safe, neither does a lady on horseback when we behold her from the near side, facing our right hand. There is something incomplete in the relation of the rider with her horse, and Lavery turned again and again to his first equestrian group in the hope that he would improve the lady's figure.

It was heroic to attack the same problem again this year. And I wish to note besides the long thoroughness that preceded this winter's work. *The Amazon* was chosen as a subject three or four years ago; studies, large and small, were made in the open at Tangier, once in a wind so strong that it denuded the painter's brush of its loaded pigment; women models were brought from England; experiments were made in the use of different-tinted riding-habits; and what colour should the horse be? Once in the market-place at Tangier Lavery saw a golden-haired cob, and for a considerable time he longed to do a golden painting. Then, at last, he chose a white horse, set it in the wind and the heat and glare, on a hill-top, with the sky as a background; and now, from studies and repeated observations, he began, in his studio at Tangier, the life-size picture, his most recent tribute to the

plein air movement of which Bastien-Lepage was the first representative.

Two or three odd facts of interest now find place at the end of this chapter, the first being the simplicity of Lavery backgrounds in portraits painted indoors. Some men fake their backgrounds, with screens and tapestries and what nots; if the results are good as decoration, we are all delighted; but the danger is that intricate backgrounds, before they are resolved into silence and subordination, may interfere with that unlaboured unity of the painted surface which is so attractive when it is found in all parts of a portrait. Lavery, in this matter, runs as little risk as he can, so it is characteristic of his method that he grew tired of the staircase behind *Miss Elsie as the Merry Widow* and made that background less ornate. His aim always, and he is right, no doubt, is to get with a full, fat brush a rapid and a good result, truthful in values, and with the same fresh sentiment of technique everywhere. Fatigued plots of colour would annoy his painter's conscience and give him no end of worry. If the pigment becomes too tacky between the sittings, he scrapes off as much as he can with his palette-knife, and, if needful, repaints the whole work afresh. The sittings last two hours, and he likes to have them day after day, so that slow-drying pigments may enable him to finish the work in the first day's paint. There is then a fair chance that very important minor parts—hands, for example—may be kept from getting a wearied aspect, which they are likely to get when the three agents of painting—sight, emotion, expression—are not instantaneous and spontaneous.

Briefly, then, John Lavery at his best is not a draughts-

man who uses colours; he is a painter who designs and models with a full brush; and nature has given him an eye for tone that many brilliant portraitists would be proud to possess. His methods have pitfalls of their own, of course; they betray him, here and there, into false construction; but this applies to all methods, past and present. No artist can keep always on the higher level of his achievement. The common lot of human skill is to be unequal in production; and I hope that no artist would wish to be as perfect as a well-kept machine. For this reason, and no other, I am not one of those art-lovers who claim all excellence as a right and who find bitter fault with all shortcomings. Perhaps they may be fortunate in their voracious egotism, since they seem very pleased with themselves; but I prefer to accept with ardent gratitude the best that a man of genius has done, leaving his natural errors to be preyed upon by anyone who wants to sum up in himself the functions of jury and judge and executioner.

THE RED HAMMOCK

1906

CHAPTER XII

WHISTLER, LAVERY, AND THE INTERNATIONAL

IT was during those two memorable years in which James McNeill Whistler tried to manage the Society of British Artists that he and Lavery came into touch with each other. The younger man was not a follower of the elder, but he sympathised with the Whistlerian aims and criticisms, finding that they confirmed what he had gathered from Velazquez and his own studies. For this reason he sent in pictures to the British Artists while Whistler presided there, and he ceased to exhibit when Wyke Bayliss, in November, 1888, took the chair from which Whistler had been chivied by a revolt against autocratic discipline.

Till 1896 Lavery made Glasgow his head-quarters, so that he was an outsider in the London policies of art; but in 1896 he came with his little household to London, and for a year or so he worked at 2 Spencer Street, Westminster, where Alfred East lent him a studio. Then he took up his abode at 5 Cromwell Place, Kensington, where, in a neighbourhood convenient for his work as a portrait painter, he found an excellent studio, designed and built by Sir Coutts Lindsay. Just before, in the summer of 1896, a scheme was mentioned to him that had for its aim the creation of a new art society with Whistler as chief of the staff.

This proposition came from Mr. Francis Howard, and the details of the plan were all interesting. To get together the more advanced artists of the day, and to found an exhibition where pictures and sculpture would be shown under favourable conditions, well lighted, carefully hung, and never crowded together; this was the general scheme, and continental artists would be contributors by invitation.

Although Lavery had made it a rule to hold himself aloof from any occupation that would interfere with his painting, the organisation of this new society appealed to him for many reasons, and he entered into Mr. Howard's plans with enthusiasm, influenced by his respect for Whistler as an artist, and also by the idea that he could help to raise a monument to Whistler by surrounding him with the best painters of the day, whose sympathy would be a proof that he was appreciated by his brethren. Side by side with this feeling for Whistler, there was another consideration that attracted Lavery. Continental artists had done much for their British confrères, and the proposed society would enable him and others to reciprocate favours and courtesies.

But these reasons alone would not have justified a busy painter in spending much time on troublesome work aside from his own profession; and Lavery believed that a new exhibition would be of practical use to him, because neither the Royal Academy nor yet the New Gallery would show his pictures at that time, and the Grafton, where he could and did exhibit, was not quite satisfactory, as the light there was defective. So he took up Mr. Howard's scheme, forgetting that things—and especially things

artistic—are seldom what they seem. The elder Dumas said of literary collaboration that the leading partner, the man who did the main work, fared badly, as a rule; and this applies also to the management of artistic societies. Neither Lavery nor Mr. Howard has received just recognition for his long helpfulness to the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers. Whistler never claimed, but somehow he had thrust upon him much credit to which he was not entitled, as we shall see later.

It was Mr. Francis Howard in 1897 who "conceived the idea of promoting a company to hold an exhibition at Prince's Skating Club, Knightsbridge. As the artists were to incur no financial responsibilities, and have complete artistic control, Whistler consented"—he was very glad, as a matter of fact—"to co-operate. The first meeting was on December 23, 1897, and there were present John Lavery, E. A. Walton, G. Sauter, and Francis Howard. Whistler, who had been consulted, at first agreed that members of the Royal Academy, and other artistic bodies, should be admitted, and at the second meeting, February 7, 1898, Mr. Alfred Gilbert, R.A., took the chair."[1] But differences of opinion soon arose, and several English members withdrew from the International Council, with Mr. Gilbert and the late Arthur Melville. But at last, on April 23, an excellent society was formed, with Whistler as President, John Lavery as Vice-President, and Francis Howard as Honorary Secretary, a position that he occupies now. The President, who was usually away from London, held office till 1903, when he died, on July 17th. Rodin

[1] *The Life of James McNeill Whistler*, by E. R. and J. Pennell, Vol. II, pp. 216–17.

was then invited to be President—"*Président pour rire*," as he said himself, knowing that he would be far away from all council meetings. The utmost that Rodin could do was to show his sympathy in letters and to approve what was done by the active managers, with the Vice-President as leader. Lavery would have been wise had he retired from office after helping to organise the Whistler Memorial Exhibition of 1905, for his duties were a heavy strain on his health; but sentiment coming between him and the repose that he needed, it was not till 1908, after ten years of anxious and fatiguing service, that he resigned his titular Vice-Presidency, which, of course, in all matters of hard work, was the office of Chairman and President.

It is natural that public interest should centre around these years in the fortunes of the Society that brought Whistler and Lavery into association; natural, because Whistler took so much pains to harm his appeal as an artist by making himself too conspicuous as a combative and witty man. Far too much has been said since Whistler died about his lawsuits and his many quarrels; here, happily, there is no need to mention them at all, for Whistler and Lavery worked together without friction, probably because the younger man gave a plain answer to all leading questions, whether spoken or written, unlike many of Whistler's companions and acquaintances, who seemed to be afraid of those swift ironies that did not hurt all at once, but that began to irritate after they had worked in the mind for a few hours.

It was not a perfect friendliness that united these two artists in their joint labours for the International. It recalls to memory the friendliness of Turner and Ruskin,

LADY IN BLACK

which had many reserves. The disparity of age was not the same, for Ruskin was Turner's junior by forty-five years, while twenty-two parted Lavery from his President. But Whistler, like Turner, was not only hypersensitive and suspicious, his temper had been embittered by many years of public opposition, and this put a feeling of restraint between him and many of his associates. For example, he would have been glad to join the Chelsea Arts Club, and Lavery proposed him as an Honorary Member, but the motion was not carried. What Arts Club would ever have thrown such a rebuke at the great friendly masters, Velazquez and Hals, Rembrandt and Rubens, Titian, Raphael, and many others?

Yet Whistler was often very kind, a child at heart, wayward and affectionate; and he loved play-acting. Was he not mistaken by an innkeeper for a gentleman from the music-'alls? And it was never at all easy to know how much was real, or how much was feigned, in his rapid moods. With Fantin-Latour he was candid and loyal, sometimes low in spirits and glad to plead for sympathy. "Ah, Fantin! je sais si peu! les choses ne vont pas vite." So, too, during his last years, he wrote beautiful letters to several persons, as to Mr. William Webb. The play-acting was not continual. But, as a rule, all actions stage-managed by one faculty of his mind were watched with great interest by the rest of Whistler's intellect. When he deliberately "lost" a letter because he did not wish to read it, the actor related the fact to a few companions, in order to have an audience. My belief is that Whistler was born to be a great author, perhaps a dramatist, perhaps a novelist, but the freaks of

chance having thrown his lot among painters, he made up his mind to succeed, but not without having his fling as a writer and satirist. He quoted from himself even in a catalogue of the International Society,[1] not under his own pictures, but under those by Aubert André and William M. Chase.

His favourite hobby was to compose letters. John Lavery received many. Some were personal letters, vivid, racy, thoughtful, kind, sympathetic; others were official letters, and concerned the International Society and its intricate management.[2] Lavery would have been better pleased if Whistler had not left him in the chair doing all the work, while the President wrote very brilliant and satirical letters at a safe distance from the battlefield. These documents are curious and entertaining from a literary standpoint, but the long-suffering Vice-President and his committee, struggling at close quarters with financial troubles and artistic difficulties, would have preferred to see their chief at an occasional council. For written advice and persiflage, though helpful and delightful, as a rule, had not the value of Whistler's presence. He attended only three or four of the many meetings, and he presided there with such courtly distinction, such a charm of manner, that his absence from other councils was keenly regretted.

The Vice-President felt it more than anyone else, not only because his correspondence with Whistler occupied much time, letter following letter, but also because he had

[1] The Third Exhibition, 191 Piccadilly, October 7th to December 10th, 1901.

[2] All these letters are withheld from this book, because their copyright belongs to their author's personal representative.

to bear the brunt of all vexations and trials. It was Lavery who had to reconcile differences of opinion, for example. Mr. and Mrs. Pennell say that "personal jealousies, and personal preferences . . . crept in, as they always will"; and they never crept out, but remained active year after year, harassing the Vice-President. Whistler, meantime, was in Paris, or at the Pavillon Madeleine, Pourville-sur-Mer, or else on a trip to Ajaccio, Corsica, in search of health. It was not possible for all his letters to be in tune with the temper of the London meetings.

Yet Lavery played his part with unfailing discretion, with a judicious tact which at the right moment passed from compromise to firmness. Whistler knew this, and he never tired of seeking help from Lavery. "Don't be ever saddened and solemn about committee matters," he said, "but tell me something amusing, as one Irishman should to another, that I may think I am getting rid of the 'grippe' as I laugh." Being at a distance from the council board, Whistler could afford to speak like that; nothing hindered him from coming to swift and definite decisions; and these were then left to the Vice-President and his untiring patience and management.

In the main the decisions were good, but on certain points Lavery could not see eye to eye with Whistler. He desired above all things that the International should be self-supporting, and he believed that Londoners would not come to a new exhibition unless the newspaper press told them about it. Whistler, on the other hand, hated newspapers, and wished to break away from the custom of sending press tickets to journalists.

It is right to sympathise with the principle underlying

that wish. Critics ought to write under a very strong feeling of responsibility, since works of art, like all other productions, belong to the means by which workers earn their bread and keep their self-respect as good citizens; but when journalists are invited to write criticisms and to publish them immediately, without afterthought and revision, the excessive freedom here granted by invitation is certain to be misused pretty often; and Whistler all his life, like Turner, suffered much from rapid adventurers in æsthetics.

Moreover, editors accept opinions on artists that they would not dare to publish about tradesmen, who hold firmly to the common law that protects market goods from inaccurate or unfair comment. There is not an editor in Great Britain who would let a correspondent say that the silk displayed by a given shop is heavily weighted by a solution of tin; while scores of editors, without verification, will print statements about given artists that cannot fail to do harm, causing patrons to lose confidence in their clients, and giving erroneous opinions to the public about the worth of specified work.

Lavery knew this as familiarly as Whistler, but he knew besides that journalistic criticism could not be improved by the action of any single society which declined to send out press tickets. The International would commit suicide if it scorned publicity, since Londoners had yet to be made acquainted with its aims.

The first exhibition was opened in May, 1898, and a more various and inspiriting show of contemporary worth could not have been chosen. Here was a Congress of International Art, broad in its sympathies and very well

WHITE FEATHERS
(*Sydney Gallery, New South Wales.*)

managed. Whistler and Lavery hoped that, with sufficient help from the members, they would be able to arrange similar exhibitions on the Continent and in the United States of America. From 1898 to Whistler's death in 1903, the International Society carried out this idea at Düsseldorf, Munich, and Budapesth, then at Pittsburg, Philadelphia, St. Louis, and Chicago. Still more would have been done but for straitened limits of finance.

Indeed, there was a heavy loss on the first year's work, and if unexpected help had not come from outside, the Society would have been bankrupt. The late Mr. Staats Forbes gave a generous donation, and Mr. Neven-du-Mont, whose early death was a serious loss to art, sent £500 to the Vice-President, saying that his name was not to be mentioned. There is no need for secrecy now; and the memory of Neven-du-Mont is one to be honoured.

This financial crisis having passed, the International began to put its affairs on a firm business footing. One of Whistler's friends, Mr. William Webb, consented to act as Honorary Solicitor and Treasurer; he attended all meetings and his advice was invaluable.

"Whistler soon realised that it was utterly impossible for a man to serve actively in two rival societies; he had said as much when he was trying to instil new life into the British Artists, and he now determined that members of the Council of the International who were members of other societies must leave the Society, or, if not, he would. His decision was precipitated by a new election to the Council. He was in Paris at the time, and the fact that two members of the Council left London at almost an hour's notice for the Rue du Bac to arrange matters with

him, shows how completely and actively he identified himself with the affairs of the Society. The whole episode is typical. They arrived early in the morning. He was not up, but sent word that they must breakfast with him in the studio. During breakfast he talked of everything but the Society; after breakfast he made them listen to a Fourth of July spread-eagle oration squeaked out of a primitive gramophone somebody had presented him with, to his enduring amusement; and not until the last twenty minutes before they had to start on their return, would he refer to the deadlock in the Council. Then he had all his plans ready and stated just what he proposed to do, just what he wanted done, just what must be done—just, we might add, what was done."

I quote from Mr. and Mrs. Pennell, but I do not understand the tone of awe in their narrative. It is clear that Whistler was very rude to his visitors. He was play-acting regardless of their self-respect, and his Council must have needed abundant patience when primitive gramophones and other stage-effects were introduced by him into urgent business.

But Whistler was right to believe that an artist could not serve actively in two rival societies. This was recognised by Reynolds and George III when the Royal Academy was founded, and a constitutional law still forbids all members from belonging to other art institutions. Yet, somehow, knighthoods have been conferred on associates and academicians who, as acting presidents to other artistic bodies, have defied the charter of their guild.

For the rest, Whistler and Lavery continued to work together, writing many letters, and training the Society

to believe in itself. At the second exhibition (May to July, 1899), and at the first, attempts were made to attract the public with music and receptions and entertainments, "but Whistler strongly objected to music, saying that the two arts should be kept quite separate, as people who came to hear the music could not see the pictures, and people who came to see the pictures would not want to hear the music. There were also serious misunderstandings with the proprietor and the promoters, the former wishing to see some of his friends represented, and the latter to see some of their money back, and the outlook was rather gloomy."[1]

But it brightened after a while. There was no financial loss on the third exhibition, opened at 191 Piccadilly, October 7, 1901. Prosperity never came, but a moderate success continued; and through all anxious times, from 1898 to 1908, the Vice-President received unfailing help from E. A. Walton, George Sauter, and other members of the Council.

To be in office for ten years as chairman of a busy institute—this responsible toil, as I have said, was a great strain on Lavery's health; and was it worth while? Did the final result justify the use of so much time and of so much physical vigour? Londoners do not crowd to the International, despite the excellence of the shows. There is but one exhibition in London that holds the public; it is the Royal Academy, which not only weathers all storms, but renews the spirit of youth. Lavery became an Associate this year; and other recent elections have been admirable.

[1] Mr. and Mrs. Pennell, *Life of James McNeill Whistler*, Vol. II, p. 225.

Here I end this monograph,[1] but not without remembering one of Whistler's ideas, that an artist begins a new career to-day, and continues it to-morrow. John Lavery has given us a great deal, but we wait for much more. His life, down to the present day, has been brave and thorough, and I have tried to make the story of it a tonic of hope and a guide to promising students, whose contests with the world have yet to be fought. *Their* future will be the future of art; and may they never forget that, in the perennial war created by human effort everywhere, the best weapons for self-defence are humour, and cool judgment, and a quiet patience full of grit. Without these steadying qualities, genius to a man is nothing less than a curse.

In this book, again, as in my monograph on Frank Brangwyn, an appeal is made to those who believe that every generation ought to protect its own good genius. Reverence for the Old Masters has dangers of its own; if carried too far, it hinders current effort by nourishing an excessive awe of tradition and authority. At a time when depression reigns in a thousand studios, while the airmanship of speculative finance soars up and up to £70,000 for an old picture, there is much to degrade hope into pessimism. It is not by enriching National Galleries with gems from other historic collections that our modern democracy can give men heart to do with high courage

[1] I hope the Appendices will be found useful. They have taken much time and care but the painter has given the same titles to many pictures, and this may have betrayed me into some errors. It is no easy matter to distinguish between all the Ladies in Black, in White, and in other colours. Novelists and playwrights cannot be easy-going when they name their works. Why painters should be so I do not know, but a maze of repetition in titles is a great hindrance to a biographer.

TANGIER—EVENING
(*Birmingham Art Gallery.*)

what they are best fitted to do very well. Indeed, the useful and necessary thing is to remember always that every great period of the past believed in itself and showed with busy pride an ardent faith in its own doings. Old Masters are invaluable to us mainly because they should keep us from forgetting that classics are great days from vanished types of society.

For these reasons, surely, books on living artists ought to be in some measure a counterpoise to the commercial tactics by which the Old Masters are turned into foes of to-day's ambitions. On this pressing theme I will say nothing further of my own, but let me quote a few lines from an Old Master of original thought. Goethe spoke one day to Eckermann about the unfavourable position held by all English dramatic authors who had appeared after Shakespeare. He said:

"A dramatic talent of any importance could not forbear to notice Shakespeare's works, nay, could not forbear to study them. Having studied them, he must know that Shakespeare has already exhausted the whole of human nature in all its tendencies, in all its heights and depths, and that, in fact, there remains for him, the aftercomer, nothing more to do. And how could one get courage even to put pen to paper, if one were conscious—in an earnest appreciating spirit—that such unfathomable and unattainable merits were already in existence!

"It fared better with me fifty years ago in my own dear Germany. I could soon come to an end with all that then existed; it could not long awe me, or occupy my attention. I soon left behind me German literature, and the study of it, and turned my thoughts to life and to production. . . .

But had I been born an Englishman, and had all those numerous masterpieces been brought before me in all their glory, at my first dawn of youthful consciousness, they would have overpowered me, and I should not have known what to do. . . Shakespeare is even too rich and too magnificent. A productive *nature* ought not to read more than one of his dramas in a year if it would not be wrecked entirely. . . ."

Old genius, then, like the sun, has one power that kills and another power that cheers and ripens. It has temperate zones where we are helped by it as we work; it has tropics where we are subdued by it and made lax and feeble.

In the temperate zones we not only love the present, but we never lose faith in the ultimate destiny of man upon earth.

APPENDIX I

PICTURES AND SKETCHES FROM 1880 TO 1900

A SELECTED LIST

1880

ROYAL GLASGOW INSTITUTE. *Pious Reflections.* Subject: A girl half-kneeling on a chair before a Madonna picture by Raphael. Catalogue price, £10 10s. See page 33.

1881

ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY. *The Courtship of Julian Peveril,* painted at Hetherley's School in 1879. Subject: An unhappy love affair between a cavalier and a Quaker girl of William Penn's time. See page 33.

1882

Painted *Les Deux Pêcheurs* at Nogent-sur-Marne.

1883

OLD SALON, PARIS. *Les Deux Pêcheurs* placed on the line, and sold to the father of René de Saint-Marceaux. See page 43.

GLASGOW INSTITUTE. *After the Dance,* priced £5; *Lamia,* priced £30; *Between the Sittings,* priced £15; *The Heart of a Rose,* priced £30.

Worked for some weeks at Grès-sur-Loing, a village south of Fontainebleau Forest. Friendships with William Stott, Frank O'Meara, William Patrick Whyte, and Alexander Harrison. Returned to Grès next year, and stayed there for nine months.

1884

OLD SALON, PARIS. *La Rentrée des Chèvres.* See page 47.

GLASGOW INSTITUTE. *Early Morning*, priced £12; *A Reverie*, priced £60; *Late!*, priced £20; *One of the Congregation*, priced £8.

SCOTTISH ACADEMY. *Ye Maid was in the Garden hanging out the Clothes;* also *A Passing Salute*, afterwards known as *The Bridge at Grès*, 72 in. by 36 in.; a river scene with a man in a skiff kissing his hand to a couple of girls in a distant boat. Exhibited also at Glasgow, 1885; Academy, London, 1890; Bronze Medal, Paris International, 1889; Munich, 1890; and later at Vienna, Brussels, Budapesth, Cologne, Stuttgart, Prague, Düsseldorf, Dresden, New York, Pittsburg, Philadelphia. Gold Medal, Carnegie Art Institute, Pittsburg, 1897. See page 46.

1885

SCOTTISH ACADEMY. *Winter; Sketch in a Ballroom;* and *It was about a Lover.*

GLASGOW INSTITUTE. *The Model*, priced £9 9s.; *On the Loing—an Afternoon's Chat*, priced £100. See page 47.

1886

ROYAL ACADEMY, LONDON. *On the Bridge at Grès*, a different picture from *The Bridge at Grès; Be a good Dog—Beg!;* also *A Tennis Party*, a fine picture, now at Munich in the Pinakothek. Size, 72 in. by 36 in. Painted at Cartbank Cathcart, N.B., and exhibited in Paris, 1888 (Bronze Medal); in Edinburgh, 1889; in Glasgow, 1887; and elsewhere. See pages 47–48, 72, 88.

GLASGOW INSTITUTE. *In Disgrace*, priced £25; *Intruders*, and a good picture called *Convalescence*, which Whistler hung at the British Artists in 1887. Re-exhibited 1911 in the Scottish Exhibition, Glasgow, from the collection of T. M. Ronaldson, M.D. Successful at Paris in 1889.

Ariadne, 50 in. by 40 in., belongs to 1886. Exhibited at Glasgow Institute, 1890; Lavery Exhibition at Goupil Gallery, London, 1891,

Old Salon, Paris, 1892, Scottish Academy 1892, and Lavery Exhibition at Venice, 1910. Robert Strathearn's collection. See pages 53, 68, 72.

1887

ROYAL ACADEMY. *The Brook.*

SCOTTISH ACADEMY, *Two Friends;* also *The Fall of the Leaf.* Painted at the Glen, Paisley. A good landscape, 50 in. by 40 in., successful at Munich, Berlin, Düsseldorf, Paris, and Pittsburg, U.S.A. Rejected by the Royal Academy in 1890. See page 72.

GLASGOW INSTITUTE. *One of the Queen's Marys.* Lavery was much occupied then with the history of Mary Queen of Scots.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS. *Summer Time* and *Convalescence.* In the winter exhibition, 1887–8, *A Girl in Grey*, and a portrait, *Master Hubert Stewart Smiley.*

1888

OLD SALON, PARIS. Bronze Medal of Third Class awarded to *A Tennis Match.*

SCOTTISH ACADEMY. *A Summer Day.*

GLASGOW INSTITUTE. *A Fair Flower*, and the portrait of a lady dressed in black.

GLASGOW INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION and the State Visit of Queen Victoria, August 22, 1888. Lavery was commissioned to paint a large commemoration picture of the Queen's reception.

Had on view at the Craibe Angus Gallery about forty pictures of scenes in the grounds and kiosks of the International Exhibition. See page 75 *et seq.*

1889

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, PARIS. Bronze Medal awarded to *The Bridge at Grès.*

OLD SALON, PARIS. *Mary Queen of Scots, the Morning after the Battle of Langside, Dawn, May 14, 1568.* See under 1890.

GROSVENOR GALLERY. *Eurydice*, and a portrait of Princess Alice of Hesse.

At work on studies for the commemoration picture, visiting Windsor

Castle, where sketches were made of Queen Victoria, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and the ladies and equerries who had attended the Queen to Glasgow. To Darmstadt also, where his sitters were the Princess Alice and her father and brother.

1890

OLD SALON, PARIS. *L'Automne: The Fall of the Leaf.* See under 1887.

GROSVENOR GALLERY. *A French Ferry*, and *Mary Queen of Scots, the Morning after Langside.* Exhibited also at the Royal Scottish Academy in 1891. See pages 71–72.

GLASGOW INSTITUTE. *Dear Lady Disdain*, and *Jenny—a Portrait. Ariadne.*

Finished the commemoration picture of Queen Victoria's State Visit to the Glasgow Exhibition, August 22, 1888. This work is now in the Glasgow Art Gallery; it measures 13 ft. 4 in. long by 8 ft. 5 in. high. The original sketch, done during the ceremony (for the most part), is reproduced in this book.

The Glasgow "School" had an exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery. Lavery successful.

To Morocco in the autumn; many good sketches were made at Tangier.

1891

ROYAL ACADEMY. *Portrait of Lennox Browne, F.R.C.S.*

GLASGOW INSTITUTE. *An Irish Girl*, and a portrait of J. Stewart Clark, Esq.

Presentation picture exhibited in Glasgow by Wilson, the Scotch Whiteley, who paid the painter £1000.

Mr. D. Croal Thomson arranged and opened a Lavery Exhibition at the Goupil Gallery, London, in June. Thirty-five sketches and pictures:—

An Irish Girl, Snake Charmers in the Soko at Tangier, The Jewish Quarter at Tangier, The Soko at Tangier, Entrance to the Soko, The Little Soko at Tangier, The Orange Market at Tangier, Camels in the Soko, The North Gate at Tangier, A Corner near the Mosque, The Mosque (after

Sunset), Tangier from the Hôtel Continental, Street Scene at Tangier, Moonlight—Tangier, The Kasbah—Tangier, In a Street at Tangier, The Guitar, Table d'Hôte at the Bungalow, and *On Board the S.S. Kaiser-i-Hind.*

Ariadne, A Tennis Match, The Night after the Battle of Langside, Miss Laura Johnson as Juliet, The Hammock, Twilight—The International Exhibition at Glasgow, The Siren (a pastel), *A Rally* (water-colour), *Hamilton Park—the April Meeting, Hamilton Park—the May Meeting; West George Street, Glasgow; A Song and Dance Artiste, A Summer Afternoon, A Girl in White,* and two portraits, one a large equestrian piece.

While this exhibition was open at the Goupil Gallery, Mr. M'Lean in the Haymarket had on view the commemoration picture of the State Visit of Queen Victoria to the Glasgow International Exhibition.

To show what the older critics thought of Lavery's work in the Goupil Gallery, here is a criticism from *The Athenæum:* "Well worth seeing, although they are rather effective sketches than pictures, and are disappointing to those who enjoyed the fine taste and more wholesome art shown in *Lawn Tennis.* He now practises an extremely clever, somewhat feverish, and voluptuous sort of Impressionism, which is rich in tone and soft, is pale in tint, and is entirely destitute of that surface finish and searching draughtsmanship in which artists should take delight; homogeneous and broad, it is deficient in brilliancy of light, but not in force or in scientific coloration. Mr. Lavery's taste is a trifle meretricious. . . . To subject, in the ordinary sense of that term, he pays no heed, because his subject is his art, tonality, colour, and harmony. Technically speaking, Mr. Lavery's art combines much borrowed from Mr. Whistler with a good deal of M. Chaplin; but he has hardly caught the best qualities of either of them. His *Ariadne* is a semi-naked model, half-clad in semi-diaphanous draperies, standing against a deep, rich, somewhat Titian-like sea, and, in a demonstrative attitude, calling to empty space. The carnations are as fine as they well can be in work of this kind, but the handling of the flesh is loose in touch and almost devoid of form. There is plenty of *chic* and a somewhat tawdry beauty in *Snake Charmers,* an *Irish Girl,* and *Miss Laura Johnson as Juliet.* The landscapes and figure compositions before us are all of them effective, and some of them are sumptuous."

Not a bad criticism, seeing that its writer had no sympathy with the new outlook in landscape and in figure painting. The reference to Chaplin was a mistake; Alfred Stevens had some influence over Lavery, not Chaplin.

1892

WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXHIBITION, CHICAGO. An Equestrian Portrait medalled.

ROYAL ACADEMY. *Katherine and Esther, daughters of Lord McLaren.* Exhibited also at the Salon Champ-de-Mars, in 1895.

OLD SALON, PARIS. *A Lady on Horseback.*

GLASGOW INSTITUTE. *A Girl in Grey*, and *Mother and Son: Mrs. Lawrie and Edwin*, now in the Modern Gallery, Venice. See page 152.

Exhibited about twenty portraits of women and girls at the Lawrie Gallery, Glasgow.

Lavery accompanied Guthrie and Roche on a long tour, first through Holland, then to Italy, where they visited Venice, Florence, and Rome, and then through the Tyrol into Germany, where they had a merry time with the young artists of Munich, who, very much influenced by the Glasgow Brotherhood, had formed themselves into a Society of Secessionists.

To Spain shortly afterwards.

Elected Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy.

1893

ROYAL ACADEMY. *A Moorish Dance*, and *Mrs. J. J. Cowan and Laura*, 72 in. by 38 in. Exhibited also at the Salon Champ-de-Mars in 1895.

SALON CHAMP-DE-MARS. *Lord McLaren*, and *A Lady in Black: Miss Esther McLaren.* Medalled at Pittsburg, U.S.A., in 1897.

GLASGOW INSTITUTE. *Portrait of Mrs. Burrell.*

SCOTTISH ACADEMY. *The Night after the Battle of Langside, May 13, 1568.* This picture, now in the Brussels Museum, measures 6 ft. long by 4 ft. 2 in. high. Begun in 1885, it was not definitely finished till 1895; it marked a fortunate endeavour to bring distant and known events into the fresh air of a frankly modern

outlook in landscape art associated with figures. On this account it appealed strongly to continental painters and art writers; and we find here a parallel to the effect which that marvellous boy, R. P. Bonington, in his intimate and lively historical themes, had on leading French figure painters between 1820 and 1840. Described on page 70. Exhibited in 1891 at Lavery Exhibition, Goupil Gallery, London; Paris, Champ-de-Mars, 1894; Liverpool, 1898; Ghent, 1899; Lavery Exhibition at Venice, 1910.

1894

ROYAL ACADEMY. A picture already mentioned—*A Lady in Black: Miss Esther McLaren.*

SALON CHAMP-DE-MARS. *Rhoda*, and a very important male portrait: *R. B. Cunninghame Graham*, an admirable tribute to Velazquez, now in the Glasgow Gallery. Height, 6 ft. 8 in.; width, 3 ft. 6½ in. Standing, front view, dressed in riding-coat and gaiters, right hand resting on a stick; the colour grave and sober, with Paisley tints in the scarf around the neck, and a note of red in the handkerchief that projects from the pocket of the undercoat. Painted in 1893. See pages 98 and 136–137.

SCOTTISH ACADEMY. *Portrait of Lady Ian Hamilton.* Repainted in 1902 because the artist was dissatisfied with the design.

1895

ROYAL ACADEMY. Two portraits already mentioned.

SALON CHAMP-DE-MARS. Two portraits already mentioned; also *Mrs. Park Lyle*, *Mrs. R. W. Knox*, 72 in. by 36 in., and *The Duchess of Frias*, 50 in. by 40 in., painted at Tangier in 1893, and destroyed in 1897. One picture of the Duchess of Frias still exists. It was called *The White Duchess* at the Grafton Gallery, 1897; sold at Munich in 1898 to Herr Steinhart, of Berlin.

GLASGOW INSTITUTE. *A Portrait Group—Croquet*, in the same style as *A Tennis Party*, but not so good. Dates from 1890.

1896

ROYAL ACADEMY. *Ann Montgomery Knox and her Father.* From this date onward to the present year, 1911, no picture by Lavery

was seen at the Royal Academy. In 1897 the portrait of Mrs. Colquhoun Reade was rejected; after this slight the painter sent his work elsewhere.

SALON CHAMP-DE-MARS. *Miss Mary Burrell*, painted in 1894. 73 in. by 36 in. Exhibited also at Glasgow, 1897; Edinburgh, 1898; London, 1898. Seen again at Venice in 1910.

GLASGOW INSTITUTE. *The Rev. Fergus Ferguson, M.A., LL.D.*

ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY. *The Rocking-Chair.* Painted in 1892.

Elected Royal Scottish Academy. Diploma picture, *The Rocking-Chair.*

1897

PITTSBURG, CARNEGIE INSTITUTE. Gold Medal. *The Bridge at Grès*, and *A Lady in Black: Miss Esther McLaren.*

SALON CHAMP-DE-MARS. *A Lady in Black: Miss Thalia Treadwell.* Exhibited also at Society of Portrait Painters, Grafton Galleries, 1896; Munich Secession, 1897; Edinburgh, 1898. This picture was spoiled in an attempt to take off the varnish. Repainted November, 1898, from Mrs. Swinnerton. Brussels Museum.

ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY. *Miss Oliver and Miss McLaren.*

December 23, first meeting to set on foot an International Congress for contemporary artists—an idea strongly advocated by Whistler. Mr. Francis Howard had got together a company to open an exhibition at Prince's Skating Rink, Knightsbridge. Second meeting, February 7, 1898, Mr. Alfred Gilbert, R.A., taking the chair. On February 16 Whistler was elected Chairman, and the most distinguished artists of every nationality were invited to join an Honorary Council. Soon after several English members withdrew from the Council, but on April 23 the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers was formed, with Whistler as President and John Lavery as Vice-President. See Chapter XII.

1898

GLASGOW INSTITUTE. *Portrait of Mrs. Archibald Robertson;* also *Miss Alice Fulton*, of the Glen, Paisley.

SALON CHAMP-DE-MARS. *R. B. Cunninghame Graham and his horse Pampa*, 38 in. by 42 in. Oppenheim Collection, Berlin.

INTERNATIONAL, KNIGHTSBRIDGE. *Mrs. Roger Plowden and Humphry*, 83 in. by 50 in.; *Père et Fille: John Lavery and his Daughter*, 82 in. by 50 in.; *A Garden in France*, painted at Grès in 1897.

Some portraits: *Mrs. Thomson Paton*, 36 in. by 46 in., seated, in black, with bonnet and cape, grey gloves. *William Knox*, 50 in. by 30 in. *Thunder Cloud*, an Indian chief, painted in New York. *Le Soir*, 34 in. by 25 in., *Miss Nora Johnson*, in white evening dress with grey cloak.

1899

INTERNATIONAL, KNIGHTSBRIDGE. *A Lady in Black: Mrs. Swinnerton*, now in the Brussels Museum. *A Lady in Pink: Miss Nora Johnson*, 76½ in. by 49 in., seated on a gilt sofa grey-green in colour, with a yellowish-brown pillow behind her, and a brown curtain as a background.

This picture in 1903 was obliterated with soap and benzol, and another *Lady in Pink* was painted from Miss Mary Delmar Morgan (see pages 93–94). *A Lady in Purple: Miss Nora Johnson*, full-length, purple frock, light grey hat, sable muff and boa. *Polyhymnia* was painted over this work in 1904. *A Regatta*, with a true feeling for wind and movement.

GLASGOW INSTITUTE. *Nora*, three-quarter view, violet evening dress with grey cloak falling from the shoulders. *Willows*, representing a girl in white standing by the River Eure at Petit Andley, spots of sunlight on her frock.

An exhibition of fourteen pictures at Schulte's Gallery in Berlin. *Mrs. Hunter in Black; Père et Fille; Lord McLaren*, head and shoulders, painted in exchange for the three-quarter length done in 1893; *Willows; The Model's Toilette*, nude study, back view, of a girl dressing her hair at a glass in which her face is reflected; *Portrait of Lady Young*, full-length, dressed in black; *Frau Theodore Guilleaume, of Mülheim; Miss Alice Fulton; Madame La Baronne Sobrero*, painted in Rome, 1897; *A Lady in Black: Mrs. Swinnerton; A Scotch Lady: Miss Nora Johnson*, head and shoulders, a blue blouse, and a hat with grey feathers, dark background. Also *A Grey Day*, small river scene, with a girl in white seated in the stern of a boat, reading.

Some portraits painted: *Master Rudolf Schröder*, and *Mrs. Flockhart.*

The Night after the Battle of Langside, bought for the Brussels Museum; and *A Garden in France*, purchased by the Academy of Arts, Philadelphia. The Modern Gallery, Venice, bought *Mother and Son: Mrs. Lawrie and Edwin.*

1900

OLD SALON, PARIS. *Père et Fille: John Lavery and his daughter Eileen.* Luxembourg Gallery.

MANCHESTER. *A Band Stand*, painted in the grounds of the Glasgow International Exhibition, 1888.

BOLTON. *The Lady with the Black Fan.*

GLASGOW INSTITUTE. *James Fitzmaurice Kelly, Esq.*, in a black velvet jacket, seated in a red arm-chair. Painted in 1898.

GRAFTON GALLERY, LONDON. *Mrs. Hoare*, and a sketch of *Lady Young.*

SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT PAINTERS. *Mrs. Stewart Clark*, and *A Lady in White: Miss Nora Johnson.*

VENICE. *The Duchess of Frias*, and *Mother and Son: Mrs. Lawrie and Edwin.*

BERLIN. *Mrs. Colquhoun Reade*, with a brown sable cloak over her evening dress.

Pictures were exhibited also at Berlin Secession, Brussels, Ghent, Monte Carlo, Philadelphia, Paris International, and Vienna Secession.

Some portraits. *Hertha von Guilleaume*, full-length, life-size, a little girl in white against a green background. *Mrs. Kenrick*, three-quarter length, an elderly lady in black, seated. *Frau Oscar Hahn*, head and shoulders, white evening dress; painted at Berlin. *Frau Dr. Idell*, three-quarter length, in pale grey-blue; painted at Berlin. *Marguerite von Höllrigl*, three-quarter length, seated in a basket chair, head in profile, grey-white dress. Now known as *La Dame aux Perles*, Modern Gallery, Dublin.

A sketching season at Grès, where another picture (about 60 in. by 35 in.) was painted of the bridge, in afternoon sunlight; one arch only is shown, and in the middle distance, two girls in a boat. *The Lady Artist*, a Grès subject, representing the back view of a girl who pulls a large ferry-boat in which there is a big canvas; sunlit trees reflected in the River Loing.

Appendix I: Pictures and Sketches

At work on the mural painting for the Municipal Buildings at Glasgow. Subject: *Shipbuilding on the Clyde.*

Pictures bought for public galleries: *White Feathers*, by Sydney, New South Wales, and *A Lady in Black: Mrs. Swinnerton*, by the Brussels Museum.

Medals awarded. International Exhibition, Brussels, First-Class Medal to *The Model's Toilette*, and a portrait, *Lord McLaren*. Paris, International Exhibition, First-Class Medal, three portraits, *Lady Young*, *Frau von Guilleaume*, and *A Lady in Black: Mrs. Hunter.*

APPENDIX II

PICTURES AND SKETCHES FROM 1901 TO 1911

A SELECTED LIST

1901

SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT PAINTERS. *Mrs. Arthur Franklin; Fräulein Hertha von Guilleaume; Miss La Primaudaye.*

INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY, LONDON. *Mrs. Spottiswoode and Betty; Mrs. Brown Potter*, half-length, in profile, large black hat with feathers, black coat with white embroidery, and a patch of purple velvet on the shoulder. Exhibited also at Düsseldorf and Mannheim.

VENICE. *Mrs. Brown Potter on Horseback.*

KARLSRUHE. *The Black Poodle; Miss Norah Johnson in Purple; Mrs. Hoare in Blue.*

Pictures were exhibited also at St. Petersburg, Paris, Dresden, Berlin Secession, Budapesth, Münich International, Hanover, and Bremen.

A Tennis Party medalled at Munich and bought for the Pinakothek.

Lavery received an Italian decoration and became Cavaliere of the Crown of Italy.

1902

NEW GALLERY, LONDON. *Spring*, small half-length of a pretty girl, seated, with white flowers. Not to be confused with the large picture entitled *Spring*, now at the Luxembourg, Paris.

SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT PAINTERS. *Lady Ian Hamilton*, and an oval picture, *A Girl in White: Miss Mary Auras.*

CHAMP-DE-MARS, PARIS. *A Lady in Grey and Black: Miss May Robbins*, and *The First Communion*, a portrait of Miss Eileen Lavery.

BERLIN, SCHULTE'S GALLERY. A Lavery Exhibition of eighteen pictures, including portraits of Miss Beardsley, Mrs. Franklin, Frau Block, and Miss La Primaudaye. A few landscapes.

BERLIN SECESSION. *A Lady in Rose and Pearl: Baroness von Höllrigl.*

GHENT. *Tangier the White City.*

Some portraits. *Madame Neven-du-Mont et "Bapsi,"* 50 in. by 40 in., painted for Frau von Guilleaume, of Cologne. *The Hon. Mrs. Burrell*, on a canvas 7 ft. by 4 ft. Repainted the portrait of Lady Ian Hamilton, the one of 1892 being poor in design. *Le Chou Bleu*, now called *The Blonde,* a large and beautiful picture, 6 ft. by 3 ft., belongs to this year (see page 147). Exhibited in America, 1903; Champ-de-Mars, Paris, 1903; New Gallery, London, 1905; and in other exhibitions. Now in the Public Gallery at Buenos Ayres.

Elected Non-Resident Member of the Royal Scottish Academy.

1903

CHAMP-DE-MARS, PARIS. *Le Chou Bleu.*

BUDAPESTH. *Lady Young in Black.* Exhibited also at Schulte's, Berlin, 1899; Guildhall, London, 1900; Liverpool, 1900; Glasgow, 1901; and in South Africa and New South Wales.

VENICE. *The First Communion*, and the portrait of W. E. H. Lecky, now in the Dublin National Gallery. Medalled.

BRUSSELS. *Mrs. Mary Auras in White.*

MUNICH. *Hyde Park.*

SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT PAINTERS. *Mrs. Wetzlar*, in pale pink, very subtle and beautiful, 46 in. by 38 in.; *Lady Maryon-Wilson*, long oval, 24 in. by 36 in., painted for Sir Spencer Maryon-Wilson, Bart. *Miss La Primaudaye in Black*, 60 in. by 33 in.

SOCIETY OF OIL PAINTERS. *The Bridge at Grès, 1900.*

SCOTTISH ACADEMY. *Mrs. Hoare*, and *A Lady in Grey and Black: Miss Robbins.*

Pictures exhibited also at Frankfort, Prague, and in the United States of America, where *Le Chou Bleu* was very successful.

Some portraits. *Spring*, 6 ft. 4 in. by 4 ft. 2 in., painted in Berlin and London, purchased for the Luxembourg by the French Government in 1904. *Frau Gumpertz*, of Berlin, small full-length in black, 60 in. by 30 in. *Arnold Guilleaume*, 24 in. by 30 in. *The Mayor of*

Morley, 50 in. by 40 in.; commissioned by the Corporation of Morley. *Miss Blanche La Primaudaye*, 36 in. by 24 in., in pink. *Mrs. R. B. Cunninghame Graham*, 60 in. by 40 in. *A Lady in Pink: Miss Mary Delmar Morgan*, 76½ in. by 49 in. *Summer*, a girl in bathing-dress by the sea, with a Japanese sunshade in her hand; size of canvas, 6 ft. 3 in. by 4 ft. Given to Rodin in exchange for a bronze group. Lent to the Irish Village, Shepherd's Bush, 1908. *Miss Wedgwood*, a charming portrait, 56 in. by 40 in., exhibited in Berlin. *The Lady in a Green Coat*, 6 ft. by 3 ft.

1904

INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY, LONDON. *A Lady in Pink: Miss Mary Delmar Morgan*, now in the Modern Gallery at Venice. See pages 93–94.

SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT PAINTERS. *The Hon. Mrs. Burrell*, painted in 1902; *The Earl of Donoughmore*, size of canvas 7 ft. by 4 ft., an important work; and *Spring*, now at the Luxembourg Gallery —illustrated in this book.

NEW GALLERY. *Lieutenant Freiherr von Neimans*, life-size, very simple in treatment and full of character.

GUILDHALL. Sixteen pictures by Lavery, including *Mary in Green*, now in the Gallery at Ottawa, *The Green Hammock*, and *The Green Room*.

SCHULTE'S GALLERY, BERLIN. Lavery Exhibition of twenty-five pictures, including *Vera Christie*, *L'Inconnue*, *Une Marseillaise*, *The Channel*, *The White City of Tangier*, *Spring*, *Summer*, *St. John*, and some excellent portraits: *Mrs. Wetzlar*, *Lady Maryon-Wilson*, the *Rt. Hon. W. E. H. Lecky*, *Herr A. G. Arnold Guilleaume*, *Herr G. Gumpertz*, *Frau G. Gumpertz*, and *Miss Wedgwood*.

DRESDEN. *The Lady in a Green Coat*, now in the Bradford Gallery. Painted in 1903.

LEIPZIG. *A Lady in Grey and Blue*, purchased later for the Permanent Gallery; painted from a Viennese lady.

AUTUMN SALON, PARIS. *Mary in Green*, 66 in. by 51 in.

Some portraits. *The Earl of Ellesmere*, for the Bridgewater Trust, 40 in. by 30 in.; *Frau Oppenheim*, Berlin, 50 in. by 36 in.; *Frau*

Gwinner, Berlin, 50 in. by 40 in.; *Frau Grossmann*, Dresden, 50 in. by 40 in.; *Miss Elizabeth Welsh*, for Girton College, Cambridge, 60 in. by 45 in.; *The Sisters: Ladies Evelyn and Norah Hely-Hutchinson*, 50 in. by 40 in.; *Miss Bannatyne*, painted for Mark Bannatyne, Esq., Glasgow, 32 in. by 24 in.; *Mrs. Roy Devereux*, size of canvas, 6 ft. by 3 ft.; *Mrs. Stracey-Clitherow*, a small portrait, 18 in. by 14 in.; *Miss Darling*, painted for Sir Charles Darling, 36 in. by 24 in.; *Miss Di Darling*, 14 in. by 10 in.; *Miss Knowles*, 14 in. by 10 in.

A Lavery Exhibition at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square, London, forty-nine pictures and sketches; with an Introduction written by R. B. Cunninghame Graham.

Catalogue. *A Drawing-Room; Tobacco Factory at Seville; Summer; A Morning-Room; Mrs. Roy Devereux in Pink and Grey; The Soko at Larache; A Street in Tangier; The Lake, Ranelagh; Moonrise, Barbizon; The Beach, Tangier; The Row, Hyde Park; Mary—No. 2; St. Mark's, Venice; The Seine, under the Willows; The Beach at Dieppe; A Cigarette-Maker at Seville; The Riff Mountains, Tetuan; Hunter's Quay on the Clyde; Switzerland, St. Bernard's Pass; Luxembourg Gardens; Old Gateway at Strachur; A Moorish Dance; A Bull Fight, Madrid; The Channel; Dejeûner at Marlotte; Steam Yacht "Vanduara" on the Clyde; A Street in Arzila; Westminster, 9th August, 1902; A Grey Day at Concarneau; Ranelagh, the Swans; The Soko, Tetuan; Hamilton Park Races; Mary—No. 3; On Board the "Ophir"; A Châlet at Lac Champex; Tetuan; Spring; A Garden, Marlotte; Moonrise at Tetuan; A Lady in Brown; Venice, The Grand Canal; A Yacht Race on the Clyde; Mary—No. 4; Our Camp, Tetuan; The Flamenca at Seville; A Foudâk, Morocco; The Piano; Grosvenor Place; A Balcony; and Al Kazar.*

Portrait of W. E. H. Lecky purchased for the National Gallery of Ireland; *A Lady in Black: Miss Esther McLaren* acquired by the Berlin National Gallery; *Spring* goes to the Luxembourg, bought by the French Government.

1905

INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY. *Miss Elizabeth Welsh*, Girton College, Cambridge; *Polyhymnia*, a lady in black leaning over a grand piano, full-length, 6 ft. by 3 ft.; purchased for the National Gallery of

Rome in 1909. Exhibited Schulte's, Berlin, 1905; Paris, 1905; Liverpool, 1905; Brussels, 1906; Franco-British, London, 1908.

SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT PAINTERS. *Master Hoskins*, in brown, standing, 45 in. by 20 in.; *Sir Hickman Beckett Bacon, Bart.*, 36 in. by 28 in.; *Julian Sampson, Esq.*, 26 in. by 20 in.; *Miss Choate*, small full-length, in a bright pink dress, seated, 36 in. by 24 in.; *Colonel F. Maxse, C.B., D.S.O.*, in uniform of the Coldstream Guards, three-quarter length, standing, 50 in. by 40 in.

MUNICH AND DRESDEN. A Lavery Exhibition of ten pictures, the mainstay being *Mary in Green*.

Pictures were shown also at Paris, Budapesth, Venice, and Helsingfors, Finland.

Some portraits. *Hugo Oppenheim*, 56 in. by 36 in., finished in Rome; *Mrs. John Roskell*, oval, 24 in. by 20 in.; *Lockett Croal Thomson*, in tartans, 30 in. by 25 in.; *Lord Windsor*, in a tweed knickerbocker suit and Inverness cape, landscape background, 6 ft. 6 in. by 3 ft. 3 in.; *Mrs. Vuillamy*, seated, in a blue frock with black lace, 48 in. by 38 in.; *Lady Norah Brassey*, life-size, standing, dressed in black with a long sable boa, a black hat with grey-white feathers, a noble picture; *Lady Leila Egerton*, in white, seated on a gilt settee, 4 ft. 7 in. by 3 ft. 2 in.; *Bishop Gore of Birmingham*, the head in profile, on a canvas 30 in. by 24 in., also a larger work, 50 in. by 40 in., seated, a green book in his hands, and dressed in a purple cassock, greenish-grey background.

Mrs. Roy Devereux, life-size, in white silk and white feather boa, daylight on right, and on the left a yellowy reflected light; *The Rt. Hon. John C. Talbot*, 40 in. by 30 in.; *H.H. the Duchess Johann Albrecht of Mecklenburg*, size 50 in. by 36 in.; *Lord and Lady Windsor with their Family*, size 50 in. by 30 in.; *Miss Groom; Miss Reynolds*, seated, in ivory silk with a blue sash; *Miss Leila Paget*, seated, in red silk; *Eileen in Blue*, against a green background, seated in a gilt chair and holding a green book; *Mrs. Gaisford*, in black evening dress, 50 in. by 40 in., and *Mr. Gaisford*, 30 in. by 24 in.; *Miss Irene Macneill*, head and shoulders, three-quarter face against a fawn-coloured background, size of canvas 27 in. by 19 in.; *Miss Dorothy Jefferson*, full-length, in grey-white evening dress and coat, size of canvas 6 ft. 6 in. by 3 ft. 6 in.; *Mrs. Tottie*, of Sherlocks, Ascot, 44 in. by 34 in.; and *The Cliffs at*

Pourville, a fresh and sweet picture, representing Miss Lavery and a lady in white who sits on a white rail by the seaside, her face shaded by a pretty green hat, and the sea beyond troubled by wind on a hot day; size 6 ft. by 4 ft.

A Lady in Grey and Blue, bought by the Leipzig Gallery.

1906

AUTUMN SALON, PARIS. *The Cliffs at Pourville; Mrs. Roy Devereux; Miss Eileen Lavery; Mrs. Yoï Buckley*, half-length, in blue, with sable boa and muff, 28 in. by 32 in.; also an auto-portrait of Lavery.

Some portraits. *Mrs. Fellows Platt*, of New York, painted in Florence, 52 in. by 38 in.; *Lady Walker*, full-length, in white lace dress, violet chiffon scarf, seated on a green grandfather's chair, size of canvas 6 ft. by 4 ft.; *Edward Vuillamy*, 24 in. by 30 in.; *Mrs. Whitin*, head and shoulders, oval canvas, 25 in. by 30 in.; *Miss Whitin*, seated on a window-sill and dressed in a white lace and chiffon frock, size of canvas 6 ft. 3 in. by 3 ft. 3 in.; *Mrs. Ochs*, oval picture, 26 in. by 36 in.; *The Hon. Mrs. Coulson Churchill Fellowes*, 84 in. by 48 in.; *Lady Darling*, painted for Sir Charles Darling, 14 in. by 12 in.; *Lady Donoughmore; Lady Evelyn Farquhar*, in white chiffon over satin, seated in a gilt chair, a blue sunshade in the left hand, white flowers in a glass vase behind, size of canvas 6 ft. by 4 ft.; *Miss Daisy Markham*, in violet dress and brown hat; *Mrs. Charles Baker*, in a white tailor-made costume and a large hat with white lilies, her left hand gloved and resting on a gilt chair, the right hand holding a green umbrella, size of canvas 3 ft. 6 in. by 2 ft. Several other pictures were painted of this lady.

The Red Hammock belongs to this year. *The Green Hammock* bought by the Mannheim Gallery.

1907

Miss Edna May as "The Belle of New York," size of canvas 6 ft. 6 in. by 3 ft. 3 in.; *Miss Edna May in Black*, with green hat and cream-coloured lace, looking over her left shoulder, size of canvas

30 in. by 25 in.; *Miss Pauline Chase* as "Peter Pan," size of canvas 6 ft. 6 in. by 3 ft. 3 in.; *Miss Pauline Chase in Armour as Joan of Arc*, a small picture, 30 in. by 25 in.; *Miss Lily Elsie as "The Merry Widow,"* 7 ft. 3 in. by 4 ft.; and *Miss Maggie Teyte*, oval canvas, 28 in. by 22 in.

Mrs. Walter Russell, in grey fur, with a black hat and veil, accents of violet and green-blue showing on the dress. Size of canvas 30 in. by 25 in. This fine picture was sent to the Fair Women Exhibition at the New Gallery, 1908, and there it disappeared, never to be heard of again.

The Black Cap, which represents with tragic simplicity a judge in the act of delivering the Death Sentence; exhibited at Paris in the Autumn Salon, 1908. Size of canvas 36 in. by 26 in. Dedicated to all Hanging Committees unfriendly to good work.

The Rt. Hon. William Kenrick, P.C., three-quarter length, seated, in grey, for the Birmingham Gallery; also a replica for Mr. Kenrick, junior. *Captain Harold Brassey*, of the Horse Guards, in full dress, standing, size of canvas 7 ft. 3 in. by 4 ft. Exhibited at Schulte's Gallery, Berlin, 1907.

Lady Norah Brassey, in black, with a dark hat; she looks over the left shoulder; size of canvas 32 in. by 28 in. Shown at the New Gallery, 1908, in the Fair Women Exhibition, and in the Lavery Exhibition, Venice, 1910.

Mrs. Burbury, in profile, on a canvas 28 in. by 22 in.; and *Mrs. Burbury in White*, oval picture, 28 in. by 24 in.

Mrs. Landon Ronald, in black, a large dark feather falling down the shadow side of the face; canvas measures 25 in. by 30 in. Exhibited at the New Gallery in 1908.

Miss Marie Little, in blue, with blue hat, and *Miss Dora Little in Green*, with Leghorn hat trimmed with green.

Mrs. McEwen with her Daughters Katherine and Margaret; size of canvas 7 ft. 3 in. by 4 ft. Exhibited at the New Gallery in 1908.

Colonel Malcolm, in grey tweeds, seated, 36 in. by 28 in.; and *Mrs. Malcolm*, in black, seated, 36 in. by 28 in.

Belgian decoration—Chevalier of the Order of Leopold. Gold Medal of Honour, Barcelona, awarded to *The First Communion, portrait of Miss Eileen Lavery.*

Appendix II : Pictures and Sketches

1908

Important Lavery Exhibition at the Goupil Gallery in August, sixty-six pictures.

Catalogue. *A Moorish Jewess; The Kasbah, Tangier, in 1907; A Moorish Harem, at Fez, 1907; The Blue Hat; The Sultan's Camp, Morocco, 1907; The Housetops, Morning; On the Beach, Tangier, 1907; Lady with a Lance on Horseback; The Palace and the Prison, Tangier, 1907; Betty; Our Camp on the Way to Fez; The Bathers; Three Moors; The Fisherman; The Halo,* painted in 1886; *Rocks; The Red Cape,* painted in 1905; *Kaid Maclean's Camp in 1907; Tangier Bay; A Brown Donkey; The Greyhound; The Green Sofa,* painted in 1904; *The Jews' River; "The Grey"; The Harem Window; The House of Walter Harris at Tangier, 1907; A Distillery,* painted in 1895; *Moonlight on the Seashore;* Portrait, *T. P. O'Connor, M.P.; View in Switzerland, 1904; Tangier—Night; A Cigarette-Maker at Seville, in 1896; Villa Falconiere in Sunlight, 1906; The Window-Sill; A Lady in Brown—No. 2; Under the Pergola, Tangier; A Lady on Horseback; Fez in 1907; Lady Evelyn Farquhar; Souvenir of a Lost Picture—Mrs. Walter Russell; A Moorish Garden; The Market Place at Tangier; A Lady in Brown; Moonrise; A Lady in Blue; The Spanish Coast; Tangier Bay, Moonlight; The White Feather; A Grey Day; Tangier the White City; A Lady in Black; A Calm Day; Phyllis; The Red Hammock; Miss Joseph; Lady in Black—No. 2; Breakfast; Evening; Mary in Black; A Breezy Day;* Auto-portrait for the Uffizi Gallery, Florence; *The Letter; A Rough Sea; Where Two Oceans Meet; Eileen Lavery; The Housetops, Night;* and *The Green Hammock.*

Some portraits:—

Mrs. P. J. Ford, in white, with dark blue motor-coat and hat, half seated on the arm of a sofa; size of canvas 7 ft. by 4 ft. *Mrs. Ford,* the elder, in black, with black bonnet, showing some white crape under her black veil; size of canvas 30 in. by 25 in. *P. J. Ford, Esq.,* in uniform of the Royal Archer Guard, holding a bow in his left hand; landscape background with a sky; size 36 in. by 24 in.

John Laing, Esq., of Lasswade, Midlothian, in grey tweed knickerbocker suit, holding a gun and accompanied by his dog; background,

a Highland landscape and a breezy sky; size of canvas 6 ft. 6 in. by 3 ft. 3 in.

Miss Dundas, with a violin; size of canvas 7 ft. by 4 ft. *Lady Porter*, in black velvet with a black hat and feathers; size 30 in. by 25 in. *Mrs. Maconochie and her Three Children*, against a landscape background; canvas 6 ft. by 7 ft. *Mrs. Skelton*, in a motor-bonnet. *Mrs. Trevor*, in a black chiffon frock and a black hat adorned with a blue paradise spray; she is seated in profile, and looks over the left shoulder; her arms are folded over the back of the chair, and one foot rests on a low stool; canvas 6 ft. 2 in. by 3 ft. *The Parlourmaid*, in cap and apron, standing with her back to a dinner-table; size of canvas 6 ft. 3 in. by 4 ft. *Waiting*, Miss Lavery in a Victorian motor-bonnet and a green veil, a white frock partly covered by a fawn-tinted dust-coat; she is seated on a table and holds a brown dog by a leash; size of canvas 6 ft. 6 in. by 3 ft. 3 in. *Miss Johnstone*, of Toronto, in grey tweed coat and black hat; a small picture, 14 in. by 10 in. *Frau von Meister*, of Wiesbaden, seated, three-quarter length, 50 in. by 40 in. canvas; blue silk chiffon dress and a mouse-coloured fur cloak over the shoulders. *Sir Andrew Porter, Bart.*, of Dublin, in wig and robes of Master of the Rolls; size of canvas 44 in. by 34 in. *Diana*, Miss Lavery in a riding-habit; 6 ft. 6 in. by 3 ft. 6 in. See page 149.

1909

Herr von Meister, of Wiesbaden, in uniform; three-quarter length; on a canvas 50 in. by 40 in.

Sir Edmund Walker, Canadian Bank of Commerce, Toronto; half-length; in a black velvet coat; finished in 1911.

Mrs. Cheyne, Edinburgh; 25 in. by 30 in.

Mrs. Patrick Ford, Edinburgh; 25 in. by 30 in.

The Marquess of Sligo, in peer's robes; half-length; 40 in. by 30 in.

The Earl of Shaftesbury, Lord-Lieutenant for Belfast, in uniform; size of canvas 48 in. by 84 in.

Master Kenneth Clark; 63 in. by 36 in.

Frau Bayer, of Elberfeldt; 39 in. by 78 in.

Frau von Guilleaume, Cologne; 34 in. by 26 in.

Helmath von Schröder; 36 in. by 24 in.

Sir Paolo Tosti; 30 in. by 25 in.

Thomas Wallis, Esq.; 40 in. by 30 in.; a fine portrait; finished in 1911.

Girls in Sunlight on the Beach at Tangier; 50 in. by 40 in. See pages 142 and 150.

Mrs. Woods, Canada; 50 in. by 40 in. See page 149.

Polyhymnia; decorated and bought for the National Gallery, Rome.

1910

GRAFTON GALLERIES. *Mrs. Alex. Tweedie*, and *Mrs. Lavery.*

ABERDEEN SOCIETY OF ARTISTS. *Mrs. Landon Ronald in Black;* also *A Southern Sea.*

AUTUMN SALON, PARIS. *Anna Pavlova as a Bacchante.*

INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY, LONDON. *Miss Knowles*, and *A Breezy Day by the Sea.*

VIENNA, GALLERY ARNOT. *A Lady in Sables: Mrs. Buckley.*

SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT PAINTERS. *Anna Pavlova*, 30 in. by 25 in.; *Mrs. Ralph Peto*, 30 in. by 25 in.; *Priscilla, Countess of Annesley*, 50 in. by 40 in., a stately and impressive picture.

UNITED ARTS CLUB, DOVER STREET. *The Morning Ride*, oval, 28 in. by 23 in.

ROYAL INSTITUTE, PICCADILLY. *Clearing after Rain*, 30 in. by 25 in. Seven pictures exhibited at Montreal: *Mrs. Challoner in Black, Mrs. Trevor in Black, The Grey Drawing-Room, St. Peter's, Rome, Sea Urchins, Tangier Bay*, and *Phyllis.*

The most complete and remarkable exhibition of the artist's career was held at Venice; it consisted of fifty-three works, and it covered all the many phases of his evolution. The more important pictures were as follows:—

1. *Ariadne*, 50 in. by 40 in., painted in 1886, and lent by the Strathearn Collection, Edinburgh.

2. *The Night after the Battle of Langside*, 6 ft. by 4 ft. 2 in., painted between 1885 and 1895; lent by the Brussels Museum.

3. *Miss Mary Burrell*, 73 in. by 36 in., painted at Glasgow in 1894; lent from the Burrell Collection, Glasgow.

4. *The Soko at Tetuan*, 9 in. by 5 in., painted in the winter of 1890–1; Collection Felice, Piacenza, Italy.

5. *The Rocking-Chair*, 60 in. by 30 in., painted in 1892; lent by the Diploma Gallery of the Royal Scottish Academy.

6. *Esther*, 18 in. by 14 in., painted in 1896; Collection E. San Germano, Italy.

7. *Père et Fille: John Lavery and his Daughter Eileen*, 82 in. by 50 in., painted in 1896–7; first exhibited at Knightsbridge, London, 1898; lent by the Luxembourg Gallery, Paris.

8. *The Lady with the Pearls*, 54 in. by 40 in., painted in 1900; Modern Gallery, Dublin.

9. *The Lady in a Green Coat*, 6 ft. by 3 ft., painted in 1903; Bradford Gallery.

10. *La Belle Juniari*, 30 in. by 25 in., painted in 1903.

11. *Spring*, 6 ft. 4 in. by 4 ft. 2 in., painted in 1903; lent by the Luxembourg Gallery, Paris.

12. *A Lady in Pink*, 76½ in. by 49 in., finished in 1903; Modern Gallery, Venice.

13. *Miss Mary Morgan in Grey*, 30 in. by 25 in.; painted in 1904; Collection Felice, Piacenza, Italy.

14. *A Lady in Brown*, 29 in. by 24 in., 1902; Collection E. San Germano, Italy.

15. *The Sisters*, 50 in. by 40 in., 1904; Earl of Donoughmore's Collection.

16. *Coronation of Edward VII, Leaving the Abbey*, 14 in. by 10 in., 1904; Collection Enrico Zuckermann, Italy.

17. *The Lady Norah Hely-Hutchinson, now the Lady Norah Brassey*, 78 in. by 42 in., painted in 1905.

18. *The Lady Evelyn Farquhar*, 72 in. by 48 in., painted in 1906.

19. *Lockett Croal Thomson*, 30 in. by 25 in., 1905.

20. *The Lady Norah Brassey*, 32 in. by 28 in., 1907.

21. *Captain Harold Brassey*, 87 in. by 48 in., 1907.

22. *The Mother*, 50 in. by 40 in., 1908–11; representing a young mother in bed embracing her baby.

23. *Mrs. Ford, Senior*, 30 in. by 25 in., 1908.

24. *The Soko, Tangier*, 14 in. by 10 in., 1907; Venice Chamber of Commerce Collection.

25. *The Lady with the Cherries*, oval, 1908, 30 in. by 25 in.

26. *Waiting*, 78 in. by 39 in., 1908.

27. *The Lady with the White Feathers*, 28 in. by 22 in., 1907.

28. *Miss Dundas*, 84 in. by 48 in., 1908; McEwen Collection, Edinburgh.

29. *Girls in Sunlight*, 50 in. by 40 in., 1909.

30. *A Windy Day on the Coast*, 30 in. by 25 in., 1908.

31. *Hadeshia, a Moorish Girl*, 30 in. by 25 in., 1908; King of Italy's Collection.

32. *Aida, a Moorish Girl*, 24 in. by 22 in., 1908.

33. *The Lady with the Sables*, 30 in. by 25 in., 1908.

34. *The Marquess of Sligo*, 40 in. by 30 in., 1909; Lady Alice Mahon's Collection.

35. *Mrs. Woods*, 50 in. by 40 in., 1909; Colonel Woods' Collection, Canada.

36. *Night over the Sea*, 30 in. by 25 in., 1909; Fradeletti Collection, Venice.

37. *The Grey Drawing-Room*, 14 in. by 10 in., 1909.

38. *Mrs. Lavery*, 30 in. by 25 in., 1909; and a portrait of Lavery himself, 30 in. by 25 in., 1909.

Also *The Spanish Church, Tetuan; After the Storm; A Windy Day by the Sea; The Blue Veil; The Sultan's Camp, Tangier; The Soko, Tetuan; A Moorish Garden;* A sketch for *The Amazon;* and two night scenes at Tangier.

A Lady in Pink: Miss Mary Delmar Morgan, purchased by the Modern Gallery, Venice; *Mary in Green*, by the Ottawa Gallery, Canada; *The Blonde*, by Buenos Ayres; and *A Moorish Landscape*, by the Elberfeldt Gallery, Germany.

1911

ROME. *The Studio of the Painter;* a large picture, 11 ft. 6 in. by 9 ft.

PARIS. *Mrs. Lavery Painting*, 84 in. by 48 in.; *Anna Pavlova*—a head, 50 in. by 40 in.

INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY, LONDON. *Anna Pavlova as a Bacchante*, 84 in. by 48 in.

ROYAL ACADEMY. *The Amazon*, 10 ft. by 9 ft.; *Tangier Bay*, 30 in. by 25 in.; *Tangier by Moonlight*, 30 in. by 25 in.; and a portrait, *Madame Robert de Billy*, 30 in. by 25 in.

SHEPHERD'S BUSH CORONATION EXHIBITION. *Moïna, a Moorish Maid*, 30 in. by 25 in.; *Mrs. Ralph Peto*, 20 in. by 25 in.; and three pictures mentioned earlier in this list: *Diana*, 6 ft. 6 in. by 3 ft. 6 in.; *Waiting*, 78 in. by 39 in.; and *The Lady Norah Brassey*, 78 in. by 42 in.

Some portraits painted. *Mrs. Lavery and Daughter*, full-length; sent this year to the Autumn Salon, Paris; *Lady Gwendolen Churchill; Miss Enid Haslam;* and *Mrs. T. P. O'Connor.*

At this moment, too (November 10th, 1911), John Lavery is finishing a picture of Mrs. Wallis, junior, and he hopes soon to have on his easel the portraits of King George the Fifth and Queen Mary, destined for the National Portrait Gallery, London.

Grand Gold Medal of Honour from the Emperor of Austria: *Girls in Sunlight.* The Santiago Gallery, Chili, adds to its collection the picture of *Miss Elsie as "The Merry Widow."* Auto-portrait sent to the Uffizi Gallery, Florence.

Elected A.R.A.

French criticism: "Ce cochon de Lavery! Il a accepté d'être membre de l'Académie de Londres!" For the Paris Autumn Salon is the home of lively opinions.

APPENDIX III

PICTURES IN PUBLIC GALLERIES: BRITISH AND FOREIGN

BRITISH

BIRMINGHAM GALLERY. *Tangier—Evening.* Size 40 in. by 30 in. Also a portrait of the *Right Hon. William Kenrick,* three-quarter length, seated, grey costume. Painted in 1907. 80 in. by 40 in.

BRADFORD GALLERY. *The Lady in a Green Coat.* Painted in 1903. 6 ft. high by 3 ft. wide. A tall and beautiful girl in a cream-white dress and a green theatre-jacket edged with fur.

DUBLIN, NATIONAL GALLERY. *The Right Hon. William Edward Hartpole Lecky.* Historian. Born near Dublin 1838; died October 23rd, 1903. Two portraits were painted by John Lavery during the last four years of Lecky's life. The later one, finished a few months before the historian died, won a gold medal for portraiture at Venice in 1903, and next year it was bought for the National Gallery of Ireland. Size 24 in. by 18 in.

DUBLIN, MODERN GALLERY. *La Dame aux Perles.* Painted in 1900 from a Viennese lady. Three-quarter length, seated in a basket chair; a grey-white dress; the head in profile to our left, roses in the right hand. Exhibited at Paris, Berlin, Brussels, Dublin, and the New Gallery, London. Presented by the artist.

DUBLIN, MODERN GALLERY. *My Wife.* A portrait, 7 ft. by 4 ft. Mrs. Lavery is dressed in white; she stands at her easel out of doors in full sunlight.

EDINBURGH, ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY. *The Rocking-Chair.* Diploma picture. 60 in. by 30 in. Painted in 1892. Subject: A Lady seated in a white chair against a background showing the corner of a room.

GLASGOW ART GALLERY. *The State Visit of Her Majesty Queen Victoria to the Glasgow Exhibition, August 22nd, 1888.* Sir Archibald Campbell, Bart. (Lord Blythswood), reading the Address. On canvas. Width 8 ft. 5 in., length 13 ft. 4 in. Finished in 1890. Commissioned by the Executive Council of the Exhibition.

GLASGOW ART GALLERY. Life-size portrait of R. B. Cunninghame Graham. Painted after the first visit to Spain, in 1893. Purchased in 1906. See also Appendix I, under 1894.

GLASGOW BANQUETING HALL OF THE MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS. A large decorative panel divided into three sections by two pilasters. It represents Modern Shipbuilding on the Clyde, with a red-funnelled steelclad lying in dock, and busy life all around her. Life-size workmen in the foreground. Painted between 1899 and 1901. Above this panel, in a lunette, there are some allegorical figures: Music, Sculpture, Painting, Architecture. See page 112.

MANCHESTER ART GALLERY. *A Girl in Violet and Gold*, with a mouse-coloured French bulldog. 50 in. by 40 in. Messrs. Agnew and Sons bought this picture in January, 1906, and then sold it to the Manchester Corporation.

OTTAWA, CANADA. *Mary in Green.* Fully described in the text. 66 in. by 51 in. Purchased in 1910.

SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES. *White Feathers.* Portrait of Miss Nora Johnson. Oval, 50 in. by 40 in. Purchased in 1900.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

PHILADELPHIA, ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS. *A Garden in France.* Painted at Grès in 1897. Two ladies with a child seated under trees in quiet sunlight, the River Loing seen through the trees; no sky. Purchased in January, 1899.

PITTSBURG, CARNEGIE INSTITUTE. *The Bridge at Grès-sur-Loing.* Painted in 1883–4. Medalled and purchased in 1897. 72 in. by 36 in. *A Lady in Black: Miss Esther McLaren* medalled at the same time.

SOUTH AMERICAN GALLERIES

ARGENTINE REPUBLIC, BUENOS AYRES. *The Blonde*, formerly exhibited under the title *Chou Bleu.* A great success at the Salon

Champ-de-Mars in 1903. Painted in 1902. Bought in 1910. 72 in. by 36 in.

CHILI, SANTIAGO GALLERY. *Miss Elsie as "The Merry Widow."* Painted in 1907. 7 ft. 3 in. high by 4 ft. wide. Bought in 1911.

CONTINENTAL GALLERIES

BERLIN, NATIONAL GALLERY. *A Lady in Black: Miss Esther McLaren.* Painted at Edinburgh in 1893. Bought in 1904. Size 36 in. by 30 in.

BRUSSELS MUSEUM. *The Night after the Battle of Langside, May 13, 1568.* 6 ft. long by 4 ft. 2 in. high. Bought in 1899. Fully described in the text.

BRUSSELS MUSEUM. *A Lady in Black: Mrs. T. T. Swinnerton.* Painted in 1898. A bust portrait, profile, the head turned to our right hand; black dress, low cut, and sparkling with sequins. 25 in. by 30 in. Bought in 1900. See also Appendix I, under 1897.

ELBERFELDT GALLERY. *A Moorish Landscape.* 30 in. by 25 in. Painted in 1909. Bought in 1910.

LEIPZIG GALLERY. *Portrait of a Lady in Grey and Blue.* Full-length, life-size, standing. Painted in 1904. 6 ft. 6 in. by 3 ft. 6 in. Bought in 1905. Reproduced in colour by the Hon. John Collier for his book on Portrait Painting (*Cassell & Co.*).

MANNHEIM GALLERY. *The Green Hammock.* A girl in white reading a novel; foliage behind, and splashes of sunlight. Painted in 1904. 78 in. by 66 in. Bought in 1906. There is also a picture called *The Red Hammock*, more mature in style and sunnier, dating from 1906.

MUNICH, PINAKOTHEK. *A Tennis Party.* Exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1886. Bronze medal at the Paris Salon in 1888. Gold medal at Munich in 1901. Bought in 1901. 72 in. by 36 in.

PARIS, LUXEMBOURG GALLERY. *Père et Fille: John Lavery and his Daughter Eileen*, aged six. Painted in 1896–7. Exhibited at the first show of the International Society, Knightsbridge, 1888, and at the Old Salon, Paris, 1900. 82 in. high by 50 in. wide. Bought in 1901. Described in the text.

PARIS, LUXEMBOURG GALLERY. *Spring.* Painted in 1903. Bought in 1904. 6 ft. 4 in. by 4 ft. 2 in. M. Camille Mauclair gave a thorough analysis of this enchanting picture: "Un Salon récent nous montrait un poème où se révélait une ingénuité presque sensuelle. C'était cette jeune fille en blanc tenant une brassée d'aubépines et appelée *Printemps*. Un grand succès vint à Lavery: pour la première fois un sourire atténuait la gravité de son style,[1] et les fonds de son œuvre s'éclairaient. Au long d'une boiserie grise aux plinthes blanches montait la longue et svelte forme en ample jupe de linon drapée, corsage-fichu, manches bouffantes serrées aux poignets minces: nul bijou et, sous le large et frais chapeau bergère, sans plumes, ni rubans, ni boucles, rien que la note brune aux reflets d'or des lourds cheveux annelés et de leur torsade tombante. Une main retenait en l'évasant la spirale de la jupe fluide, l'autre appuyait à la hanche la grande palme fleurie des aubépines. La tête rose, penchée avec langueur sur un col gonflé de colombe, montrait, étonnée du délice de vivre, la fleur nue de son jeune sourire humide, déclose sur des dents brillantes, et le charme tout anglais du regard de pervenche et de lin s'attardait vers un aimé invisible. Il y avait là la grâce de Greuze transposée dans les souvenirs de l'École anglaise, et même une moue à la Rossetti, et je ne sais quel balancement exquis dans le mouvement de la promenade qui s'arrêtait, à demi tournée, au seuil du clair appartement, mais toujours la vie réelle, et la certitude des valeurs, la tenue gardée fière et discrète jusque dans l'épanouissement de cette beauté irritante à force de s'ignorer, chaste et vive, riche de caresses futures et de fraîcheurs présentes. Auprès d'un parfait portrait de femme rose et dorée, cette harmonie lactée s'avivait pour le contentement des yeux."

ROME, NATIONAL GALLERY. *Polyhymnia.* A lady in black leaning over a grand piano. 75 in. by 36 in. Painted in 1904. Bought in 1909. Fully described in the text.

VENICE, MODERN GALLERY. *A Lady in Pink: Miss Mary Delmar Morgan.* Begun in 1896, finished in 1903. A variant of this

[1] Odd how critics have failed to recognise the gay chivalry underlying the reserved harmonies of colour.

fine picture was seen at the International Society in 1899. 76½ in. by 49 in. Bought in 1910. Described in the text.

VENICE, MODERN GALLERY. *Mother and Son: Mrs. Lawrie and Edwin.* Painted in 1892. 76½ in. by 47 in. Bought in 1899. The mother wears a red embroidered gown, a black coat and bonnet, and a black muff; the boy wears a knickerbocker suit dark blue in colour.

VENICE, CHAMBER OF COMMERCE. *The Soko at Tangier*, 1907. 14 in. by 10 in.

AUTO-PORTRAIT
FOR THE UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE.

Finished in 1911. Frontispiece. About a dozen have been painted and put aside since 1906, when Lavery was invited by the Italian Government to contribute to the historic gallery.

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